

Fichte's word about the negative character of the ideal was new to me. It is most helpful in connection with existing phenomena. But Christianity has a positive ideal, and this is its greatest comfort.

January 29th. (Criticism on Fichte.)

January 30th. Wednesday. Of that which is not clear, one cannot have a clear idea. My reading in Fichte today is of the most confused.

February 4th. Monday. Headache. Some study. Saw Gilmore. Chev had a pleasant and primitive little supper, which we all enjoyed.

February 5th. Tuesday. Studied somewhat, revised critique on George Sand's "Dernier Amour". Corrected proof of Owl Club No. 2. Saw Gilmore; proposed that I should write a serial for N.L. at \$5. per page less than the Tribune would give me for my easiest writing. I may do it, but think not.

February 6th. Wednesday. Freedom is God's equalizer.

February 7th. Thursday. Chev came dancing in to tell me that Flossy is engaged to David Hall. His delight knew no bounds. I am also pleased, for David is of excellent character and excellent blood, the Halls being first rate people and with no family infirmities (insanity or blindness). My only regret is that it must prove a long engagement, David's father not having been a prosperous man, and David himself being but a very young lawyer.

(I omit two passages about Fichte, which seem unimportant.)

February 12th. Tuesday. Finished Fichte's Grundriss des Wissenschaftslehre, and read also his brief address Ueber die Wurde des Menschen. The latter is quite a cordial after the former. Fervent, sympathetic and religious. I wish I could write a good study of Fichte, but fear my brain would give out. To read him has been a great fatigue. To review him would involve a painful retrospection of the ground gone over. I may yet endeavor to do it.

February 14th. Thursday. All's up, as I feared, with Northern Lights in its present form. Gilmore proposes to go to New York and to change its form and character to that of a weekly newspaper. I, of course, retire, and, indeed, despite my title of editor, have been only a reader of manuscripts and contributor, - nothing more. I have had no power of any sort to make engagements.

February 15th. Friday. I had rather die, it seems to me, than decide wrongly about going to Europe and leaving the children. And yet I am almost sure that I shall do so. Chev clearly wishes me to go, on Julia's account mostly, but a little perhaps on his own. Whether I go or stay, God help me to make the best of it. My desire to help Julia is a strong point in favor of the journey. It would be, I think, a turning point for her.

February 22nd. Friday. Busy all these days. Have nearly finished the heavy volumes of Fichte. Wrote to Mrs. Hartshorn, proposing to read in Providence, and to Sarah Clarke, proposing to read in Newport, for the Cretans. Wrote various other letters.

February 23rd. Saturday. Quite busy. Read in Fichte. Chev has taken our passage in the Asia, which sails on the 13th proximo. So we have the note of preparation, and the prospect of change and separation makes us feel how happy we have been in passing this whole winter together. God send us many more.

February 24th. Sunday. Rev. S. Osgood preached in his discursive and affective manner, quite ably. He gave a very picturesque and interesting sketch of

the Booth marriage, a group of which the assassin made one.

In the evening, had to go to the meeting for Crete at Indiana Place Church. Found matters at a standstill, waiting for Chev, who was not able to be present. My coming explained this. Osgood then began by reading Chev's appeal, a very good document, which placed him and his audience in possession of the facts of the case. He then made quite a long and effective (address) in behalf of the Cretons, followed by Judge Russell, who did exceedingly well. Last of all I made a brief address of a dozen sentences, and read my poem. The whole was very well received.

February 25th, Monday.. Had a pleasant small party. Nasby came and was very pleasant. Earnest, honest and intelligent. (Petroleum V. Nasby.)

February 28th. Thursday. The Winthrops met me in the street and would not bow to me. Perhaps because in my jocosse article on "Receptivity", I mentioned "state dinners", having recently dined in state with them. They would hardly, however, be ill bred enough to show displeasure in this way, where they have no occasion to feel it. Their dinner was very agreeable indeed.

March 1st, Friday. To club at the Brewers'. Met the Winthrops, who were cordial as usual, so that the circumstance noticed yesterday was probably an accident. "The Morning Call", acted by Sam Eliot and Mrs. Col. Ritchie, entertained the club charmingly. The Brewer house was sumptuous and really very fine. Lighted azure, and with a great display of beautiful things, an interesting portrait of Franklin hung in the third story. Home supperless and in good time. Brewer's table was, however, amply spread.

March 7th. Thursday.. Journey to Providence and back. The day being despicable and the streets almost impracticable from wet snow, ice and rain, my audience was a small one; very pleasant it proved, however, though I could not be quite sure how well I had pleased them. My day at the Hartshorns' was most pleasant: they are very friendly and hospitable. Met Sam Quinoy in the cars. Got home safely.

March 9th. Saturday. Ran about much. Saw Miss Roger's deaf mute pupils at Mrs. Lamson's. Very interesting. Saw a charming little Miss Lippitt, deaf mute from Providence. She spoke quite pleasantly. For the first time in these days, got a peep at Fichte.

March 11th, Monday. Very busy. Went to Roxbury to read at Mrs. Harrington's on corner Highland and Hawthorne streets, for the benefit of the Cretons. It was a literary and musical entertainment. Tickets one dollar. We made one hundred dollars. My poems were very kindly received. Afterwards in great haste to club at Sophia Whitwell's, where I received a great ovation, all the members greeting me most affectionately. Presently Mr. Quinoy, with some very pleasant and complimentary remarks on Dr. Howe and myself, introduced Mrs. Silsbee's farewell verses to me, which were very cordial in feeling. Afterwards, I read my valedictory verses, strung together in a very headlong fashion, but just as well liked as though I had bestowed more care upon them. A bouquet of flowers crowned the whole. Really a very gratifying occasion.

March 13th. Wednesday. Departure auspicious. Dear Maud, Harry and Flossy on board to say farewell, with Dwight, Warner, and other good friends. Many flowers, a smooth start, with a little seasickness of course, - unavoidable. Still, the best first day at sea I ever passed. Julia rampant, walking incessantly. Laura quiet but not seasick.

March 17th, Sunday. The ship surgeon read the church service very poorly, but without much pretension. A mild, comfortable day, so smooth as to allow me to make all the entries hitherto recordable of the voyage. (N.B. These have been omitted by L.E.R., being very brief and unimportant.) Our acquaintances on board are mostly these, H. Platt of Oldham, his brother Sam, and Newton, friend and agent of

the house, a very large machine manufacturing establishment; J. B. Lawrence, whose pleasant wife stays mostly in her state-room, being seasick, Mrs. Hovey and daughters, Mr. Morse, her son-in-law. The Captain of the steamer is a plain, pleasant Scotchman, very kind to my girls.

March 18th. Monday. A very unpleasant day, being rougher than heretofore. I did not give up to seasickness; but dreamed miserably through the day, incapable of any occupation, except that I gave a lesson in German to Mr. Leavens, an intelligent Yankee, bent on culture, from the second cabin.

(N. B. On first observing this man, we made up our minds that he was a criminal of the worst description, his countenance being singularly forbidding. He proved to be a most harmless and amiable person. L.E.R.)

March 19th, Tuesday. Mrs. Lawrence came up, the weather was quiet. She sits on a cushion on the deck, her back against the mainmast. I come up every day after breakfast, stay on deck until luncheon time, go below, but do not eat. Read Howells' Venetian Life, or Laugel's book on America, as long as I can. Talk with one person and another, dine, go on deck again, - ten at half past seven, then whist with Chev, the girls and the captain.

March 20th, Wednesday. Nothing especial to record. Our English acquaintances are not of the progressive sort. They are sometimes - at least, Newton and the surgeon - quite rude and absurd in their disparagement of things in America. The Platts show a little more breeding and seem hearty and good-natured people. S. Platt makes nightly what he calls "the great brew", a compound of eggs and ale, taken hot. He has a Hogarthian head. Both brothers are very typical of their class. Henry is a regular fox-hunting squire, only twenty-five, but promising to be too heavy for the sport.

March 21st. Thursday. Mrs. Lawrence is my greatest resource on board. She is a pretty, vivacious and natural person with (I should say) a good character and mind. Her husband is pleasant and intelligent.

March 23rd. Saturday. Stopped at Queenstown in the night, and took on pilot. Soundings at 11 A.M. All occupied with the prospect of arrival tomorrow. The weather so thick that we cannot see the shore, which would otherwise have been in sight all day. Spent the latter part of the evening in Mr. Platt's cabin on deck - which we call Plattsville, where Samuel, with a white towel before him, performed the great brew, to our great amusement. Mrs. Lawrence and I did not drink, but various male friends participated.

March 25th. Monday. Arrived safely at Liverpool after the easiest passage I ever made. Had, of course, some dizzy and unsettled hours, but only moments, and not days, of seasickness.

Went to the Washington Hotel. Took cordial leave of friends of the first and of the second cabin. Sent note to Wm. H. Channing, desiring to see him. In the evening, came a Greek committee to visit Chev, afterward Mr. DeKaye.

March 26th. Tuesday. Left Liverpool by Birkenhead Station for Chester. After dinner, went with the girls to the Cathedral. Old sexton fully showed it to us. Cloisters, chapter house, cellar or crypt and monuments. I regretfully gave him 4s.

March 27th, Wednesday. Chester. Began what may be a sketch of our adventures, such as they may prove. Chev ill from chill and fatigue of day previous. I took Julia to walk. * * * *

March 31st. Sunday. London. Lunched with the Bensons, whose palatial residence moved me not to envy. This seems an idle word, but I like to record my satisfaction in a simple, unnumbered life, without state of any kind, save my

pleasant relations and good position in any one country. Mrs Benzon has grown stout, but is otherwise little altered. She asked me to come alone to dinner in the evening. First, however, I called upon Mills at 34 Hyde Park Gardens, thence upon Mrs. Ambassadors Adams, who was quite cordial, then in a frantic hurry home to dress. At Benzon's I met Robert Browning, a dear and sacred personage, dear for his own and his wife's sake. He sat next me at table and by and by spoke very kindly of my foolish verses about himself and E.B.B. I mean he spoke of them with magnanimity. Of course, my present self would not publish, nor, I hope, write anything of the kind, but I launched the arrow with the easy petulance of those days, more occupied with its force and polish, than with its direction.

April 3rd. Wednesday. To Lady Stanley's at 5 o'clock tea, where I met her daughter, Lady Amberley, and Sir Samuel Baker, the explorer of the sources of the Nile. Dined with the Benzens, meeting Browning again.

April 4th, Thursday. Breakfast with the Dilberoglous, 13 Barsbury Park, where we met Alderman Cotton, who will one day be Lord Mayor, a very pleasant occasion. Took the girls to the Tower. Suffered extreme pain, while there. Tea with Miss Cobbe at 4 P.M. Met the Lyells, and a small pleasant lame clergyman. Dined with the Malas family, Greek, - a most friendly occasion. Afterwards went for a short time to Mrs. Thomas Ralli's, a very wealthy Greek widow, who received us very ill. Heard there Mr. Ap Thomas, the Welsh harpist, who plays exceedingly well. The pleasure of hearing him scarcely compensated for Mrs. Ralli's want of politeness, which was probably not intentional. Saw there Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, the latter wore an amber satin tunic over a white dress, and a necklace of lion's teeth.

April 5th, Friday. Breakfast with Mr. Charles Dalrymple at 2 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, where we met Mr. Grant Duff, Baron McKaye and others. Tea at Lady Trevelyan's, where I was introduced to Dean Stanley of Westminster, Lord Somering, who had been in Greece, Lady Belper, who invited me to call upon her on my return, and young Milman, son of the Rev. H. Lady Stanley was Lady Augusta Bruce, a great favorite with the Queen. Dined at Argyll Lodge. Found the Duchess serene and friendly, the Duke seemed hard and sensible. Lord Lorne, the eldest son, very pleasant, and Hon. Charles Howard and son most amiable, with more breeding, I should say, than the Duke. Chev was the hero of this occasion, as the Duchess always liked him.

April 10th, Wednesday. From Paris to Macon. Chev, and Julia were late, which hurried our departure and caused us to miss Conway. I was in a very ill humor, but did not strike anybody. We had the company of a pleasant young Englishman with a small child. Found Macon disagreeable.

April 11th. Thursday. From Macon to Lyons and thence to Valence, a dirty, out-of-the-way place. Stopped some hours in Lyons. Cazarti Café, Boulevard Imperiale. Equestrian statue of Napoleon I. At Valence, Chev and I happened into a place of entertainment, where we were told that a Conference de philosophes. We found a little man rhapsodizing to a very respectable audience on the subject of the poets of France, Lamartine, A. de Musset, Hugo, and so on. The whole was quite a surprise to us.

At Lyons saw shop with this inscription, "The mister speak English."

April 13th, Saturday. At Marseilles, visited the Church of the Bonne Mère de la Gorge. Climbing a long, steep ascent, all glittering white from the calcareous soil, we come to this church perched on the highest spot in Marseilles. It is new and very singular, high and narrow, with side chapels like a Roman basilica. A particular superstition seems to consecrate the Madonna of this church. The walls of the side chapels are covered with offerings "ex voto", most of the pictures commemorating the occasions of special gratitude which prompted them. Many of these represent small children in cradles, with despairing mothers kneeling beside them, and the Virgin and Child appearing in the clouds as the source of the miraculous deliverance. One picture is of a carriage accident, on the edge of a

precipitous road. The inmates of the char-à-bancs escaping very narrowly, being pitched over. Another shows a successful operation for cancer, the patient lying bleeding and the surgeons trussed on a table beside the bed. Others have such inscriptions as "Monstre te, Matrem, salus infirmorum(?)", "Tous par Marie", "Marie m'a exauçée."

April 14th, Sunday. Today we have left Marseilles, under a most lovely sky and over the smoothest sea imaginable. We hurry on towards Rome, wishing to show the girls something of Holy Week. We shall, at least, make out Good Friday and Easter Sunday. The company on board our little steamer is a motley one: a pleasant French Canadian; two priests are young and amiable; a young Buenos Ayrian, who speaks good English; a group of three Spaniards; two unexplained boys, with red and blue ribbons round their hats, who speak English with their companion. The most religious act I can perform is to take pen in hand. That is, at least, an abstraction from mere reality.

The coast of the Mediterranean, which I have never before been able to enjoy, looks lovely and magical today, with its slight floating mist. The awning is up and we are all comfortable. Conway most jubilant. May this last!

Made the acquaintance of Federigo Balparda, a young Buenos Ayrian, very genial and intelligent. Also of a Canadian and of a French priest. The former, travelling in secular clothes and with a lady, was mistaken by me for a good, debonaire husband, and made acquaintance with accordingly. Wrote a little on the sketch of travel which I have begun.

April 15th, Monday. It did last through yesterday, and we dined and took tea in all comfort. But on going below, I had a severe spasm of pain in the groin, so sharp that I could scarcely get my clothes off. My throat also was severely sore all night, so that I slept ill. Ashore today at Genoa. Visited the Brignoli Sala Palace, where we saw a number of Van Dycks, several Guides, pictures by Carlo Dolce, and Caravaggio. At Genoa, I expended 8 francs for linen lace, which was much dearer in America. Chev decided to take a yettura and go to Rome at his leisure via Spezzia and Florence. Laura and I held to the boat and reluctantly parted from the others, Julia and Chev and Conway, the latter of whom came on board the boat with me. The night was very rough, although the sky was beautiful, and the steamer rolled incessantly. I never remember such a tchu-bchu. I have been suffering from severe sore throat, which the vomiting did much to relieve. I was lonely for the others, however.

April 16th, Tuesday. We arrived early at Leghorn. Breakfast on board. Did not go ashore till 10 o'clock. Balparda, our Buenos Ayrian friend, undertook to conduct us to Pisa. Our expenses, with cicerone, carriage, railroad, and all amounted to 15 francs. Laura's Leghorn flat 10 francs. Expedition gay and pleasant. Visited the four buildings, Duomo, Campo Santo, Leaning Tower and Baptistaria, where I heard once more the lovely echo. We returned to the steamer, whither a group of musicians followed us. We dined immediately on our departure. I.e., I tried, but could not. Was sick and went to bed at seven. Arrived at Civita Vecchia at 8:30, where the whole ship's company were long detained, waiting for the permit to land. We were furnished, all of us. I paid the stewardess 5 francs, 5 to the steward, 4 sous for a loaf of bread. At 10:30, to my amazement, a commissionaire came on board with a permit for us and our luggage. To our own great amazement and that of our companions, we were at once taken ashore. I have here written, by mistake, two days in one.

April 17th, Wednesday. Seven francs for the thankfulest breakfast at Civita Vecchia, including a tiny chamber, where we washed and ~~rested~~, and where I wrote three pages of my notes of travel. The commissionaire took us to the hotel, where we breakfasted and rested. Took a carriage to the station, 1 franc. Paid commissionaire 5 francs for services. Tickets to Rome about 20 francs. L. Terry had desired the consul to send a commissionaire for me, and had sent down a lasia lasare from Rome who met us at the station most kindly and took us to the carriage, where I found my sister, unseen in so many years. She made me at home at once, and I passed the evening in great contentment.

April 18th. Thursday. At 11:15 A.M. to St. Peter's, to show Laura the Lavanda and the tavola. N. B. They are very carefully washed first. The crowd was great, the ill behaviour extreme. At 2 P.M., the doors of the Sixtine were opened for the ladies, who rushed in wildly. Men were not admitted till 4 o'clock. The office of the Tenebrae did not begin much before 5. In the midst of it, came a pause, during which a door on the right of the high altar opened, and the Pope entered, escorted by the gardia nobile, and took his seat upon his throne. The office then proceeded. The Treni did not compare with those remembered by me in the chapel of St. Peter sixteen years ago. The Misereere, Baie (Raii ?) and Allegro was unique and weird, but, as music, not first-rate.

April 19th. Friday. It is the golden calf of old, which has developed into the papal bull.

April 20th, Saturday. A stroll down the Corso and Via Condotti. A drive and visit to the Villa Borghese and its Casino, filled with interesting sculptures. I forgot Palazzo Schirra in the morning, where I quickly found my old favorites. In the evening to see the washing of the female pilgrims' feet, and their supper, at the Trinità dei Pellegrini.

April 21st, Easter Sunday. To St. Peter's at 9:30. To get a good seat, in one of the tribunes, one must go at 6 or 7. We put Laura, Mimeli in the tribune, Annie and I remaining outside. We wandered a little, saw the crowd with its brilliant and its dingy aspects, found a good resting-place in the right aisle, to hear the music of the office. The important point was the sounding of the silver trumpets at the Elevation of the Host. Heard a Salutaris composed by Mustafa well sung. Met Shakespeare Wood and was introduced to his wife. Met also Edward Metley, Hamilton Wilde, and Louisa and Helen Bangs. Heard and saw the Pope's benediction. The Pope's voice is still wonderfully powerful and distinct. The spectacle was at once gay and imposing. Had a good view of the Abbé Liszt, who has a strong German face.

April 23rd, Tuesday. The Borghese Gallery in the morning, with Louisa and Annie Crawford.

April 24th, Wednesday. Foley's studio. Landscapes. Afterwards, a very little writing. Then a concert, at which I saw the Abbé Liszt. His vanity and desire to attract attention were most apparent. Saw a stately Italian, Prince Gaetano. His fine black hair contrasts with a single white lock, a family heirloom. The music not eminent. A Quatuor of Filippo Filippi (who is he?), a sonata of Schumann for pianoforte and violin, a trio of Ronsard of the Romantic school, fantastic and brilliant. Dinner at Miss Cushman's. After dinner came Miss Skinner and the Coolidges of Boston. She read poems of E. B. B., pleasantly, but not singularly well.

April 25th, Thursday. With the Terrys and Annie Crawford to see the Barberini Library, with precious manuscripts and early editions. We saw a famous manuscript Bible in Samaritan characters, a famous book of Greek litanies, a manuscript Dante, ancient and very fine, an early printed Dante with comments in Tasso's handwriting, and a thin volume of Galileo's autograph letters. To dine with the Story's. A pleasant, informal dinner. H. Wilde was there, with whom I am to breakfast tomorrow.

April 26th, Friday. Breakfasted with Wilde. Breakfasted charming. Afterwards visited Story's studio. Found him greatly improved, but not yet a great original artist. His Medea frowns from without, not from within. Freemans in the evening, and Inman.

April 27th, Saturday. In the morning with Julia and Conway to the Vatican, where we saw the pictures very well, though the Transfiguration ~~was~~ and

Communion now hangs in a glaring light, which shows all the ravages of time, particularly in the former. Saw the Nucleo Braccio. In the afternoon, drove with Louisa. Found a most lovely drive between the main road and the aqueduct out of the Lateran gate.

April 28th, Sunday. In the morning to the American service, which was pleasant. The sermon dry, but of the new intellectual type, preaching good works and edification, not sentimentalism and ritualism. In the afternoon with L. Terry to see the Tombola in Piazza Navona. A great and very dirty crowd. Two copious brass bands, with five ophicleids in each, and cornets and other things in proportion. There were drawn a quaterna and quinquina and four tombolas. A priest stood near me with a ticket, anxiously watching the numbers. Many people near me had tickets. The "limonare chivoli beve ohi a comandato questo limone". He was most industrious in handing his wares about - a quarter of a lemon squeezed in a glass of water. He had also glasses of cajant. The style of the Piazza is grandiose, though it is not now occupied by any noble families. Braschi (?) Palace to be drawn in the lottery. We went in to look at a fine marble staircase.

April 29th, Monday. Borghese Gallery with Laura, Julia and Conway. Then to the Corsini, which I have never before seen. Luncheon with Chev, very pleasant. Then to drive with Louisa on the Pincio and out of Porta Pia. A most lovely view of the mountains.

April 30th, Tuesday. In the morning to St. John Lateran. First the church, where we visited the Corsini Chapel and crypt, in which I caught a cold which made me ill. Here is a marble pieta of Bernini. Several tombs sculptured in cardinalesque and other emblems. Chapel of the Holy Sacrament is splendid, with four columns of antique gilded bronze. Over the tribune, saw an insignificant crucifix attributed to Giotto. Gave the sexton one paul. Then to the Museum, where we saw many antique marbles, bas reliefs, and fragments from Via Appia. A fine mosaic pavement entire from the Baths of Caracalla. Curious fragments of mosaic pavement, representing the remains of a feast, fish bones, lobster claws, etc. In the afternoon, to the Baths of Caracalla - then to the two columbarii discovered since my last visit, wonderful things to me. Then a long drive on Via Appia. Returned very ill. Went to bed at once. Arose at 9 and dressed for Hecker's strawberry party, where I made the acquaintance of Gen'l and Mrs. King, our minister and lady. In the morning, visited also Mrs. Story and Santa Maria Maggiore.

May 1st, Wednesday. Chev, with Julia and Conway, left for Greece, via Ancona. I am not very amiable about this departure, unwilling to trust Julia without a woman's care in so uncomfortable a country, wishing also much to go myself. * * * To the Vatican Library at 10 A.M., with Count Gregoire, whence we viewed the splendid halls, with sumptuous tables of polished granite, vases of malachite and Sevres china, the baptismal font of the French Prince Imperial in grandiose Sevres. Saw innumerable carvings, a carved wooden cross, said to have belonged to the Knights of Rhodes, ivory and other carvings from the Catacombs, Bracciole's transcription of Dante, a palimpsest essay of Cicero, De Republica, found in the Vatican by Cardinal Mai and published by him, the Nozze Aldobrandini, fragments of ancient frescoes. (L.E.R. omits further details of interesting objects.)

May 2nd, Thursday. In the Cores to Via Condottii, with Mimoli and Laura. Collar and cuffs of very good old lace for \$5., a foolish purchase. Took my bill of exchange to Hecker.

Dined with Charlotte Cushman at 2 P.M., then joined the archaeological society's visit to the old church of San Clementi, descending to the ancient basilica under the church, which was lighted for us, and thence to the building under the crypts, supposed to have been the house of St. Clement himself. The old basilica was a very extensive one, but is now divided by mason-work necessary for the support of the earth and buildings over head. It has been anciently filled in

between these columns, and the walls thus formed are still adorned with curious religious pictures - Saints - Popes - Madonnas - a very rude crucifix - the Crimea legend of the girl found in the subterranean church in which she was accidentally left by her mother, the sea only receding from the spot once in the year, and thus allowing entrance to the church - Christ giving benediction after the Greek fashion and a Pope also doing so.

May 3rd.. Friday. Vatican in the morning with Laura, and Minelli. Saw the Apollo Belvidere, Laocöon, etc., etc. Then to the Etruscan museum with an ill-smelling oustode. Etruscan sculptures very rude. Tombs with effigies of two high priests - Etruscan and Greek vases, tazzas, and bronzes; a funeral pyre of bronze on which the dead were burned. On it were found bones and ashes. Near it, large bronze braziers for sacrifices. The pyre looks not unlike an iron bedstead. (Further details omitted by L.E.R.) In the afternoon to Castle of St. Angelo. Cagliostro's prison. Beatrice Cenci's, where she stayed ten months. Guido accompanied her confessor in disguise and painted her through a small aperture in the wall. Then Benvenuto Cellini's, and the window from which he escaped. The hall in which Beatrice was tried and condemned, the door through which she passed walled up and on it a fresco of her defender, waiting for her sentence.

May 4th. Saturday.. Out early with Laura. * * * * at 11 with Emma Cushman to Villa Escozoki, where we walked, heard nightingales and talked long. I timidly unfolded my desire of reading an essay here, which Emma and Laura talked down. I shall, however, try it. In the afternoon to the Catacombs of St. Calixte. Dr. Smith's extraordinary attentions to Laura. A lecture on the Catacombs, roasting in the afternoon sun. Three miles in extent. Solid contents, one square mile.. (Detailed description of Catacombs follows.)

May 6th. Monday.. Shakespeare Wood's studio. Great improvement in sixteen years. Saw my old medallion of that date done by him - poorly modelled, as he says, and making me very fat in the face. I asked him whether I could have the room of the British Consulate for the reading. I went home and began some invitations. Propose to read tomorrow. Wood called at 1:30 to say that I might have the room, and to tell me of his affairs with the Black family. In the afternoon, I wrote and left as many invitations as I could. In the evening, Col. McKaye called. My arrangements for the reading were covert, because I did not wish the Terrys to have any trouble or responsibility about it.

May 7th, Tuesday. In perturbation about my reading. Told my sister of it and wrote to Mr. Terry at his studio. They took it kindly, but would have arranged it for me at their own house, which I did not wish them to do. The day was, to me, a nervous one. I was so afraid to have caused vexation to the dear and friendly household. My sister was, however, perfect. Poor Meriu (or Merisi), my old friend, paid me a visit. Not expecting to find him in the house, I did not recognize him for a moment, which wounded him a little. I found him not much changed, except as to his hair, which was quite gray, and formerly coal black. He was sweet, kind and quite pathetic. (Passage descriptive of Villa Albani.) At 9 P.M., found an excellent audience in Palazzo Poli. Many of them much estranged from each other. The Storys, Cushman party, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Freeman, the Woods, Dr. Lyman, Hecker, Miss Stebbins, Mr. Lookyear and many others. An interesting hour to me.

No entry next day.

May 9th, Thursday.. Journey from Rome to Naples, something over 14 soudi. (Follows a list of expenses, fees, etc., with the comment, "A ~~miserable~~ series of miserable impositions.") At hotel (Naples) we order tea for one, bread and butter and strawberries for two.

May 10th, Friday. Carriage to Museo. (List of expenses.) Museo Bourbonico. The old favorites. Many new objects. Mosaics from Herculaneum and Pompeii. One represents a cock-fight, the genius of the victorious cock, bringing a crown and palm, that of the conquered drooping and turning away. A small bronze from Pompeii finely finished and remarkable. (Detailed description and careful entry of every article of food ordered.)

(N. B. Through some miscalculation, we had not brought enough money, and many of the meals are very slight. L.E.R. Account of the visit to Pompeii is given in much detail, but omitted, as there are no personal remarks.)

May 15th. Wednesday. Sorrento. * * * * Beggar's opera. Dagata me qu'cosa mangia macaroni. A copper rain. Madame held for a moment this cabbage stalk, which can be of no possible use to me. Madame give me something for having given it to her to hold. One penny! Oh, one penny is little, Signora! The terrible heat made it difficult to visit the ruins thoroughly. The steep ascent, thermometer nowhere. Look from Tiberius threw his victims. Long sloping way to the sea, a groove running on either side over which, it is said that Tiberius sent his guests in a carriage attached to two cords. At a given moment, the carriage was jerked back, and the unfortunates fell into the sea.

May 16th. Thursday. Enjoying the delicious rest of Sorrento. Xxx A little lonely, but we shall probably find friends, as usual. Wrote up account of Catagombs, and read in Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo. Must look at his David in Florence. * * * *

May 17th. Friday. ~~Memo.~~ to revisit the Sistine Chapel. (Account of various sightseeings).

May 19th, Sunday. The sad anniversary of my dear Sammy's death, remembered by me the evening before with anxious thoughts of those at home. We attended the English service at the Tramontana Hotel. The service ritualistic, the sermon poor in thought, attendance small, the foreign season being over, at Sorrento. The day very fine. Saw Mrs. Story. Wrote and read in Grimm's Michael Angelo. Mr. Green, American consul-general, called on us. Also Miss Laura Redden, an interesting deaf person of twenty-five, nearly dumb from mismanagement, having been sent to Hartford on losing her hearing and educated there without speech. At church, we saw Mr. Richards of Boston. In the evening, we called upon his family at the Villa San Severino and saw the poor young Prince, nineteen years old, deserted by his Russian mother, in early life, and obliged to let his villa for a living. Also a Russian prince.

May 20th, Monday. Farewell, Tasso's Sorrento.

May 22nd, Wednesday. Rome. * * * * Harriet Hosmer's studio. She sees no one there. Her work seems to me vapid and pretentious. A small group of Gibson's contrasted favorably with it for action and intention.

May 23rd. Thursday. * * * Studies of Mozier and of Rogers, the former quite full. Both have considerable skill, neither has genius. The statues of Miss Hosmer are marble silences. They have nothing to say.

May 24th. (Sightseeing.)

May 25th, Saturday. Maud's pin, \$5. Flossy's locket, \$7.50. My gold pin \$17. Ditto ear-rings \$9. Ditto setting of green mosaics, \$4. All these follies I feel quite ashamed, and purpose never to repeat them. In the morning, visited Castellani's establishment with Duke Sermoneta, taking also Laura. C. gave Laura a little Etruscan vase. (Sightseeing.)

May 26th, Sunday. Early to English service and communion. The latter I much prefer in the manner in which I am accustomed to it, but, even in this, it was a boon, and brought fresh hope and joy into the discontents and perplexities of personal life. I remembered the confusion of my mind when I was here sixteen years ago, and recognized how far more than equivalent for the vivacity of youth, now gone, is the gain of a steadfast standard of good and happiness. To desire supremely ends which are incompatible with ~~no~~ one's happiness, and which promote the good of all - this, even as an ideal, is a great gain over the small and eager covetousness of personal desires. Religion gives this steadfast standard, whose pursuit is happiness. Therefore, let him who seeks religion be glad that he seeks the only true good, off which indeed we constantly fall, and yet in seeking it, are constantly renewed.

Collection five cents, contrasting meanly with my outlays this week in Roman jewelry. I propose to do better (I had no other change). Foley dined. Advised me against reading in England. I carry about my poor enterprise, as Hamlet did the murder of the king; The cross light of two centralities (Chev's and mine) not allowing a clear view of the subject, free from doubt. At 6:30 to the Chiesa Nuova (San Filippo Neri), where I found the filthiest crowd and the best singing I have heard in Rome. (Illegible) to Poggioli was kindly helpful to me. Told me the names of the different pieces. * * * * In the evening, Miss Cushman and the Woods to tea. Mozier and Freemans dropped in. The latter stayed to tea. The charming tea table - my birthday cake was brought in, with forty-eight candles on it, the number of my years. Hocker after tea, and Mozier, who was pathetic. Hattie Homer and Mrs. Carr. The whole a pleasant occasion.

May 27th. Monday. This is truly my birthday, kept by anticipation yesterday. Was up until two this morning, packing. Up again at five. Breakfast at 5:45. Farewell to dear Louisa and her interesting family, of whom Nannie is my great favorite. All of them, however, are dear, and L. Terry has been very kind to me. (List of expenses.) A very fatiguing day. Our carriage much crowded with a Cuban family, with a child of two years. They proved very pleasant and knew many persons whom I remember in Cuba. Their father was Jenks of the Caravra (?) (vide "Trip to Cuba"). Florence at 10 P.M. Dr. Appleton met us, most kind and helpful. Lodgings. Tea and strawberries.

(The entries at Florence are largely visits to galleries and details of this picture or that.)

May 29th. Wednesday. In the National Gallery in London is the Madonna which Parmigiano was painting when the troops of Bourbon broke into his studio. They were so much struck by it, that they did not molest him. Mass in Santa Croce for the victims of '48. Wreaths and floral trophies.

May 30th. Thursday. * * * * Visited the two graves - E.B.B. and Theodore Parker. Came also upon the monument of Theresa Pulzki, whom I regret and especially am sorry to have neglected her correspondence.

June 2nd, Sunday. * * * * Attended the Vaudois Church, 51 Via delle Seraglie. Heard M. Gimonat, a Vaudois. The service quite simple, in Italian, - congregation singing "Old Hundred" - *ex tempore* prayers - reading of Old and New Testament - recitation of Lord's Prayer and Creed. Sermon not distinguished, only tolerable, with little thought, but with a good, sincere tone and fervent delivery, a little nasal. This Italian Protestant service was, for me, in itself very interesting. The denomination (the Waldenses) venerable. I wish them success and the preaching of practical, ideal Christianity.

June 6th, Thursday. Arrived in Venice soon after 8 A.M. Met in the cars a most pleasant Englishman, Captain Rowley, R.N., on his bridal tour with a young and rather pretty wife, less genial than himself. I find that he knew the

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Crawfords and Terrys at Sorrento. He spoke warmly of poor Jenny, who had made, he said, many sore hearts on board his ship. We changed cars at Bologna. From Florence, my companion was a most pleasant Venetian lady, who has been five times in England. After waiting some time at the depot, we got into the carriage of the other train. This was nearly full. Captain Rowlet (a stranger) very kindly put out effects (strapped bag and all) upon the shelf above. After some sleep, we entered into conversation. I found him very agreeable, and with a tone of fine breeding. Has been twenty-three years in the Royal Navy. Commanded one of the ships that brought the Prince of Wales to America. Hotel Barbessi. The Fresca (procession of gondolas). My intense fatigue. I sat in the Barbessi balcony to see it and slept most of the time.

June 7th, Friday. Awoke at 9 A.M., very unwell, with the panorama in my head, which I dreaded so much. Was scarcely able to dress, but breakfast brought me round. Got Chev's letter, inviting me to Greece. Resolved to go. Went to the American consul, who kindly found a lodging for me.

(Venetian sightseeing, two or three days.)

June 10th, Sunday. Dear L. Terry and family surprised me by sending for me to Hotel Barbessi. They will stay this week, which opens for us a most pleasant prospect. To Scotch Church, where heard Mr. Campbell preach an indifferent sermon, well intended, but poor and narrow.

June 13th, Thursday. Departure from Venice. * * * * Watched the last of the lovely lights - lamps of the Piazza Tower. Goodbye, beautiful Venice!

June 15th, Saturday. Embarked (for Athens). Sea soon became rough. Incessant rain. Count Lunzi of Zante. His daughter spoke English. Mrs. Hill's school. Mr. Machorohich and sister, she sick, he a Lloyd's agent and American consul at (blank). The Count quite a theologian, understands Baur and the German methods. Has published works on philosophy, which he will send me. * * * *

June 17th, Monday. Aegean mountains. Shore of Albania. Nothing strikes me. I have been struck till I am stricken down. Sirocco and head wind. Vessel laboring with the sea, I with Guizot's "Meditations", which also have some head wind in them. They seem to me inconclusive in statement and commonplace in thought, yet presenting some facts of interest. A little before 2 P.M. we pass Fano, the island on which Calypso could not console herself, and no wonder. At 2 we enter the channel of Corfu.

June 18th, Tuesday. Much of the day passed in sight of the headlands on either side. We reach Corfu at 5 P.M. Boat on shore with Consul Machorohich and sister. Drive, ices, flowers. Back to steamer. Fresh figs. We take on board Ahmed Pasha and suite, harem and all. Excessive luggage, furniture, kitchen ware, mattresses, and bedding for the women, trunks. Finally the women came on board, showing of their faces only a triangle formed by their muslin veils, which concealed hair, forehead and mouth. Five ladies take up small stateroom intended for four, with five children, one an infant of eight months. Baggage and men came first on board, then women and children. The women had a timid air, and were very awkward. Their beds once spread on the deck, they crouched and conversed more like cattle than like human beings. Some of the children slept on deck with the women. Laura and I were alarmed at this incursion of strange creatures with strange properties of all kinds. We feared cholera and plague. The pasha came last on board, a stout, elderly man of perhaps fifty years of age, in English dress and lavender pantaloons, gold stripe on shoulder.

June 19th, Wednesday. At Corfu, we left old Count Lunzi and figlia en route for Zante, also Signor Licastro. We missed their endless talk, for they sat

and gabbled of mutual acquaintance and all the gossip of the day as incessantly as any two women, and worse. Continued to observe the Turks. A slave boy, Ali, brought the pasha's little boy, three years old, to the women on deck. He came on board in a cashmere pelisse, lined with fur, and a dirty pink skull cap, with a large gold coin or medal attached. Very dirty little underdrawers of calico, with large pattern, and wadded under jacket. An Irish servant's child in Boston, got up for Sunday, looks far cleaner and better. Pasha's little girl, six years old perhaps, wore a common and dirty calico dress and trousers, a wadded sack of pink twilled stuff, cotton or wollen, a handkerchief tied about her head. The women mostly appeared wrapped from head to foot in one envelope, like a bedquilt, white and red. Underneath they wore drawers of colored calico. Large shoes, often of man's size, mostly without stockings, some of them barefoot. This morning a portion of the deck was fenced in for them by a canvas. Here they remained, waited on by an old man in a dirty cotton gown, whom they called Baba. We reached ~~Saxma~~ by 10:30 A.M. I was up very early. The pasha sent me some of his coffee, which I could not refuse, although I had already had my cup. Mr. Sapenzaki came on board, and soon after came Evangelides. Each wished to take us to his house. I went with E., first leaving my trunks on board the boat for Pirée. Then to E.'s house, where Marieje, his good little wife, received us very cordially. E. presently took me to pay visits. (N.B. These visits are fully described in "From the Oak to the Olive", so I omit the description here. L.E.R.)

June 20th, Thursday.. Arrived at Pirée at 4 A.M. Got up and dressed. Found the commissioner sent by Chev. Took carriage for Athens. A long drive on emptiness. At half way, got a sugared morsel and some cold water. The view of the ruins enchanting. Found Chev and Julia well, the latter seems much quieted and was very affectionate and glad to see us.

June 23rd, Sunday. Greek mass on board Russian frigate. Bentikoff, the commander, recognized me at once. Dejeuner afterwards. Talk of the old friends. I thought of the pleasant occasions on board of the Oslaba. Captain M. de Charlemagne *qui a l'honneur d'être l'homme du monde*. Visited the Stillmans' yacht. * * * *

June 24th, Monday. Drove to Piraeus and went on board the Greek frigate bound for Nauplia, where Chev will distribute clothing to Cretan refugees. We arrived in the harbor of Nauplia by 7 P.M. Harbor shallow. In a boat to the shore. Many people there to see us land. More curiosity. The quay made me think of Naples. Crowd in the street. Bandit's head just cut off and brought in. We go to the prefect's house, a brisk little man. His sweet wife encochée. He offers us his roof, sends out for mattresses. A number of people drop in and talk with Chev, prefect and Antoniades. We sit on the balcony. Very cool. Gliko and water. I and with my mosquito bites. Mattresses on the floor. We women, including Miss Antoniades, lie down, four in a row, very thankfully. Telegrams. Prefect's excitement.

June 25th, Tuesday.. Up at five to ascend Palamedes, the great fortress built by the Venetians and impregnable save through treason or starvation. A steep and painful ascent. I was much fatigued, but not much worse than the young people. Major Zumbacopolus, major of cavalry, waited upon us in uniform. The fortress has a terrible ascent, and many independent bastions, several huge cisterns for rain water, two old Venetian cannon which served in the Revolution of 1862. The Greeks took it from the Turks by treason in the first Revolution. Coffee in a bedroom at the top. Then visited the prisoners, and then the condemned, mostly brigands. One of them a remarkable-looking man, blue eyes and Saxon complexion. Looked up at us pathetically. Probably a very resolute fellow. One begged for two hours of fresh air instead of one, suffering from his eyes. We saw them in a gout, commanded by a guard of soldiers from above. ~~XXXX~~ Their prison behind looked dismal. Breakfast with the prefect - boiled rice, eggs, olives, cheese and bread.

Then on route for Argos. Moriena reminiscentur. Stopped at a delicious garden, with shady trees, seats, flowers, vines and a little fountain, at which the bees drank.

We stopped to see the Cyclopean ruins of Tiryns, Cyclopean walls, a curious cave, in which Chey used to stay somewhat. An inclined roof, forming a rude open arch, without keystones. Large stones, nicely laid, formed the side, open at either end. Some of them very large, some flint.

Plains of Argos. Acropolis of same. We go to the magistracy, and he finds a house in which we can be received. We go and find a good house, neat for these parts. No carpets, a divan in the corner, European looking centre table and chairs. We implore mattresses, which are brought and spread on the floor. We lie down and sleep, 12:30 P.M. At two, we rise, dress and go to distribute clothing to the Cretans. Some extremely bare and ragged, with suffering little children. Our calico skirts and sacques made a creditable appearance. We gave with as much judgment as the short time permitted. Each name was called by a list, and as they came in, we hastily selected garments. The dresses, however, gave out before we had quite finished. Home to dinner at 4 - fish, bread, cheese, olives, wine like a medicine, cherries, very kindly given, salad of cucumbers without vinegar. Then again to the Cretan settlement to distribute clothing. Ungrateful old woman who wanted a gown and would hardly take a chemise. Meddlesome old lady of the neighborhood, bringing in her favorites out of order.

Walked to the amphitheatre, hewn in solid rock. A splendid ruin, far higher than the Coliseum. Seats of the higher classes formerly finished with marble slabs, much better preserved than those of the plebs. Village, goats, children. Four mattresses on the ground. We lie down. I do not sleep for fleas and bugs.

June 26th, Wednesday. Up at four. No coffee. Gliko and water. Drove to visit the (Tomb) of Agamemnon, a singular, Cyclopean structure. Over the entrance is a prodigious stone, twenty-seven feet long. The inclosure is round, formed with large stones, diminishing to the top, which is very small and has an aperture, admitting the light. An inner room is called the Treasury. It seems to be hollowed out of the rock, has only one entrance, no light and no window. The stones have been covered with a sort of stucco. We gathered and lit some dry brush and saw this cave by the light it made. Thence to Mycenae. The gateway of the citadel is still standing, surmounted by a sculptured stone, two monsters, one on each side, with the column between them. This column was the emblem of (blank). Agamemnon saw this gate. It is mentioned in one of the Greek dramas. A good deal of the wall of the citadel is still standing. A wonderful ruin. Perce(?) In the evening, arsenal, a fine one. Back to ship. Washed my fevered hands in brine and felt them healing.

June 27th, Thursday. Up at five. On shore at Egina to see the ruins of the temple. We found two donkeys with a wooden pack-saddle and a little rope for a stirrup in case of a rider. I took one, Miss Antonides the other. As the way was rough and the saddle a small seat without support of any kind, I found it difficult to keep my seat. Somehow, the ass and I scrambled up together. The columns are pure Doric, very fine. Louis of Bavaria took several fine sculptures from here, which now adorn the Munich Bibliothèque. A splendid marble lion was taken from this temple by the (blank), and lowered to the shore. They had to saw it in three parts to get it on board of their craft, which so enraged the peasants, that they came in the night with their hammers and broke it all to pieces, - a deed of savage heroism. View from the temple most beautiful. Came down on foot. Breakfast on board at 10 A.M. Home to Athens and the hotel.

June 30th, Sunday. Went to the exhibition of musical performances at the Arkasion. This is a very large school, instituted by a very wealthy Athenian lady for public instruction. It has many boarders, and more day scholars. The former pay a moderate sum for a good education, the latter little, and some nothing. The externes and internes are educated separately. They have the same teachers, but separate classes. The musical performances were very bad. The girls perhaps much

frightened. Prince John, the Regent, had a conspicuous fautail. Near him sat M. Melas and M. Nicola~~ides~~^{ides}. When the music(?) was at an end, a brief address in Greek was made. Two of the girls were had up for good conduct and after a talk from Melas, Prince John presented the best scholar with a paper representing a prize in money, given from a foundation for the purpose presented by a Greek lady in London. We lunched very early and went to Eleusis, scene of the mysteries. Anagnostopoulos went with us. A fine drive. We stopped thrice on the way to water the horses, once at Daphne, where Apollo's encounter with the young nymph had place. Here we found a few Rose laurels (oleander) and got some. Part of the drive led by the sea, and was charming. Eleusis is an Albanian village (colonized). The costumes quite picturesque, the women in redingote of white cloth without sleeves and with two heavy strips of black embroidery down the back, their long braided hair falling between the two. I went into one house, asking permission. A white-washed hut, quite cleanly, but rather empty. A small fire of sticks, with a pot boiling. The old grandmother sat on a lot wooden chest. I saw no other furniture. Several women with infants sat and stood around. The ruins utterly broken in pieces. The extent of the temple monstrous, mostly covered by the present village. Two handsome Corinthian capitals. Some blocks of fine marble and some fine pavement of the same. Not a column left in any shape.

July 1st, Monday. I had a party in the evening., (List of names) perhaps twenty-five or more. Gave them lemonade and ice in very good style. A very pleasant evening. The Stillmans were in town and spent part of the day with us. They are very pleasant. To Acropolis with G. Finlay.

July 4th, Thursday. Musical entertainment at Mrs. Hill's school. Performances quite creditable. Prince John, Swedish chargé's lady very pleasant. Danish national song, King Christian, Star-Spangled Banner, God Save the King (Greek). A pleasant occasion. In the afternoon went to Miss Baldwin's and assisted in giving clothes to the Cretans. Went with the American consul to the Botanical Gardens, where we strolled and eat ices in celebration of the day.

July 5th, Friday. Visited the University of Athens with Mr. Paraskevaldes. A good structure. A fine library and quite respectable museum, a fine lecture hall, where prizes are given, with side galleries for ladies, etc. Before this, I went to see a small but good collection of antiquities belonging to Mme. Nozani, a widow, who wishes to sell them, her fortunes having declined. She is quite an elegant woman. The collection is very nice. She wishes to get two hundred dollars for it, and will only sell the whole. In the afternoon went to the Greek church to distribute clothing to the Cretan refugees. Laura and I worked three and a half hours, and were very weary.

July 6th, Saturday. Weather grows very hot. We sigh for Switzerland. Chev to Syra. Finlay takes us to the museum.

July 8th, Monday. We spent the day mostly in writing up notes, reading Muir's "Greece", etc. Went shopping with Mrs. Melas in the afternoon. Visit at 7:30 from young Paparopoulos, who translated into Greek my poem on Crete. He is a poet, has been crowned here. Is also a student and reader of Plato and Cousin, the latter of whom he over-esteems. Then came Parakevaldes, then Mr. Finlay. * * * * * Anagnosto was also here. To Mrs. Hill's afterwards, where I enjoyed two hours very much. I mentioned my essays to her. She responded quite cordially. I may possibly read at her house.

July 9th, Tuesday. At 5 A.M. to the columns with Anagnosto and Paraskevaldes. We take coffee. Mrs. Hay and Miss Baldwin met us there by invitation. We passed an hour there most charmingly. Miss B. asked me to read at the Acropolis and promised to invite her friends. At about 6 we left the hotel to go there. The afternoon was most lovely. Quite a pleasant company were assembled (List of names). I

read Mrs. Browning's "Dead Pan", my verses on her grave, "Amanda's Inventory", "Philosophy", and recited "The New Sculptor". The poems were very kindly received. Mr. Maass afterwards recited some pleasant poems, two translations of his own from Greek poems. Afterwards we roamed about the majestic ruins and enjoyed the prospect. Miss B. regaled us with cake and lemonade. Dr. H. had chairs brought. We stayed till 8:30. The occasion was delightful to me and is quite an epoch in my later life, but I was not quite up to it.

July 10th. Wednesday. Up at 5:30, ready for Kephessia. At 7 came M. Nikolaidis to see if we were ready, and Magnesto with the carriage. Soon after we started. Three ~~gendarmes~~ horseback accompanied us. On the highroad we met the carriage of the W.'s and M. Laskarides, a Greek of Asia Minor, from Broussa. A most pleasant drive. Marcoussi, a small village - the café - four peasants playing cards. Bracing mountain air. Kephessia - fine house built by a wealthy Greek, left to his wife, also dead, now to nephews in Italy. Source of the Kephesus - Kephali. Beautiful clean water. Wine factory. Grand piano. Mme. Kolocotroni and her mother staying here, not at their villa. Two children. A walk out. A hot day, but with a refreshing breeze. Table for their breakfast set in a small arbor. Spacious rooms of the house. Portrait of the mistress in blue velvet with rings. Opposite ditto of master with best broadcloth and fez. Old lady's gray hair in bureau drawer. Dinner at two, wine of Kephessia. The Greek plane tree. Gossip of the village. People from town passing the summer. Afternoon sleep. Mrs. Browning's poems, "Isabel's Child". Discussion of dances and artists. M. Laskarides talked of himself and his country. "Why Greek Church cannot be reformed. Pleasant drive home.

July 11th, Thursday. Up at 5:15 to spend the day at the monastery at Hymettus. We start soon after 7, taking some luncheon with us. The Constantines' carriage. Balking horse, bad road. Arrival soon after 8. Breakfast in a small court of the convent. Some Greek mechanics making a feast in the large court - a lamb roasted whole on a stick in the open air, cut up with knives. A low table. They offered us each a bit, saying "Leutheria", offering at the same time a dirty cloth to wipe our hands. We cut the meat with our fingers, finding it good. They offer wine, which we decline. They sing and dance in a grotesque but not ungraceful manner, in a line, holding hands, one leading in the gestures and movements. At moments the leader shouts, leaps up, bows down and then up. In another dance, they all suddenly lie on their backs and then arise. In another they touch the ground with their noses. In another one goes round pouring wine and putting it to the mouth of each, spilling badly which caused a great shout. They were very merry. In the court a small chapel.

July 12th. Friday. My reading at Mrs. Hill's is fixed for this evening. * * * * * Got out my essay on "Duality". Read it over twice. Wrote also on my notes of travel. At 6 P.M. put on my bonnet and went to Mrs. Hill's, Julia going with me. * * * * * I found a very pleasant audience assembled in the drawingroom, a larger one than I had ventured to anticipate. I felt quite strong and read as well as usual. Afterwards, by request, recited my Flag poem. I was much gratified at the reception of my lecture. The poem, too, seemed to give pleasure. Accept, O Divine Master, my efforts to serve Thee! Thou art He that hath said, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

July 14th, Sunday. Up early. To Greek Church with Laura and Chev. A mass chanted through the nose, with no instrumental and scarcely any vocal music. The bishop held candelabra containing, each, three or four wax tapers tied in the middle in a sort of sheaf with black ribbon. The priest in gold brocade, with very Oriental head. One with a head and air like pictures of St. John. Men and women separate. On the women's side, near the entrance, a sort of reading desk and before it a circular row of tapers burning. Two or three elder women stood here and made some motion to me, which I could not understand. We did not stay long. Afterwards to Dr. Hill's service.

July 15th, ^{Monday} Tuesday. This day we regarded as our last in Athens. I made several farewell visits and arranged a little scirée d'adieu. We expected to leave the next morning for Syra en route for Constantinople. Made the acquaintance of Mrs. Skinner. In the afternoon went with the girls and Anagnoste to the Academy. None of Plato's olive trees are left, not one. Then to the Acropolis, which we did not then expect to see again.

July 16th, ^{Tuesday} Wednesday. Chev was ill with headache and we could not leave. Julia took, as usual, faithful care of him. He was better in the afternoon. *****

July 17th, ^{Wednesday} Thursday. Cannot recall the day's occupations. Walked to the Acropolis at 6 P.M., a great exertion on account of the heat. Miss Kalliope went with us. We sat long in the Parthenon. She read to me from the Antigone of Sophocles. We walked slowly home. In the evening came Chev's budget from Crete with all the Cretan news.

July 18th, ^{Thursday} Friday. Intense heat. We busied ourselves as well as we were able. * * * * *

July 19th, ^{Friday} Saturday. We saw Mr. Finlay, who made an appointment to meet me tonight at the columns of Jupiter Olympus. We first took a drive. * * * * * At the columns at nine o'clock. No Finlay. We waited with Spiro and sent away the carriage. I was suddenly attacked with violent cholera morbus, could scarcely get home. Old woman came and made me tea of idiosma, something like our pennyroyal, which relieved me much. * * * * *

July 20th, ^{Saturday} Sunday. Up at 4:30. To breakfast in the Acropolis. Chev could not go, and I had to make the exertion, being very lame and weak from last night's attack. Paraskevalides and Mrs. Skinner came with us. We were very cool and enjoyed the occasion, although I was far from well. We breakfast just before the little temple of Victory. Came down soon after 8, and began the labor of packing, which was heavy and much interrupted. (L.E.R. omits items of leave-taking, etc., of little interest.) Soon after 7 we departed. The Aegean was calm and blue. We clung to the last views of the Acropolis. Thus, with great pleasure and interest and some drawbacks, ends my visit to Athens. A dream, a dream.

July 21st, Sunday. We passed the greater part of the day on board the boat which brought us to Syra. Evangelides came in the afternoon. I had written him a note, but had not been able to send it. Consul Canfield came with us to Syra and gave us a row in his boat. The last day in Greece - in spite of the heat, an unwelcome one. I would willingly suffer more to see more, but we have had enough of the hotel at Athens, and Chev would make no further plans for us. He has changed his, and we left him at Syra, to go back to Athens, which seems on the whole best. We embark between 7 and 8, with a stormy sea. I find that the shawl bundle has been left, so I get a boat for two drachmas. It dances so that I can scarcely get into it. I go back to the other boat and find my bundle, finding also Chev, with whom I have a few parting words. The evening is very confused and disturbed. Several shrieking children, the boat greatly crowded. We go to bed betimes. Start at midnight. We have on board a pasha going to Janina to take the place of our old pasha of the first voyage, also a bey, his aide-de-camp, also the bey's wife, with several slaves. The women were kept, as before, in a part of the deck partitioned off by a curtain. They were very seasick. The bey's wife wore a handkerchief of violet crêpe round her head. She was unwell, but pretty. The prettiest woman was the wife of the Albanian, spoken of on the next page (he may have been a Turk). She had wide black eyes and a charming smile. I sketched her and her baby. They all wore loose gowns and trousers of dirty calico. Hers was yellow, another wore pale green.

July 22nd, Monday. Pretty rough. We are well. Many are sick. We make

various acquaintances, among others that of a very pleasant Armenian lady and daughter of Constantinople, Mme. Mikrambeduz, also with an Armenian monk, very pleasant, Père Isaac of Vienna. The tall Albanian in short saque of vermilion quilted calico carries about his baby, who is teething and ill. I make an incoincidental remark about his toilette, not knowing that he understands French. The next time I see him, he is in Frank dress, as nice as possible, with a new fez. A Turk of the pasha's suite came and sat in our saloon, dressed in white cotton drawers and a long calico night-shirt, bound at the waist by a strip of colored cotton. His costume was far from clean. He also wore glasses and the fez. He is a fanatic, dresses in this way to show us disrespect, and will not eat with Christians, so does not come to table.

July 23rd, Tuesday. Went on shore at Corfu at about 5:45, returning at 6:50. Expenses in all ten francs, including boats, ices and valet de places. The steamer was so hot, that it was a great relief to be on shore, Corfu being at this hour very breezy and shady. Everyone says that the Ionian islands are going to ruin since the departure of the English. This is partly the want of capital and enterprise, so it would seem as if people who have no enterprise of their own must be content to thrive secondarily, upon the enterprise of other people. The whole type of Greek life, however, is opposed to the Occidental type. Its luxury is to be in health and to be satisfied with little. We Westerners illustrate the multiplication of wants with that of resources, and vice versa. They seem so far to illustrate the converse. Whether this opposition can endure in the present day, I cannot foresee, but this I can see, that Greece will not have more luxury without more poverty. The circle of wealth enlarging, will more and more crowd those who are unfitted to attain it and must be content with food and raiment.

July 24th, Wednesday. On board the Austrian Lloyd's boat, America, en route for Trieste. This is the first day on which writing has been practicable. Made acquaintance this morning with Mr. Triandephili (Mr. Rosa), a Thessalian Greek, educated in Transylvania, speaking Greek and good German. In the evening the elder of the two Armenian priests, Père Michel, gave us a discourse on the dæmonic and the divination of future events. Only God, he says, knows what is to happen, but that which is already happening at a distance the dæmonic can see and communicate. "What has the dæmonic for his trouble?" asked some one. "The pleasure of rendering men superstitious," answered Père Michel, not amiss.

He is eighty-two years old, has lost his teeth and speaks with a little difficulty. He afterwards began to relate a story of Job in illustration of his views of the dæmonia.

July 25th, Thursday. Arrived at Trieste at 6 P.M.

I will say here that before going ashore at Corfu the Turkish women made their toilette, which consisted in putting on clean muslin yashmaks and in drawing over their dirty calicoes a respectable-looking over-all of black stuff, a sort of serge, something like alpaca. This being done, they were at liberty to show themselves, and so came up on deck and sat there.

July 28th, Sunday, Venice. Arrived at the Piazza at about 7:30, after a prosperous, but disagreeable voyage. I had a sofa and rested somewhat upon it, but passed most of the time on deck, where I wrapped myself in a shawl and dozed. Julia persisted in remaining up all night, though I often entreated her to lie down. At last, she joined me on deck. Here we saw the moon rise late but de-orescent. The dawn and sunrise ushered in by a rainbow. L. and I grew quite tearful, as we saw beautiful Venice come out of the water, just as we had seen her disappear. At the health-station, we were fumigated with chloride of lime. * * * * The Barbiers could not take us at our former snug rooms, but Mr. B. went round to show us some rooms in Palazzo Gamburo, which he offered for seven francs per diem. We were glad to take them. * * * * We visited San Marco and then proceeded to install ourselves in our new lodgings. Ordered a dinner of six francs, which proved abundant. Took a long sleep from one to four P.M., not having more than dozed in the night. Our lodgings

are very roomy and pleasant, two large rooms, quite well furnished, two small ones, which we give up to Julia. We expect to enjoy many things here, and all the more as we know something of what is to be seen.

August 1st, Thursday. To Malamocco this morning, with three rowers. The row beautiful both ways. I had to give the man a franc for breakfast at Malamocco. This is a small settlement at the very entrance of the lagoons. It was strongly fortified by the Austrians. We saw little of interest, visited the church, saw a girl stringing beads for sale, with a tray full of beads and a bundle of wire needles perhaps six inches long. Another wore large gold earrings. The houses here looked very comfortable for people of the plain sort. Coming back, we stopped at San Clementi, an ancient church, undergoing repairs. Within the church we found a marble tabernacle with solid walls behind the high altar. It might be forty feet by twenty, and twelve or more in height, divided into two compartments, one a small cell in which any refractory priest was confined in old times, the other a small chapel for the performance of mass. Behind the altar a small open space with a grating allowing the prisoner to hear mass.

August 4th, Sunday.. (Details of sight-seeing.) To Italian Protestant preach (church?). Signor Camba, quite taking and eloquent, criticized the unChristian doctrines of the Romish Church. This is part of his work. I was interested in his discourse. (Further details of sight-seeing.)

August 5th, Monday.. We left Venice this morning per 10:30 train for Verona. Great row with custom house officers. I did not know of this examination, was not prepared for it. Forgot our unmade dresses, did not declare them. Had to pay a fine for smuggling, which I did not intend. I lost my temper and was very angry, to my great mortification all day long. An hour at Verona. Took a carriage and saw the amphitheatre. (Details of sight-seeing.) Before leaving Venice, gave Consul Colton my last napoleon for the Italian Protestant church. I record this because I am sorry to say that my benefactions in the money line are not large.

August 6th, Tuesday.. Started with vetturing for Innsbrück via the Brenner Pass. Splendid day's journey. Stopped to dine at a pretty village, name forgotten, where I bought some needles. The inn was once a convent for nuns, as was obvious by its form and arrangement. A fine view of the mountains from the back of the house. The little convent garden had a garden house with tables, etc., probably now used as a place for drinking beer. Slept at Mittelwald, a picturesque hamlet with a little church, a stream, bridge, and a short string of houses. Chev wanted to stop at a forlorn place at 6 P.M., but I pushed on, and we were all glad in the end.

(No entry until --)

August 9th, Friday. Munich. Pinakothek, revisited after twenty-three years. The unborn baby of that period now standing beside me, a grown and rather willful woman, whose future gives me great anxiety. In this gallery the Rubens pictures are the best feature - two fine heads by Rembrandt. (Further details of pictures, etc., in Munich.)

August 12th, Monday. Dreamed much last night of A. Sumner, of his death and of a parting much like what we made. Left Neuhausen at 2 P.M. Bought at Schaffhausen a new umbrella for Laura, 5 frs., and one self, same price. Arrived at Zurich. Walked out in the street. Met Jeannie Marceu, brought her to the hotel, drove with her to her boarding-place, pension Rindenknecht, on a hill, a charming situation. Saw her husband and children, very pleasant. She is entirely like what she always was, sincere, sensitive, with high notions and feelings. Her opinions a little narrow for her intelligence, her character noble and disinterested.

August 13th, (Account of sightseeing at Zurich.)

August 14th, Wednesday. Left Zurich at 6:30 for Lucerne. Arrived at latter place at 8:30. Swan Hotel, good. Breakfast. Thorwaldsen's Lion. Chev, by mistake, took us a long way round to see this, which was quite near the hotel. Tired me much. Sat and made a sketch, very poor as usual. At 2 P.M., took the boat for Hergeswyl(?). At 3:30 or somewhat later, began on horseback the ascent of the Pilatusberg, much higher than the Rigi. The road is very fine and my leader was excellent, yet I had some uncomfortable moments in the latter part of the ascent, which was zigzag and very steep. Each horse cost 10 frs., Trinkgeld besides. We stopped at the lower hotel, which was a mistake. Saw the sunset and moonrise and went early to bed, preparing to rise at 3:45 to see the sun rise from the higher point. Rose by mistake at 12, washed, dressed and called Chev and Julia. Chev looked at his watch. I had no match and was in the dark. Went to bed again.

August 15th, Thursday. Rose rather late, at 4 A.M., Dressed hastily and started on the upward zigzag, carrying my night bundle, as the guide did not appear. But for this bundle, I should have kept the lead, but it embarrassed me much. The guide took it at last. Our enjoyment of the sunrise was rather short and hurried. I should say that the ascent distressed me exceedingly for breath and in the symptom of severe thirst. My ears also ached through the rarefaction of the air. Enjoyed a near and magnificent view of the Snow Alps. Breakfasted at 6 o'clock. Bought an Alpenstock for Laura. Began the descent. We hired a return horse, upon whose back I occasionally got a little relief from extreme fatigue. The beast both slipped and kicked at flies, so was uneasy and not very safe. Chev gave out badly and rode much of the way home. We stopped but little to take rest. Reached Alpnach very weary, with lame right knee and left ankle. One horse carriage to Sarn (?), where I dined.

August 16th, Friday. We drove to Lugarno, starting at 4:30 P.M. and arriving at 7 P.M. A pleasant road, but involving quite an ascent. Our stopping-place was a pretty little Swiss village, quite hidden in the mountains, with good beds and very dry sheets. Started very early for Brience, finishing the ascent and descent of the Brunig. At Brience took boat for Interlaken, a lovely sail. Arrived before 10 A.M., in a famished condition. Hotel Victoria, much too fashionable. Walked out with Laura. Met Mrs Mary B. Motley, with her three daughters. She greeted me most kindly. Weather became very hot. (Details of small purchases.) Music at the hotel. Saw the silent Duke Gastane of Rome, married, I suppose, with the young English lady, Miss Wilbraham (?), to whom he has been betrothed for some time. At 5, we took the omnibus to steamboat and by this to Thun, with some Americans of the sort that set one's teeth on edge - gold bracelets, diamond earrings, brassy manners. Julia ate naught all day.

August 17th, Bayern. Chev unwell, but not in much pain. Valet du place. Bearpit. Fine green enclosure. Minster - choir very good, also architecture. Two monuments, one carved and painted in wood, like a Swiss toy. Lounge with Laura along the Arcade. Crazy pattern, 50 centimes, Laura's bear, 50 centimes. Organ concert in the evening. The organ concert was made up of music of the clap-trap and trashy order, given mainly to show the power of the instrument, which is certainly a fine one. Perhaps one hundred persons were present. As they came dropping into the dimly lighted church, they had rather a ghostly effect. L. and I walked home rather timidly, but without let or hindrance.

August 18th, Sunday. Left Bayern soon after 10 A.M. Before this we went to the Cathedral, hoping to hear the chorale before the sermon. Bot there too late. Heard instead the sermon, which was dry and wordy, but more instructive than high mass in Latin. A numerous congregation, mostly bourgeois in its aspect. Many of the

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women being in costume, which is becoming more and more partial. We did not stay to hear the sermon out, but hurried back to the hotel, took the train. Stopped at Friburg, saw Cathedral, heard another organ concert, also very poor, although the instrument is very fine. Dined. Drove to see the railroad bridge, and drove over two suspension bridges. Left Friburg at 4 and reached Lausanne by 7 P.M. Hotel Richemont, very comfortable.

August 19th, Monday. I leave by 8 o'clock for Geneva to join Louisa. Arrived soon after 11. Find my friends established much to their minds in a first-class Swiss hotel, too expensive for me. Still I take apartments there to be with Chev and girls arrive in the evening by the boat, having visited Chillon.

August 20th, Tuesday. Spent the morning mostly with my sister. In the afternoon drove to the Rothschild villa - very rich and grandiose. A pierced hose for watering the grass, sending up little streams on its whole length. Cage of monkeys. Capucine, Rigole.

August 21st, Wednesday. Visited dear old Dr. Goss and wife and also Mme. Marcel, all very cordial. The old doctor is failing, but seemed as vivacious as ever, his blue eyes quite sparkling. He embraced Chev at parting. I showed him the watch which he helped me to buy (on her wedding journey). He overwhelmed me with brochures of his own composition upon a great variety of topics. He engaged to send his son in the evening. Accordingly, at 8, Goss the younger presented himself, an energetic, decided man of about thirty-five, with a not bad opinion of himself, a great Lacustrine explorer. His time is much occupied, yet he promised to meet us at 9 next morning and to show us at the Museum the Lacustrine remains. He invited the Terry-Crawford faction to accompany us.

August 22d, Thursday. At 9 Goss appeared and we were en route for the Museum. He opened the cases and showed a great many stone tools, which he called pre-historic, and which my sister persisted in calling antediluvian, saying that, as we have the Biblical history of the world before the Deluge, the earlier times cannot be called prehistoric. She will probably persist in this opinion. Goss gave me a hatchet head of a stone called jade. He showed us grains and bread from the Lacustrine remains, also wild apples, and cultivated ones. The visit was quite an interesting one. At 5.30 we went to dine, with good Mrs. Wurtz. The Terrys and Mr. and Mrs. Pollard Urquhart. Found that Mr. U. is a Liberal, friend of J. S. Mill, and has voted for female suffrage. After dinner, at Mrs. Wurtz's request, I recited "The Flag", the lines on Mrs. Browning's grave, and the Battle Hymn. This, which gave them pleasure, pleased me yet more, since I count no joy so great as that of uttering my best inspirations, a joy as great as it is rare.

August 23d, Friday. In yesterday's chronicle I should have said that from the Museum I went with Mme. Pasteur (daughter of Mme. Marcel) to the house of Mme. Erard, who has built a picture gallery and given it to the public. The gallery was respectable, the house very fine, nobly built, with a delightful suite of apartments and garden. Mme. Marcel asked us to dine and I accepted. She invited Louisa, whom she had not previously seen. Louisa declined, but suggested that her daughter Annie should go in her place. The dinner, which was on this day (Friday) was very pleasant, but we drove out in an overpowering rain. Without M. Betan, who went with us, we should never have found the campagne of Mme. Marcel. She and her daughter, Mme. Pasteur, were most agreeable. Her youngest daughter, Mme. de Candelle, seemed a little wayward. Her husband was quite agreeable,

August 24th, Saturday. Ordered to pack for 11 A.M., respited till 2 P.M. This gave us a chance to visit the library with M. Betan. Bust of Henri Quatre given by him to the city of Geneva. Quite a collection of portraits. Some valuable manuscripts, autographs of Erasmus, Calvin, Luther and many others. Portrait of Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henri Quatre. Some fine illuminations. Returning, I called upon Mme. Wurtz. At 2 P.M. we took the boat for Lausanne, thence took the train for Yverdon, where we arrived at 8:20. The rain obliged us to wait nearly an hour for a carriage to convey us from the station, a severe exposure as we had to wait outside, but it could not be helped. Supper at last, and bed.

August 25th, Sunday. Travell'd, reaching Basle at 6 P.M. Three Kings' Hotel. Chev very angry about rooms. The people rather cool, but civil enough. We found tolerable rooms in the dépendance of the hotel. L. and I dined at table d'hôte. I had felt unwell all day and grew worse after dinner. Had a violent bilious attack, which lasted all night and next morning, until I saw a homeopath, who gave me arsenic and pulsatilla, relieving me speedily.

August 26th, Monday. Passed the whole day in bed, at first in intense pain - one spot in intestines severely sore. No external applications availed, such as hot water, mustard poultice, nor camphor and laudanum taken internally. The hom. med. cured me very soon.

August 27th, Tuesday. Got up rather late, packed and departed, leaving Basle quite unseen. Stopped at Muhlhausen. Dinner. A dull place, and rainy afternoon.

August 28th, Wednesday. Travell'd all day (to Paris). Paris in the evening, and Conway. Drove to Rue d'Argenson, Np. 15, near Boulevard Hausman.

August 29th, Thursday. Exposition.

No further entry until

September 1st, Sunday. Notre Dame in the forenoon. At 12 to hear a military mass at the Hotel des Invalides. Dined at a café near the Madeleine. In the afternoon to Bois de Boulogne, and also to see the Jardin d'acclimatation. In the evening called on Mrs. Carr and obtained L. Hunt's address. Mrs. C. lodges on the floor under us and is very pleasant. She told us of C. A. Bristed's engagement to Grace Sedgwick, which much amazed me.

September 2d, Monday. Napoleon's Tomb. Found Louisa Hunt, who was as natural and kind as possible, and invited me to breakfast tomorrow, which I intend to do. Spent much of the forenoon in beginning a piece of tapestry after a Pompeian pattern copied by me on the spot. Walk with Laura Mailliard in the evening, very pleasant.

September 3d, Tuesday. To breakfast with the Hunts at 10 A.M., an interesting visit.

(Entries of the 4th and 5th are details of sightseeing, etc.)

September 6th, Friday. Early with Laura to dressmaker's to see about dresses. * * * * Wrote to Apthorpe, not, of course, interfering with Chev's orders, but begging if the house should be sold to look out for something for us. Perhaps I ought not to have written to Apthorpe, but my perplexed mind could not rest without doing something.

No entry of any consequence until

September 11th, Wednesday. Spent the morning with Laura in running

about. Bought 11 francs' worth of laces and ribbon at a mercerie, & which \$1.25 was of her expenditure. Coming home, found Mary Lodge invited to lunch, which became dinner, so long did we wait for it. We then called on the Benzons, finding M. at home and Mme. ill in bed.

Nothing of consequence until

September 15th, Sunday. Versailles, a most fatiguing day. Palace and two Trianons. I felt much the worse for so much work on foot. It must have been four hours. (Details of sightseeing, as are also the entries for the next two days.)

September 18th, Wednesday. Hunt's studio, visited with great pleasure. Much beautiful work. His genius very versatile. Two landscapes from Normandy very individual and charming. Portrait of G. F. Adams. Study of an Italian girl - even a scarlet cactus, beautifully painted.

Nothing of consequence until

September 23d, Monday. Left St. Quentin at 10:45.

September 25th, Wednesday. Left Brussels for Antwerp at 8:25 A.M.. Arrived at 10. Hotel du Grand Laboureur. Indifferent rooms and no fire. * * * Public gallery. (Descriptions of pictures.) Here we saw the artist born without arms, who holds his palette in one great toe, and paints with the other. Chev bought his picture for \$100., to my regret. * * * M. Félu, the armless artist, called upon us, brought his photograph and offered to meet us at the Museum tomorrow.

September 26th, Thursday. Went to the gallery to meet M. Félu. He went through it with us to our great satisfaction. (Detailed descriptions of pictures.)

September 27th, Friday. Went to theatre, Les Dragons de Villars. Music by Mailliart. A fine basse cantante, a good soprano in a part much like Fédette. Before, we went with M. Félu to the Zoological Gardens, very fine and extensive. * * *

Evening at home with Laura. Chev and Julia being at Ghech. M. Charles Félu came. He passed the evening, was very pleasant. In moments of deliberation, he put his great toe to his mouth as others put a forefinger.

September 28th, Saturday. Chev and Julia return. I went to the Cathedral, paid two francs to see the pictures, which were most beautiful. I saw today the Elevation of the Cross to special advantage. As I stood before it, I felt lifted for a moment above the mean and foolish pleasures of shopping, etc., in which I have of late dealt so largely. The heroic face before me said: you cannot have these and these, cannot have Christian elevation with heathen triviality. That moment showed me what a picture can do. I hope I shall remember it, though I do plead guilty of late to an extraordinary desire for finery of all sorts. It is as if I were going home to play the part of Princess in some great drama, which is not at all likely to be the case. * * * * * Ghent. * * * * * Cathedral. * * * * * Beguinage. Bought lace, Flossy's wedding handkerchief, 22 frs. * * * * * Beguine service, church quite dark, candles at altar, Beguines in white veils, singing out of tune. We had to contribute to their collection, and also to pay for chairs.

(Further details of Ghent and Bruges.)

October 1st. Tuesday. Left Bruges for London, via Ostend. We had as rough a passage as I ever made anywhere. I suffered extreme nausea. * * * * At last got asleep and woke in smoother waters. Shev stood it better than I should have supposed, but Laura was the only one who escaped sea sickness. Charing Cross Hotel, no rooms. Got supper while poor Chev went to various hotels and finally took us to the Langham, where we found tolerable rooms. Dinner at Charing Cross, a very poor one, 9/6!! for Laura and me. By accident we went in Bruges to the same hotel where I went twenty-four years ago, a bride. I recognized the staircase, with a balustrade of swans, each holding a stiff bulrush in its mouth. Chev inquired, found that the hotel had been greatly enlarged and altered, but the swans, the only ones in Bruges, justified my conjecture that it was the same hotel. Made a little verse thereupon.

October 2nd. Wednesday. (Nothing of consequence, procuring of lodgings.)

October 3d, Thursday. Not quite well. Composed a little run of verses when I first awoke.

October 4th, Friday. Saw Edward Twistleton, for the first time since his great affliction. We had not met in twelve years. I found him somewhat older. Mr. Fred Locker called just before him. With both I talked of my Ethics, but only half-heartedly. To neither could I unfold my desire of reading these papers aloud in London before their publication. Called at Smith and Elder's. Left two essays with their reader, Mr. Williams.

October 5th, Saturday. To luncheon at E. Twistleton's, with the girls.

No entry of consequence until

October 9th. Wednesday. Breakfast with E. Twistleton, very pleasant. He started the topic of man's moral inability to do otherwise than as he does. I told him that Kant thought otherwise, whereupon he snubbed me a little, but his obviously not recent in his readings of Kant. Dined with T.B. and J. Wales, L. Woods gave a narrow view of parental discipline. The intervals of the day I employed in packing. In the evening came Twistleton, bringing the four volumes of Boswell's Johnson, his own library copy. A parting gift. I parted from him with great regret.

October 10th, Thursday. Left our pleasant lodgings, 45 Weymouth Street, Portland Square, Mrs. Clark. The Waleses went down to the station with us, very kindly carrying some of our things in their cab. We stopped at Atherstone and took a bus to the Hall, where the Bracebridges, unseen in twenty years, received us most cordially. Both were, of course, much changed, his hair grown white, she very lame and walking with a cane. Luncheon. The girls to drive. Our rooms, mine the south room. Sitting and talking of old times in the library. Wood fire. I asked for the Arab colts and Lebanon cedars. One of the former remains, a tolerably old horse, of the latter only a small bush, the place is too low and damp for them. Walked to convent, ~~xxx~~ lady prioress - conference about Catholic burying-ground. Grove of Atherstone. Old Roman road. Drove back with dear old Bracebridge. Pleasant dinner, venison, good talk, coffee, tea, bed. We stayed here before, when Julia was a baby, two months old perhaps.

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October 11th, Friday. Chew early off for Liverpool. We breakfasted with the family - prayers first, with a show of servants. Second visit to the Convent. The Reverend Mother, Father Bourne, chapel, adoration of the sacrament. * * * * * Friar, Miss de Clifford by birth, an old Catholic family. * * * Dear old Bracebridge drove us down, staid till the train arrived. Affectionate parting. Coventry belts and ribbons which he gave us. Cars to Liverpool. Snell in the train, going to sail with us. Hotel - Anagnosto. We go out in the rain to buy necessities for the voyage. Chew wanted caps, boots, and so on. Gras ingens iterabimus aequor.

October 12th, Saturday. Farewell, England. On board the boat at 8:30 A.M. Long detention, crowd. Reach the steamer and find the after cabin full. We to inhabit the forward cabin. Table; Snell, L. Shaw, G. L. Pratt, J. C. Dodge, all of our mess. Rev. William Thayer of Newport in our cabin. Fog kept us nearly all day in the harbor. Bishop Eastburn on board. Mrs. Dorr (wife of Dr. Hayward) with her son. Sailed at about 4 P.M.

October 13th, Sunday. Service. Snell and I went. Bishop read and preached. "Let us be sorry for our sins." Sermon on repentance, as formal and technical as could be. In connection with repentance, he advised our acceptance of that great remedial oblation! Mere phraseology. Dined comfortably. Queenstown harbor. When we left the same, head winds, a heavy sea, a rolling boat. I was sick and went below, but not until nearly bedtime.

October 14th, Monday. Rough weather. I dressed and got up in good time, but did not feel well and could eat but a morsel. Despaired of getting used to the motion of the vessel, a screw. (This was the China.)

October 15th, Tuesday. Rough, shipping much water. Julia and Laura sick.

October 16th, Wednesday. I began to feel better, but can eat very little. Julia better.

October 17th, Thursday. Laura well. Our mess very pleasant. Poor Snell is miserably disturbed and heavy. Pratt very jolly, Thayer a great resource.

October 20th, Sunday. The bishop preached a horrible sermon, stood up and mocked at philosophy in good English and bad Christianity. He failed alike of satire and of sense, and talked like a small Pharisee of 2000 years ago. "Not much like the sermon on the Mount," quoth I. Not theology enough to stand examination at Andover. Blue jackets in a row, unedified, as were most of us.

(The notes of this voyage are scarce and brief, owing to the horrible weather.)

October 23d, Wednesday. Halifax, where we left some passengers and took on board as many. A walk on terra firma, woollen stockings and umbrellas. Our walk on shore was short, owing to the wet weather and our late arrival. Dickens's vulgar agent, Dolly, came into our cabin with a party of his similars. They drank, jested with the servants, and laughed in a loud and empty manner.

October 25th, Friday. (Perkins Institution) Arrived early. Judge Russell came, allowed our trunks to be examined at home. House in Boylston Place let for the year. I waited long in Bromfield Street for the officer to come and examine the luggage. He charged us \$56 and odd cents in gold. The dear children came on board to greet us, all well and very happy at our return. I in despair about the house. Learn that Charles Sumner's wife has indeed left him. Paid the stewardess my last sovereign, the steward my last English shilling.

October 26th, Saturday. A propos of Charles Sumner: For men and women to come together is nature; for them to live together is art, to live well high art.

October 27th, Sunday. To church. Saw the old friends and heard the welcome words of the minister. Had I gone to my house in town, this return would have been so happy, so pleasant! As it is, I am much depressed. Governor Andrew came to take me to church, very kind.

October 28th, Monday. Very discontented. I received a letter from Annie Mailliard which does not lessen my irritation against her. Went in the evening to Mrs. Barnard's, where I met J. F. C., Rev. Hale and Charles Hale, Prof. Pierce and some others.

October 29th, Tuesday. Still dismal. Malignant melancholy. I feel at a loss and am not good company for anyone.

October 30th, Wednesday. I have made a great effort for cheerfulness and feel much better. Called with C. Whipple on Mrs. Manning in behalf of the Orator Fair. Took up my notes of travel to arrange and finish them. Headache. A talk with Chev. Read a notice of Later Lyrics in N. A. Review. It seemed to me mean in motive and illiterate in criticism. No one ~~xxx~~ of real culture handles in that way a book which, whatever be its faults, is literature and not penny-ballad. Lowell and Norton are both of them responsible for this critique. I should have supposed it too stupid for the one and too bad-hearted for the other. While I sat trying to work at my notes of travel came a mournful message. John A. Andrew stricken down with apoplexy past all recovery. I hastened to the house in town where I found present sorrow and death impending. Saw my poor dear friend, who has been unconscious since his seizure last evening. Thought sadly of his many past kindnesses to me woven into all these years of our later acquaintance. I knew him slightly twenty years ago, but for ten years or near that I think he has been my staunch friend. Dead at six p.m.

October 31st, Thursday. Again to the house of mourning. Mary Dorr was there, and Mrs. Ashburner with old Mrs. Barstow, her mother. The two latter told me that the governor commended me as a travelling companion, saying that I always enjoyed the occasion and gave no trouble. This praise gave me great pleasure. I saw the dead face of my dear governor, not yet quiet from the first discomposure of death. * * * * Heard from Edward Twistleton. Passed most of the morning at the governor's. Met R. W. Emerson in the street, with T. G. Appleton and J. S. Dwight.

I am glad to know that I never gave the governor trouble. I loved and honored him and he was most genuinely kind to me. In the bosom of God's peace I wish that I may find him. He belongs there. H. J. Bigelow came to the autopsy, grimly smiling. He supped full of horrors, once for all.

November 2d, Saturday. Funeral of John A. Andrew, which for me took up most of the day. I bought a cross of fine white flowers, stopped to get gloves and a veil and to borrow A. J. Howe's shawl, and then went to the house. The governor lay exposed in his coffin, dressed in good clothes from head to foot. His face looked quiet enough, but older and graver. The hands seemed shrunken a little. Many friends were there. J. F. C.'s prayer was very consoling. Mrs. Andrew very composed and behaving extremely well. Thence to Dr. Gannett's church (Arlington Street Church) where we found seats reserved. Presently we heard the music of the military escort. J. F. Clarke, Rev. Grimes, Father Taylor and Rev. Gannett all walked to the end of the church to meet and escort the body, which was now brought up the aisle. The whole church was filled in a moment, as it seemed. The grave and stately procession entered escorting the coffin. The governor's former staff - pall-bearers all ex-governors - a marble bust of the governor was on the communion table. Music only tolerable. Sir H. Wotton's hymn appropriate and lovely. J. F. C.

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did extremely well, but went a little beyond taste in his praise, not beyond justice. He would have praised more, praising less.

November 3d, Sunday. Just one week ago this morning, the good governor drove out here to take me to church. I went but in my discontent about the house, etc., I did not enjoy him as usual. He seemed to have met me in a dream, and the whole meeting, our last in this world, seems to me like a dream. The service at our church today of course specially commemorated him. We had the purple draperies which we had for A. Lincoln, beautiful flowers, & greens, and a touching and inspiring sermon. I thought much of the departed, mourned here with dear familiar friendship as a private Christian, not as a public man. Thought also of the shameful review of my book in the N.A. Review, which Chey calls insulting and Warner disgusting (Herman Warner, critic and student of philosophy, a familiar friend of the house in these years) Devised some poor verses on it, instead of some on the governor as I would wish to have done. Have thought latterly of some sermons on old texts, addressed specially to the American people.

At 4:30 p.m. drove to Milton to visit Viscount and Lady Amberley at John M. Forbes's. Found my lady in company tête-à-tête with Wendell Phillips, seeing which I did not intrude. I sat and talked with Lord Amberley, Rev. Weiss and Mr. Forbes. As Lady Amberley paid me no attention whatever, I rose to depart after a visit of reasonable length. She now came forward with a little assumed cordiality but it was too late. She had been rude, but probably without intending to be so. I replied quietly to her proposal of visiting me at South Boston, but withheld the invitation which I had intended giving. I remembered that her brother, a young man of uncommon accomplishments, gave much offence while in this country by his want of tact.

November 5th, Tuesday. Wrote Annie a tolerable letter, although not satisfied with her conduct. I thought how much I love her and how painful would be any estrangement from her. Infirm in health. Head bad.

November 6th, Wednesday. Took leave of Warner with real regret. An excellent person, with taste, feeling and real culture.

November 7th, Thursday. Symphony Concert, which I enjoyed less than usual. Music still very good. Dr. Johnson recommends to those whose religious belief is unsettled Grotius, Dr. Pearson, Dr. Clarke. Of the latter two, I do not remember to have heard before.

November 8th, Friday. Mrs. Apthorp's luncheon for Lady Amberley, who pleased me better than on Sunday last. Society looks cold to me however - everyone is kind, but people have little to give in Boston society. They are absorbed in their own thoughts and pursuits.

Tried my hand at a poem for the public commemoration of Governor Andrew, which Chas. W. Slack invited me to contribute. E. P. Whipple is to give the oration. Was not quite successful.

November 9th, Saturday. Walked out after breakfast and got my poem on the way. I know it is good because I did not make it. The lines came when I was not trying, nor expecting them. I wish I might be allowed to read them myself on the occasion. This cheers me, like an earnest of divine favor. Please God, the N. A. Review with all Ticknor and Field-don to back it shall not take away my office from me. "Neither height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

Thirteen years ago my dearest Maud was born in this very room. I sat upright and struggled until the last and direst moment, reading Jean Paul's Hesperus and unable to reach for the dictionary. Donald coming in ordered me to bed. I insisted that nothing was the matter. I was no more than comfortably on the bed when the great, stout baby was born. She was a beautiful child, but not a very happy one.

I regard her with anxiety. Her passions being strong, her intellect one that resists training, I mean of the ordinary kind. God bless her, and make her good and happy when I am dead and gone..

November 10th, SaSunday.. To church. J. F. C. was delightful. I am to go to tea at his house tomorrow evening.

November 11th, Monday. Began Greek with Anagnosto.

November 12th, Tuesday. Mrs. Quincy's levee for the Amberleys, which occupied all the afternoon. Before this a visit from Parapa and Carl Rosa. In the evening Summer's lecture at the Fraternity: Are we a Nation? A two hours' discourse, with many faults of cheterio but on the whole a valuable and instructive, though partial statement. In his zeal for the concentration of government naturally opposed to state rights, he rather threw into the shade the local substantialities without which a nation cannot long maintain character and freedom. It was a more instructive lecture than Phillips' "Dawdling Congress", and conceived in a much better spirit.

November 13th, Wednesday. Saw dear, kind Hedge, a true friend without caprice. I honor him. Told him my little grievance against the N.A. Review. He said that it did not at all represent public opinion, but was mostly a business matter. Said that we must seek the response for our writings in our own breast - that one rarely has it elsewhere. I know this.

Lessing write to one friend: "It is really needful to me that you should have some small good opinion of it (Nathan) in order to make me once more contented with myse f." To another: "I think you do not know me as a man that has a very hot hunger for praise. But the coldness with which the world is wont to convince certain people that they do not suit it, if not deadly (fatale) yet stiffens one with cold.

November 14th, Thursday. A conversation of Alcott's at Bartol's. I not invited. This rather pained me, as most of the thinkers have, I gather, been asked to meet the Amberleys. Wrote a verse or two in view of my present discouragement. Saw Alger who will come to my luncheon here tomorrow.

At night received Emerson's invitation to the conversation, delayed by some contretemps.

They say that my verses for John A. Andrew's commemoration should be read by a woman. If so, I should be that woman, and shall be, if my husband does not shut the moral fetters(?) so closely that I cannot do it without his serious displeasure .

November 15, Friday. Went in town to see Slack and Dwight about reading my verses. Both approved my intention. Also ordered the ices for my luncheon party. Had a few moments only of quiet. My party was very pleasant as to company, and quite handsome, I thought, as to style. The Amberleys, J. F. Clarke, the Rogers, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Whipple, Mr. Alger, S. Hooper, Prof. Watson, Judge Russell, E. Homans, J. S. Dwight. I cannot recall any more. Paid the black waiters \$8.25. Wilson (presumably Henry) came late and I had to leave him, being engaged to dine at Mrs. E. Biddle's 78 Mt. Vernon St. A pleasant occasion. * * * *

November 16th, Saturday. Headache. A pretty cold day. Mrs. Severance invites me to meet the Free Religious Society on Monday at 13 Chestnut St. J.F.C. invites me to read from my notes of travel on Wednesday evening at church meeting.

November 17th, Sunday. Dear J.F.C. announced my intended reading from the pulpit, giving my name in full, somewhat to my consternation. I also hear that I am to read my poem on Governor Andrew before the Fraternity on Tuesday evening, which is an utter invention which would vex my husband much. Felt quite nervous but managed to give my mind to the services which were as usual delightful. Saw dear Sarah Clarke.

November 26th, Tuesday. Arosa quite distracted about the poem. Could scarcely hold myself up and get on my clothes. Was disagreeable to everybody and very glad to be so. Suffered torments of mind both before and after the reading of my poem by J.F.C. It seemed to me less effective than any reading of his which I remember "After the uttermost comes peace". God help me to forgive those whom I blame for today's failure. * * * Whipple's eulogy elegant, well-balanced and artistic, less forcible than I expected. The marble busts looked well. In self-defence I must shake off the unpleasant feelings which this matter has fastened upon me.

Had another fit of agony at sight of the flowers sent me from the Music Hall. In all of this I confess there was no reason. Chev came home to dinner looking depressed and my friend collapsed and was still. Went to Suffolk Conference meeting. Father Lathrop was glad I had not read the poem.

November 27th, Wednesday. At peace today. Sorry and ashamed of having been in temper yesterday, but great God! what did I not suffer! Standing between the new order and the old, and wishing to reconcile the courage required by the one with the tenderness due the other. Never can I suffer more as to a question of what I shall or shall not do. I said to Laura, "Instead of being transfigured, I was crucified, but not like the dear Christ." The worst of it is that I cannot get rid of the over-excitement caused by this struggle. The quantity of steam generated is altogether beyond anything that the machinery is allowed to do. Today I am not angry at any one, but exhausted and afflicted with headache. All this while I am gaining a little Greek by atom and atom.

November 28th, Thursday. J.F.C. told me that Whipple praised my poem, which somewhat comforted me, but not a great deal.

November 30th, Saturday. I have again taken up Fichte and find a great good even in three short readings which I have made.

We are absolute knowledge but not knowledge of the absolute. Without our axioms we cannot think or reason. We assume in them an absolute judgment, but the application of our cognitive power is always partial.

December 1st, Sunday. Visited Carrie Dehon in her sad affliction Hendie's death (her brother). Found her self-possessed and resolute, but knew the anguish the loss must occasion her, too deep for tears, to relieve, or words to express it. * * * *

December 2d, Monday. Hendie's sad funeral at 12. The church full, flowers and music beautiful. A gush of fragrance made me aware of the approach of the coffin. The number and deep sorrow of the relatives was striking, Carrie the most afflicted was calmer than the others.

Philip G. Randolph of Philadelphia dined with us. I had tickets for Dickens' first reading, which took place this evening, but I stayed with my good friend, and Chev and Julia took the tickets.

December 3d, Tuesday. (Long quotation from Fichte.) To Dickens' second reading, which I enjoyed very much. The wreck in David Copperfield was finely given. His appearance is against his success, the face is rather commonplace, seen at a distance, and very red, if seen through a glass - the voice worn and blasé.

December 6th, Friday. After the dinner last evening (with T.G. Appleton) I went to the Robeson's party at Papanti's, where was great show of dresses. Saw and spoke with many old friends. Left at midnight and slept at M.G. Dorr's, who was very hospitable and kind. Chev came for me in the carriage.

December 8th, Sunday. I went to bed last night full of mournful discouragement about my family and especially about my two children, Julia and Maud. Today's sermon on patience and against discouragement comforted me much.

(Several long abstracts from Fichte.)

December 13th, Friday. Weather terrific, dark at 12 M, from snow. Sent dear Laura and Maud in, well wrapped, in the carryall. Headache. Got a poor walk on the piazza. Found Fichte quite incomprehensible; after three efforts had to give up. Studied as usual, wrote, Anagnos to dine. Club in the evening, at which my nonsense made people laugh as I wished. The song was well received. My account of Professor Rogers called him up, and he made a pleasant little speech.

December 14th, Saturday. A little intoxicated with the pleasure of having made people laugh. A fool however can often do this better than a wise man. I look earnestly for a higher task. Yet innocent, intelligent laughter is not to be despised.

December 15th, Sunday. Was taken with verses in church. They did not prove nearly as good as I had hoped. My idea had been to compose a Christmas hymn, simple and fervent. The first verse indeed I got at once:

"Let us lift our joyous psalm
To the star on heights Judaeum,
The firmament displays him,
The earth rises up to praise him."

The others after I got home, but they were not worthy of the first idea.

Finished letter to Twistleton - wrote also to Watsie Gilder, acknowledging his pleasant verses on my return. Rehearsal of the Messiah in the evening.

December 18th, Wednesday. (After an abstract of Fichte) But I do ~~not~~ think this work of Fichte is confusing, crazing, and impossible of digestion.

December 19th, Thursday. Worked somewhat. Symphony concert. Our four shipmates to dine. Fear they were not well amused.

December 20th, Friday. Just as I had got well to work came Thomas Hazard, who made a long friendly visit, which I was glad to receive. Went in town and met Frank Crawford. A severe snowstorm, which began just as I started. Accomplished only a Greek lesson.

Julia had a rush of blood to the head, only a momentary flushing, but I felt troubled about it. Dwight came out and read Dickens's story and his own article on Don Juan, of which the writing and musical appreciation are excellent, the ethics, in my opinion, insufficient.

December 21st, Saturday. Dear Maud's neck was well today. The poor little woman has been quite miserable latterly, but today seems more like herself. *** * * * We judge for ourselves, of ourselves, and, I may add, with entire freedom, as if we had never judged before. Yesterday's thought is the father of today's, but not it's tyrant.

December 22d, Sunday. A Sunday at home, weather being dreadful. Chev ill all day with severe headache and nausea. Copied one or two poems. Wrote to Boker. Read, worried and wondered what to do for everybody.

December 25th, Wednesday. No service at our church. A pleasant morning, with the children. Their gifts and curs. To town, Visited the Howes. Chev gave me a beautiful book, Harry also a book, Laura a set of bogwood ornaments, Maud a neck arrangement, black ribbon and silver.

(Mostly Fichte.)

December 31st, Tuesday. Studied and worried as usual, Fichte and Greek. Began to copy and correct my interviews with foreign sovereigns for some magazine, perhaps Lippincott's. In the evening to Mrs. Alfred Rogers's party at Papanti's.

The end of a year which has brought me many delightful interests, Europe, my sister Louisa, Venice and Greece. On the other hand I must set down the winter in South Boston and a slight decline in health. I have begun to receive a comfortable income from dear Uncle's estate, but the Mailliards became possessed of the ranch left to all of us in a manner which we think neither quite fair nor quite friendly. I gave way to excessive disappointment on finding my house let - was too violent about the poem for Gov. Andrew's funeral ceremony - have not been strenuous enough about the Cretan fair. Have lost a dear and good friend in John A. Andrew. Have much to be thankful for, something to regret, something to repent, something to forgive. Julia has distressed me much this year by her uncontrollable and passionate selfwill.

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January 1st. Wednesday. May I this year have energy, good will and good faith! May I be guilty of no treason against duty and my best self! May I acquire more ~~wisdom~~ system, order, and wisdom in the use of things - may I, if God wills, carry out some of my plans for making my studies useful to others.

This is much to ask, but not too much of Him who giveth all.

Last year on Jan. 1st, I had not private money enough to buy a few flowers for my ~~XXXXXX~~ New Year's reception. Today I have some hundreds in the bank, after paying \$3100 towards our travelling expenses, and making a good many presents at Christmas. I am thankful for this addition to my means, but earnestly hope to make a good use of it.

January 3d, Friday. Early to town. News of Auntie Francis' death. Telegraphed to Sam to learn about the funeral. Answer, tomorrow afternoon at Trinity Church, Newport. Occupations as usual. Excuses to Mrs. Robeson and the Brewers. Evening at home.

January 4th, Saturday. Took 8:30 A.M. train for Newport. Rev. E. M. P. Wells on board. A long talk with him, quite a pleasant one. Arrived at Newport, we took a carriage and drove to Sam's house. Fare \$2, carriage .50. Harriet gave me all information concerning Auntie's end. She said from the first that she should not recover. Took cold some three weeks since at Trinity Church, Newport. Is supposed to have had heart disease and water on the chest. She died very quietly, on the afternoon of January 1st. She had desired that her remains might not be disturbed for twenty-four hours after her death. In consequence * * * none of us had a last look at her strong, truthful, kind old face. The day was very stormy, funeral mournful. Harriet and I the only ladies of the family present. Thus ends the mortal career of our good aunt, identified with much of our early life, an honest warm-tempered, warm-hearted person, never meanly or intemperately resentful. I regret and revere her.

January 5th. (New York). Sunday. Received like a sister (an older one) by Mary and Charles (Ward). Went down to see Annie, who looks much worn with packing, etc. Spent the day pretty much with her. Visited Aunt Louisa (McAllister) who has a dangerous internal trouble. In the evening met the Halls and Aunt Maria and learned partly from their manner, partly from what Mary told me that they are not pleased with David's engagement. This surprised me greatly. I ought to have known of it before.

January 6th, Monday. Visited Annie and Aunt Louisa. The latter assures me that the ranch was well sold. A poor attempt at study. Evening at home. ~~Vixxxx~~

January 7th, Tuesday. Visited Annie. Went to order a bonnet with Mary. Bought a cap. Had no reading, but saw Annie a good deal.

January 8th, Wednesday. Very much depressed about Flossy's affairs. For my dear, noble girl to be set at naught by people like the Halls does seem something of a caricature. I can give her \$5000 cash, and allow her \$600 per annum. They cannot give David one red cent. Yet this attachment, the most precious thing that either can have, is to be, they say, his ruin. They have not even called to see me. I digest these insults as quietly as I can, for dear Flossy's sake and bide my time.

January 11th, Saturday. Wrote Mrs. Brown of Belmont and Miss Loring about Cretan matters. Early to town to see Mr. Peck about the ~~xxx~~ hall. He advises a fair

to be held there to last one week. Took up Fichte after a week's neglect in New York. I could make nothing of him. (Rest of this entry and the two next about Fichte.)

January 12th, Sunday. Mr. Calthorp preached, quite a vigorous sermon. I asked him to dine and enjoyed his conversation. He has three Japanese pupils. I shall hereafter invite him to bring them. I wrote some verses which did not at all come up to the conception. Wrote to Mrs. Griswold about my fair.

January 14th, Tuesday. (After a long Fichte entry). A good deal of study. Copied part of my interview with the pope. Read Fichte and studied Greek. Wrote to Mrs. Emerson and spoke to Mary Hague about the fair. Gave cock warning.

January 24th, Friday. A dreadfully busy day. Meeting of general committee on Cretan fair. 27 persons present. (List follows of people to consult.) On arriving home had to pick out pieces from my notes of travel to read at the club tonight. Felt overcome with fatigue and nervousness and fretful, but I am quite sure I do not rave as I used to. My reading at the club was short and well liked, if I may believe what people said to me.

January 26th, Sunday. Some mental troubles have ended in a determination to hold fast till death the liberty wherewith Christ has made me free. The joyous belief that his doctrine and influence can keep me from all that I should most greatly dread lifts me up like a pair of strong wings. "I shall run and not be weary, I shall walk and not faint." At about the first hymn contained these lines:
"Her Father's God before her moved"

which quite impressed me. For my father's piety, and the excellence of other departed relatives have always of late years been a support and pledge to me of my own good behaviour.

January 28th, Tuesday. Very angry with Chev for changing the heating apparatus without consulting or even informing me. A most unnecessary and inconvenient measure, a feature of his mania for such changes. (Fichte) Dined with Carrie Tappan at Cambridge. H. James was there, most genial. Chev had a bad fall on the ice.

February 1st, Saturday. Oh, Master, in this new month forsake me not! Thou knowest my present great need. Let me, dear Master, lose all but Thee, for Thou art all to have or to lose.

My brain generated many verses this morning.

February 2d, Sunday. Church was blessed. Prayer and sermon equally dear. In petition for those we love and against temptation my heart equally joined. Sermon on this text: "The life was the light of men". Life brings us light, experience brings us instruction. Life of good men and women, life of Christ. My heart uplifts itself in hope not to be divided by any personal seeking from the great army of good and faithful souls. The single eye, the single love. If Christ has taught anything, He has taught the necessity of purity and sincerity of aim to character. We do not serve God with the mammon of our own vanities and other passions. I write this personal record at this moment because I wish to remember this time, this effort and its lessons.

The thief's heart, the wanton's brow, may accompany high talent and geniality of temperament, but, thanks be to God, they need not.

February 3d, Monday. Resolved to work hard for the fair. (Long list of people visited).

February 4th, Tuesday. A meeting for the fair at our rooms at 7:30. I had to manage this, as I could. We were pretty orderly and business-like. I promised to visit six persons between this and Monday next. Chev spoke at Roxbury.

February 5th, Wednesday. A bite only at Fichte. Business crowds me and my anxiety about Julia increases. Mrs. Waterston will not serve at the South End table, alas! Studied, wrote a little argument for the fair to read at church meeting tonight. Dined at Mrs. Lodge's very socially and pleasantly. Deater Holmes was there, very genial. Went to church meeting, read my argument, with little effect, I thought.

February 6th, Thursday. Studied and had my Greek lesson. At 3 p.m. went to Dorchester, where I met a dozen ladies at the house of Mrs. Nazro, and read a few pages on Cretan matters. They will almost certainly give us a table.

February 7th, Friday. Two committee meetings, a most busy day. Read a little. Had Redocanachi headline. We had quite a dispute, concerning the Greek church on which I made some mild criticisms, which his ignorance misinterpreted.

February 8th, Saturday. Busy all day. Called on Mrs. Coolidge for my fair. Wrote to Mrs. Lodge. In the evening to the ballet which I found vile. Chev ill all day.

February 9th, Sunday. Committee proposed on church table, pastor and wife, myself, Mrs. Wells, Miss Putnam, Miss Hooper. Sermon very pleasant and very good. Wished I could make a fine poetic picture of Paul preaching on Mars Hill, on one side, the glittering statues and brilliant mythology, on the other, the simplicity of the Christian life and doctrine. But today no pictures come.

February 10th, Monday. Evening meeting at our rooms for the South Boston table (for the Cretan fair).

February 11th, Tuesday. Early to town on business. Got Anagnos to help me read two odes of Anacreon. This was a great pleasure.

February 12th, Wednesday. Wrote notes about the fair, etc. Wrote on my little preachment for Saturday's meeting. Greek lesson. Went at 6 p.m. with Chev to West Newton. He to lecture for the Cretans. Rev. Tiffany proposed a collection, which Chev opposed. It was finally carried through.

Have studied Greek all these days.

February 15th, Saturday. A busy day. Finished writing my appeal to the ladies of the South End. Read a very little with Anagnos. Dined at 2 p.m. very lightly. Went to Mrs. Lodge's with a certain nervous agitation, determined to read my address entire, but not knowing at all how it would strike. Some twenty ladies I think, were present, perhaps more. I read my paper right through. It was well received. Mrs. Lodge agreed to take the head of the table, if another lady would assist. We nominated Mrs. N. Silsbee and formed the rest of the company into a general committee. I consider the table now as answered for. Went down to acquaint Sister Silsbee with the nomination which she accepted. Thus the busy week ends well.

February 16th, Sunday. Told Anagnos that he must work harder at books, at which he seemed hurt. To church. A sermon ending in an appeal for funds with which to build a larger church. Meeting after church. Subscriptions. I promised \$200, but hope to give more. Wrote to Colonel Holmes(?) of Milton, inviting him to act as chief marshal of the fair. Afternoon and evening at home of rest and refreshment.

(Follow many entries about the Cretan Fair, of no interest today).

February 24th, Monday. Much business on hand, no Greek lesson. I was feeble in mind and body and fretted over the loss of the lesson in a silly manner. Habit is to me, not second nature, but first nature, and I easily become mechanical and fixed in my routine. * * * I confess that to lay down Greek now would be to die, like Moses, in sight of the promised land. All my life I have longed for this language.

Beacon St. 4 p.m. Club at Mary Bigelow's. I was late, to my regret, but enjoyed the friends. I am to canvass Park Street for the Beacon Street table.

February 28th, Friday. Busy all day with committee meetings, etc.

February 29th, Saturday. There is a terrible truth in passion, and a terrible untruth. The truth is the beauty and nobleness of nature's ends, the untruth is the supposed power of any enjoyment fully to satisfy and attain them. The two perfectly united is a beautiful truth, but that this union may be permanent and perfect, not Eros, but Caritas, must be the third party, the point and bond of union. I have thought of this, remembering my essay on Polarity.

March 1st, Sunday. All of these days are mixed of satisfaction and dissatisfaction. I am pretty well content with my work, not as well with myself. I feel the need of earnest prayer and divine help. The sermon intimately dear and consoling. I lost the communion through Mrs. Webster's visit, which was, however, an interesting one. She has written a very genial play for children which she read me, wishing to have it performed for the Cretan fair.

March 2d, Monday. Reading for Freedmen at Mrs. Barnard's rooms, Hotel Pelham. A terribly stormy day. In doubt as to my audience, but found a very good one considering the weather. The Agassiz came in from Cambridge, which struck me as a great act of friendship, as they are both very busy people, but the good God knows how little satisfied I am with myself in these days. I pray and wait.

March 10th, Tuesday. Cannot find two of my essays, How not to teach Ethics, and Ideal Causation.

March 15th, Sunday. Quieter than usual. Church delightful though with some little disappointment. I consult Mr. Clarke about my essay and pass most of the day after church in anxious reading over of my papers. After trying the Fact Accomplished, I return to Doubt and Belief as being the best to give where I shall probably be heard but once.

March 16th, Monday. I had been invited to read an essay before the Radical Religious Club at 10 o'clock. I asked leave for Anagnor to go, and took him with me. My daemon (Secratio) had told me to read Doubt and Belief, so I chose this, and read it. I found my daemon justified - it proved to have a certain fitness in calling forth discussion. Mr. Emerson first spoke, very beautifully, then Mr. Alcott, these two sympathizing much in my view. Wesson followed, a little off, but with a very friendly contrast, then came Higginson, then James F. Clarke. Mrs. Dall and Mrs. Cheney both made remarks. Much of this talk was very interesting. It was all marked by power and sincerity, but Emerson and Alcott understood my essay better than the others, except J.F.C. I introduced Anagnor to Emerson. I told him that he had seen the Olympus of New England. Thought of my dear lost one, dead in this house (13 Chestnut). Anagnor is a dear son to me. I brought him home to dinner, and count this a happy day.

March 23d, Monday. My eye worse than ever. Lay on the bed most of the day, dreading the evening meeting. In extreme suffering. Tried a variety of useless and harmless things. Moulton came in and manipulated me after the movement cure.

fashion. I got a little sleep, but continued to suffer. Was unable to look at my manuscript until late in the afternoon, when I hastily made such selections as I could. Dressed for the evening and went with Moulton and Anagnone, Laura crying about my going. I suffered somewhat, but got through better than I expected. The Perabes played delightfully, the flowers which they gave me beautiful. Mr. Cheney seemed very amiable and attentive. I was altogether very happy.

(This entry and the next are dictated to Miss Paddock).

March 25th, Wednesday. To town early to see Mrs. Gov. Bullock, who would not take the Flower table. At 12 M. read my appeal at the Swedenborgian rooms, the ladies sewing circle being there assembled. Tried to see Mrs. Mudge. Saw Reuter Williams about my eyes. Flossy's sewing school. Nancy Brown badly beaten by her mother. Went to see the mother, whom I found very comfortless. Gave her \$2. Then to meeting for church table. Thence went to see Mrs. Mudge, whose daughter may take the flower table. Anagnone and Dwight in the evening. A pleasant game of whist.

(I have put this in as a sample day during the preparations for the Cretan Fair. Many such are omitted. L.E.R.)

March 29th, Sunday. I have heard the true word of God today from Frederick Hedge, a sermon on Love as the true bond of society, which lifted my weak soul as on the strong wings of a cherub. The immortal truths easily lost sight of in our every day weakness and passion stood out today so strong and clear that I felt their healing power as if Christ had stood and touched my blinded eyes with his divine finger. So be it always! Este perpetua! My dear friend enjoyed this true refreshment with me.

March 30th, Monday. Thought at breakfast of Christ's beautiful prayer about his disciples, especially the words: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil. I desire, my dear Lord and Master, to remember this prayer as if it had been made for me. I pray that the divine echo of yesterday's sermon may follow me through the week. Let me learn truths that I have not known, and endure patiently pain that I bring upon myself. So thy will be done, dear Master, and if unable to do it, let me suffer it sincerely.

April 2d, Thursday. Fast Day. Anagnone to church with me. We sat together. He repeated the confession, etc, quite devoutly, and tried to sing the hymns.

April 4th, Saturday. All sorts of business, committee at 4 p.m. Club in the evening at Rogers'. Delightful experiments in acoustics, with tones and flames. Oil and water in one bottle do not prevent resonance, but shake them together and the sound becomes as opaque as the light.

April 6th, Monday. Left for Portland, where I am to read this evening. Sam Shaw was at the cars. He got my tickets. Introduced to me Miss Allen of Gardiner, Maine, who made my journey very pleasant. Julia Furbish met me at the cars and took me to her home, where I saw her father, a man of 72, an old graduate of Harvard, formerly also a teacher, very friendly and worthy. After dinner John Neal and son and Mrs. Hansen came to call on me. My right eye very painful all day. A pleasant drive with Miss Furbish, then on foot to buy lace sleeves, 1.67, hairpins .07, Brown's treacles .35. Dressed, went to the Neals to tea, very hospitably welcomed. Brown's hall well filled, bad for speaking. Read appeal, arrival at Piraeus, day at Hymettus, days in Athens, four poems, and lastly Battle Hymn of the Republic. I made unusual exertions on account of the inacoustic character of the hall. An informal reception afterward at Mrs. Hansen's.

April 8th, Wednesday. Heard Dickens read Dr. Marigolf and Mrs. Gamp, and make a farewell speech.

April 11th, Saturday. Two committee meetings, each of them final for the present undertaking of the fair. Greek lesson, little leisure, a chequered day.

April 12th, Sunday. A lovely Easter sermon, the resurrection or going up of Christ typical of the rising of the soul from things temporal to things spiritual. Whether we rise from happiness or misery, we still go up when judgment and conviction overtake us. J.F.C., from this sermon, obviously believes the appearance of Christ after death to have been a fact, not a fancy. While he made it edifying and inspiring to us, I still feel that the significance of the occurrence, not its actuality, is important to us. I felt more hopeful and uplifted than in many days past. Let me not fail of my great resurrection, of the great help of human hearts!

April 13th, Monday. My fair opened at six p.m. A very busy day. The opening promised well for the success of the undertaking.

April 14th, Tuesday. At the fair from 11:10 a.m. to 3 p.m. without intermission.

April 18th, Saturday. "Ce noble oeuvre j'ai senti sa noblesse." a quotation. The fair comes to an end today, or rather this evening at 10:30. We consider it to have been very successful, all things considered. I have seen many people, old friends and new, mostly under pleasant auspices. Must remember Chas. Allen and the Mudge ladies, who have been very kind and attentive. Bell and Joe Wales were pleasant. Mrs. Silabee a real trump. I do not yet know the whole result, but know that we shall not fall short of \$10,000, the sum we hoped to make.

April 19th, Sunday. To church, a most pleasant sermon. Prospect of rest and return to congenial pursuits very pleasing and welcome.

April 23d, Thursday. Began rehearsing for Festival. Got my ticket. Was a little comforted by the choruses of the 95th Psalm. Greek lesson. Anagnor thinks my progress remarkable. I do not.

April 24th, Friday. After extreme depression I begin to take heart a little. Almighty God help me! Greek lesson. Rehearsal in the evening, choral symphony and Lobgesang. Lippincoff offers me \$5 and a page for my Greek diary.

April 25th, Saturday. I write to Boker, declining Lippincoff's offer for my manuscript. I struggle to be uplifted. Slept better last night.

April 28th, Tuesday. Le portrait de ma mère. Sweet days.

(No entry until --)

May 16th, Saturday. Went to see Ristori in Ser Teresa, a beautiful performance.

(No entries of any consequence until --)

July 2d, Thursday. Finished my poem for the N.E. Conservatory of Music. It has cost me a good deal of labor, which I pray God to accept as an effort to serve ~~my~~ my fellow-creatures in spite of short-comings which distress and grieve my heart.

(No entries save one or two quotations from books she was reading until August 15th, when she records a prayer too intimate and sacred to be copied, even by me. Then no entry until --)

October 16th, Friday. Farewell, sweet summer! Not half have I appreciated my home of rest here this year. I have, however, done some solid work, have written the long poem on music, several short ones, read over my essays, read Sir William Hamilton, studied Greek grammar and Xenophon. Master who knowest my whole heart, I implore Thy special grace and mercy. Thou alone knowest how greatly I need, how little I deserve them.

(This volume contains nothing more, except a few notes written several years later on Columbus and other subjects of study.)

(The Journals for 1869 and '70 are missing.)

*

1918

I decide after all, not only to copy but to print this paper, in a volume to be called "The Walk with God."

(The first entry is --)

✓ January 20th, Friday.. Have been ill all these days. Had a divine glimpse this day between daylight and dusk of something like this: A beautiful person, splendidly dressed, entering the gay theatre, as I have often done with entire delight and forgetfulness of everything else. And the restraining hand of Christ holding me back in the outer darkness, the want and woe of the world, and saying: the true drama of life is here. Oh! that restraining hand had in it the true touch, communicating knowledge of human sorrow and zeal for human service. Never may I escape it, to my grave!

(The next entry is --)

February 17th, Friday. The Mère Angelique of Port Royal said: Souls which seem to belong to God have almost all a back door through which to escape when trials press on them.

February 18th, Saturday. I wish to write sermons from two texts: one is: I am the door, to illustrate the infinite inclusion of Christianity. The other that the greatest of these is Charity - to show the reason why. Faith concerns one's own opinions & Hope one's own prospects. Charity has the good of others for its scope.

(The next entry is --)

March 13th, Monday. Today, in reading the last pages of Baur's Gnosis, I have first got a forcible idea of the externality of the Jewish law and principle of authority, compared with the inner and vital faith of Christianity.

March 17th, Friday. Sophocles (This must be Prof. Sophocles of Cambridge) does not consider the Marcionites, Valentinians and Basilidians to have been Gnostics. He said the Fathers did not name them so, nor do they so name themselves.

If I go to Morgan Chapel on Sunday p.m., I will preach from this text: God in Christ reconciling the world to himself. The contradictions of life and consciousness, the reconciliations of Christianity, the revivalists, how we really come to Jesus, as Jesus came to God, by inner study and effort.

March, 18th. Having left most of these pages unused, I come back upon this one, on May 18th, to mark some heads of what I will say at the Unitarian Festival, June 1st, where I am invited to speak. (Follows a long abstract of her sermon covering two and a half large quarto pages.)

March 22d, Wednesday. I confess that I value more these processes of thought which explain history than those which arraign it. I would not therefore in my advocacy of peace strip one laurel leaf from the graves so dear and tender in our recollection. Our brave men did and dared the best which the time allowed. The sorrow of their loss was none the less brought upon us by those who believed in the military method. It is in no injustice to them that I listen while the angel of charity says, "Behold I show thee a more excellent way. Come now let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be as wool." This treating of injuries from the high ground of magnanimity is the action that shall save the world.

March 23d, Thursday. The special faults of women are the faults of a class which has never been allowed to work out its ideal. To what purpose do men reiterate the statement that women are represented by men when women, even one woman cries that she is unrepresented.

Julia told me that her husband believes in the decay of races. I told her that I do not as a necessary fact. I believe in the decay of institutions as incidental to the imperfection of human theories. The weak point of the theory undermines the system that rests upon ~~the~~ and grows out of it. If this is not corrected, as often it cannot be, down goes the system. The consequent confusion may cause ~~the~~ a deterioration in politics and neglect of perversion of education. So the circumstances of the race may decline and in the worsening of these, the race itself. This is not the dying out of the race but the limitation of the theory. The more the way is barred to progress the more difficult becomes the chance of correction. People cling to the existing order with its faults as drowning people clutch the brave swimmer and prevent him from saving them.

(No entry until --)

April 9th, Sunday. Colored Methodist Church. Inconsolated hearts - I have made a good deal of thought. The angel of the resurrection, that important personage. The souls of our departed friends have already been introduced to Christ. (expressions of the preacher's)

The pathos of the voices moved me constantly to tears. The preacher's voice had considerable compass, the high tones seemed most to excite the audience. He made regular climaxes at which the people would shout and clap their hands. At the last one, several women jumped up and down and cried "Glory hallelujah!" A rude strophe and anti-strophe.

(No entry till -)

May 12th, Friday. Have recorded Socpocles' lecture on this day one week further on by mistake, so today, 19th, heard him on the Semi-Arians, among whom were the An-cmci-cusians. Actaeus, first of these, having studied Aristotle's dialectics and a little geometry, otherwise unlearned, but a man of genius, invented a theory that the Son is of a substance unlike that of the Father. The Patri-patians believed that the Father had suffered in the person of Christ.

May 13th, Saturday. Began today to read Baur's History of the Doctrine of the Trinity and the New Testament in old Greek.

Must work of earn some money, but will not sacrifice greater ends to this one. Hear that the Greek mission is given to an editor in Troy, N.Y. Sad for Greece, and for Chev who longs so to help her.

May 19th, Friday. Received London Times with high and mighty snubbing of the Woman Suffrage question in Parliament. These male Canutes will see the waves of progress oversweep their mocking command.

You men, by your vice and selfishness have created for women a hideous profession, whose ranks you recruit from the unprotected, the innocent and ignorant. That is the only profession, so far as I know, that man has created for women.

We will create professions for ourselves, if you will allow us opportunity, and deal as fairly with the female infant as with the male. Where even in this respect do we find your gratitude? We instruct your early years. You keep instruction from our later ones.

French popular authors have satirized American women freely. Let them remember that French literature has done much to corrupt American women. Unhappy Paris has corrupted the world. She is now swept from the face of the earth.

May 15th, Monday. Radical Club. Sam Longfellow's essay, Providence and Law. A good meeting. Afternoon session at N. E. Woman's club to discuss Wassons' essay on Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,

May 16th, Tuesday. Civil liberty is what the one cannot have without the many, nor the many without the one. The liberty of the state, like its solvency, concerns all its citizens. Equal sacredness of rights is its political side, equal stringency of duties its moral side. The virtues of single individuals will not give them civil liberty in a despotic state, but the only safeguard of civil liberty to all is the virtue of each individual.

May 19th (An account of Professor Sophocles' lecture, which I omit. L.E.R.)

May 22d, Monday. The morale of the Commune, that which has commended it to good people, has undoubtedly been a supposed resistance to the return of absolutism, which the Versailles government was supposed overtly to represent. The people who, thinking at all, thought it right to make this stand, did so in this connection. It seems to me that the result justifies to the utmost the reprobation of military methods upon which the foremost conscience of today insists. They that use the sword shall perish by the sword, but they who use the weapons of reason shall be exalted by reason. What shall or should be the government of France is, after all, a matter of individual opinion. Give this opinion the opportunity of expressing itself and in the mass of human action its extremes will correct themselves and each other. But for one party to confront the other and cry: Give me my way or perish - this is robbery and murder at the outset, however its moral proportions may be lost in the magnifying glass of an extensive profession. No matter what advantage of reason the Commune may have had over the Versailles government, the Commune committed a civil crime in attempting a military enforcement of its political opinions. Such was the crime which our South committed and which we resisted as one defends one's own life. No overt military act of ours gave them the advantage of a casus belli. They differed from us and determined to coerce us forcibly. In that weltering mass of ruin and corruption which was Paris, what lessons lie of the utter folly and futility of mutual murder! What hearts of brothers estranged, which time would have harmonized! What hecatombs of weltering corpses poisoning the earth which industry should make wholesome! What women demoralized by passion forgetting all their woman's lore and skill, the appointed givers of life spreading death and reaping the bitter fruit themselves. With this terrible picture before me, I stand and say, Let no civilized nation from henceforth and forever ~~xxxxxx~~ admit or recognize the instrumentality of war as worthy of Christian society. Let the fact of human brotherhood be taught to the babe in his cradle. Let it be taught to the despot on his throne. Let it be the basis and foundation of education and of legislation, the bond of high and low, of rich and poor.

There is much controversy today as to what of truth came into the world with Christianity and what was already present there. This dispute seems to me futile, so soon as it is carried beyond the politeness of culture, the fullness of study. The elements of human nature were in it from the first (i.e. in the world) as we declare when we say that God made man in His own image. It had always the animal and spiritual, the selfish and angelic sides, but that Christianity is the religion of peace and good will to all mankind, nobody can deny. Peace is Christian, war is heathen. Let those of us who chose to believe in Christianity remember this. There can be no most Christian butcher. No despot, temporal or spiritual, can represent the dogma and authority of Christ.

May 26th. (Abstract of Sophocles' lecture.)

May 27th, Saturday. I am fifty-two years old this day and must regard this year as in some sense the best of my life. The great joy of the peace idea has unfolded itself to me. My thoughts, too, remember deliverance from some deep evils. I have got at better methods of working in the practical matters at which I do work, and believe more than ever in patient labor and sticking to one's own idea of work. Study, bookwork and solitary thinking and reading show us only one side of what we study. Practical life and intercourse with others supply the other side. If I may sit at work of this day of next year, I hope that my peace matter will have assumed a practical and useful form, and that I may have worked out my conception worthily. In other matters, I hope that my dear Flossy's long deferred marriage may take place, and that dear Laura's wedding, now so near, may be the opening of a new volume of happiness. For the world I pray that neither Louis Napoleon nor the Bourbons may return to feed upon France, but that merciful measures, shrewdly of God's appointing, may heal her deadly wounds and uplift her prostrate heart. She must learn that the doctrine of self is irreligious. The Commune surely knew this as little as did Louis Napoleon.

I want to keep eyesight enough to read Greek and German, and my teeth for clear speaking and good digestion.

June 2d, Friday. Paul says, Ye that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, but now we that are weak bear the infirmities of the strong. Catechism of representation.

Whom do you represent?

Ans. A or B.

Who says that you represent him?

I say so.

Does he know anything about representation?

Nothing whatever.

Why then do you not teach him?

June 8th, Thursday. Peace meeting at Club. Read in Greek first part of the 8th chapter of Matthew. The account of the centurion seems very striking in the Greek. The contrast of his Western mind with the Eastern subtleties of Jew and Greek seems to have struck Christ. He supposed Christ's power over unseen things to be like his own control over things committed to his authority. Then Christ began, perhaps, to see that the other nations of the world would profit by his work and doctrine before his Jewish brethren.

June 10th, Saturday. My first presidency at the N. E. W. Club. The first Board meeting since our anniversary just one week ago. I do not shine in presiding over a business meeting and some others can do much better than I. Still, I think it best to fulfil all expected functions of ordinary occasions, living and learning. Fabens, Dominican Ambassador, and Blackwell dined. So far Saturday. This is

Sunday (June 11th) Nigger Christianity. It is something of a very definite and touching character - all forgiving, all believing, making a decided religious impression of its own, the heart so ripe, the intellectual part so little made out, like a fruit which might be all pulp and no fibre.

If men intend to crowd us women into moral corners of our own, we must, I think, institute Woman Christianity, a sort, I hope, in which the doctrine shall be taken literally and the figures symbolically, whereas in the man-sort, current so far, the figures seem to be taken literally and the doctrines symbolically. The atonement, for example, is a literal commercial fact, and the rule: Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you, is a myth. The larger part of Christianity in the world today is of this sort.

When I first began to get into the deeper sense of life and which study

and experience ought to bring, I conceived of wisdom as an eternal relation of one to many. So I wrote my essays, and asked for a chair, from which to teach my new discoveries. I could not carry this very far, and was disappointed at being so little able to make my studies useful to others. I now conceive of wisdom as a much nearer matter, more intimate and social. The growth and mutual help of many, not for the illustration of one, but for the elevation of all, this is the connection in which I now hope to fulfil all the uses to which I am elected. Whatever the prophet may be, the church is this. And in what I now write to read to various audiences, I feel moved more to take the ground of common interest than to follow the subtleties of individual imagination.

June 16th, Friday. On Sunday we bring back the worn and dim currency of our active life to be redeemed by the pure gold of the supreme wisdom. I bring to church my coppers and small pieces and take away a shining gold piece. Self is the talent buried in the napkin, no matter with how much of culture or natural capacity. Until we get out of self, we are in the napkin. Hospitable entertainment of other people's opinions, brotherly promotion of their interest - these acts make our five talents ten in use to others and in enjoyment and profit to ourselves.

The drill of business seems often to teach men to enrich themselves by plundering other men.

June 17th, Saturday. Today my dearest Laura married and left me. A child who has never occasioned me sorrow through any fault of hers! I had looked forward to this marriage with satisfaction, but now that it has come, the separation is very painful. I don't know how to do without my darling, who has been a house plant, and oh! such a dear one! The ceremony took place in our dear church, our dear Mr. Clarke officiating. A good many friends were invited to be present at the church, and were there. At the house, we had only the families, Sarah Clarke being my own invited guest, Dr. LeBaron Russell the doctor's, and Mary C. Gray Laura's.

Oh, my dear lamb, may the Gentle Shepherd tend you!

Heard during the wedding feast of Wenzler's death. His last picture, a very remarkable one, cost him his life. I am so glad that I visited him when last in New York. I thought him very ill and urged him to come to Boston with me. He promised to go to Newport to visit Sam Francis. He did so, and died at Sam's house. Mott has most kindly taken his poor desolate sister under his roof and into his care.

Today made me think of my own funeral as an event which would occur in the family order, with much the same concourse of sympathetic friends. We have heart friends, however, both Chev and I, not mere representatives of compliment.

After the luncheon, etc., the young folks danced as usual. Mott ran wild, but was very jolly and amusing. John Ward, Mott and Harry sang and I gave a little musical whisper. Cousin Mary has dressed my bust with laurel (kalmia) which seemed to bring out its youth. This marriage cuts into my heart, taking away my pet child. Let her know, if she reads this when I am dead and gone, that she had the inside fold of my heart.

June 18th, Sunday. To church, where J.F.C. preached on a text telling how King Hezekiah broke the brazen serpent of Moses, which the people worshipped, and called it a piece of brass. Sermon on the idolatries of memory, and the necessity from time to time of iconoclastic reform, a very genuine and interesting sermon. "The letter killeth". I should like to write a sermon on this text.

I am thinking today about the unification of the church. We never can have the fact of the Holy Catholic Church without overcoming the exclusive pretensions of single sects, no matter how numerous, to be the whole of that of which they are only a part. This antagonism is kept up by the theological method of presenting the points of difference, instead of the points of agreement. Thus religious war, like military, is kept up by the sheer force of despotism. If the agreement on great and cardinal doctrines of religion were kept in sight, the differences of sects would be lost sight of in their sympathy. Women ought to be able to help in this.

June 19th, Monday. The world is created, but it represents that which never was created. "Only when finite and infinite, God and World, divide themselves according to their true differences, can the unity (of these two) be apprehended as a true and living one.

Baur quotes this as Plato's reasoning, in Timaeus, I think.. I have myself been feeling strongly that social unity is best secured by leaving room for differences. The contradictions of the world are only superficial and phenomenal, not fundamental and vital. They are opposite functions of one necessity. Give them room, they correct each other, justify themselves, and in time are reconciled in a tertium quid, a third something which is more than either or both. I spoke at Bartol's about our moving out to make room for each other in the true catholic church. I intended this very allowance of room whose strength and safety liberal institutions so attest.

July 1st, Saturday. Christ's teaching about marriage. Its tender and sacred reciprocity. Adultery among the Jews was only recognized as a crime when committed by a woman. The right of concubinage was too common to bring a man under condemnation for unchastity. A man might not steal another man's wife. But any woman's husband might have intercourse with other women. Christ showed ~~xxix~~ how men did offend against this same law which worked so absolutely and so partially against women. An unchaste thought in the breast of the man infringed the high law of purity. His teaching of the tender mutual obligations of married life was probably new to many of his hearers.

(No entry until -)

July 7th, Friday. God's world.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

The power of Christ is present in the association of Christians. We may or may not consider this as a personal presence. The power is that of the Christian idea, which is only realizable in association.

The wise virgins are the people who are prepared by serious thought and study to take part in whatever event may come. Such were those who were ready for the abolition of slavery, those who watch for all reforms. They are ready for the bridegroom's coming and are not disconcerted at its suddenness. The foolish virgins have not this thought and study and are taken by surprise. But when they find the reform established, they desire to profit by it, (George B. Loring and such) and ask to share the oil of the wise virgins, but Christ knows them not.

July 8th, Saturday. Antagonisms of trade, ditto of classes. What the world loses by these. Despotism bribes men by promising them the pleasure of fighting "I will take away your freedom and will give you uniforms, orders and titles and you shall fight."

Antagonisms of politics, creeds, and literature. The murderous desire for wealth - the bandits of Wall St. and the Bourse. Cannot women ~~xxxx~~ intervene in business on a basis of absolute honesty? "I am not a millionaire, but I have plundered nobody. I have taken the slow and small percentage of honest trade." In this connection, a sermon on the five talents gaining other five, the real gain of industry. Also, "a crown incorruptible". The civic crown of the pure citizen, man or woman.

July 9th, Sunday. Samuel Bloomfield interprets the well-known text, "He that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath," to refer simply to the finances of the poor, which tend constantly to decrease, as those of the capitalist tend to increase. But in the connection in which Christ says this, it seems to me much rather to apply to the use of doctrine. He who does not use doctrine spiritually, loses what he has, i.e. gets no instruction from it. Thus, there is no spiritual possession without spiritual progress. Christ seems to admonish the disciples of this when he says that saints of old desired to see his time, and were not allowed to see it, i.e. human generations must abide the unfolding of human culture and civilization. Prophetic souls could dream of the great advances of the race, and dreaming, could suggest them, but they could not bring the desired time until the race itself was ready for it.

English Christianity too muscular and too hard, not soft enough for the purposes of the human heart. On the battlefield, amid the crash of war, Western Christianity offers prayers to God that thousands of men may be slaughtered and butchered. That is not the right sort of Christianity.

I have pointed out the difference between the spirit of Christ and the dogmas of Christianity, between the profession of Christianity and the inward growth of Christ's life in the soul. I have said that to be a Christian means only to be Christ-like. (K. Chunder Sen.) (?)

(No entry of any consequence until --)

August 12th, Saturday. The present style of woman has ~~been~~ really been fashioned by man, and is only quasi-feminine.

August 14th, Monday. "The earth is the Lord's" - a sermon against the monopoly of land by an aristocracy.

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living - progress, religious development. I come not to destroy but to fulfil. Liberal thought fulfils. Freedom can fulfil Christianity, which absolutism would always kill.

August 18th, Friday. Peace meeting at Mystic, Conn. Spoke morning and afternoon, best in the morning. The natural unfolding of reform. "His purposes will ripen fast," Watts's verse. Providence does not plan so as to gather all its crops in one day. First the flowers, then the fruits, then the golden grain.

August 26th, Saturday. Display is personal. A beautiful woman goes to a party to display her charms (often). A woman goes forward to advocate a cause in which she believes, and she does not challenge attention for herself. She wants it for her subject. She will slip out of sight easily. She effaces herself and makes her subject prominent.

Love of empire a natural trait in human kind.

August 30th, Wednesday. Text for Sunday at Union Meeting, "Freely ye have received, freely, give." What I have received on this island. What country people receive. What the country^{men} received. What women have received (Mary Turner's saying). What and how we must give. People don't know how much they know, that is the secret of ignorance, don't know how much they have, that is the secret of discontent.

September 2, Saturday. We must not cut the webs of Providence. We must disentangle them.

September 15th, Friday. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid. This for the processes of sound thought and painful study as against the wash of so-called spiritualism.

There are these that bear witness in heaven.

This for the three gnostic principles, spiritual, psychic and material. Tilton's story of Mrs. Woodhull makes me think more about this. The spiritualists are merely psychists. The spiritual realm is supremely ethical and intellectual, and quite above the fog of sentiment and instinct, whose miserable and phenomenal methods make even its truths untrue.

September 16th, Saturday. The son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

I may preach, D.V., on this text at the Union meeting on Sunday, Sept. 24th. What the lost things are, which the Son of Man came to save. Lost values, lost jewels, scattered souls, darkened powers, lost opportunities.

Pericles, on his death bed, blessed himself (makariza) that no Athenian ever went into mourning on his account.

September 17th, Sunday. Matt. 23d. Jesus to the multitude, "The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All, therefore, whatsoever, they bid you observe, that observe and do. But do not ye after their works, for they say and do not." Nice discrimination between sacred authority and its ministers. Reverse the doctrine. Avoid the unworthy example.

(No entry until --)

December 19th, Tuesday. John Fiske's lecture, first of the course on the theory of evolution. He began with the difficulties of knowledge. The absolute, he characterized as existing out of all relation. We know things only by cause and relation and some third word which I forget. Therefore, of the absolute, we can have no knowledge. He attacked the impression of a first cause, defined knowledge as classification. We know things only through their relation to other things, likeness and unlikeness.

I object to two points. Knowledge includes classification, but is not included in it. Also, the absolute exists both in and out of relations. It is the vast matrix in which we germinate, and is everywhere touched by us, though it comprehends us, and not we it.

Had a pleasant talk after the lecture with Revs. Spaulding and Carpenter. Did not think the lecture a very profitable one, yet we must be willing that our opposites should think and speak out their belief.

December 30th, Saturday. This year brought me a great deliverance, for which I thank God, much work, and ~~xxxxxxx~~ more hope. I could not have spared this year's experience.

1872.

(No entry of any consequence until --)

February 25th, Sunday. Santo Domingo. I sent letter today to A.B. Haywood of Liverpool, Mrs. Lucas of Boston, Mrs. Daggett of Chicago, Mrs. Wilbour of New York, Mrs. Hinckley of Boston, my daughter Julia, and circulars to (several of these persons.) Sent three letters to the Woman's Journal, hoping they may arrive safely. Went to market this morning early to provide for the family. Have visited the kitchen every fifteen minutes since then. Do not despair of dinner, but am very uncertain of it.

The bee-establishment in the old convent recalls Samson's puzzle, "Out of the eater came forth meat."

All my spare time since my arrival has been devoted to my correspondence. The sailing of the Tybee this morning cuts us off for a month from communication with our homes and all continents. I have, however, large arrearsages to make up and wish to write about Santo Domingo, also to study and to prepare for my trip in the spring.

Dinner succeeded wonderfully. The man Jones seemed to drive the others up. We had fish and fried plantains, rice, cabbage, roast beef and a small pudding; but alas! the man Jones asked for half a dollar and disappeared altogether. We walked out at sunset and, it being fiesta, we saw divers masks, each more hideous than the other. One personated a woman on horseback in a riding skirt of pink muslin. One was dressed from head to foot in paper fringe of various colors. A band of students passed, masked but in their black clothes and beavers. Passed the church of La Regina and the adjacent college, or rather school for boys. Saw Padre Billin (?) the principal superintendent.

M. Marne, a Frenchman ninety-seven years old, paid us a visit. Had been secretary of J. Bonaparte in Madrid. Praised him much. Talked very copiously and not ill. Enjoys full mental and physical activity, lives at a small village in sight of our windows, but on the other side of the river. Talked much of Roi Christophe.

February 26th, Monday. Twice to market, once with Col. Fabens and once with Chev. We have to labor over our people to make them get a meal ready. They understand cockery very well, but have no idea of time. The ship carpenter, a handsome negro, says that Jones will not return. The market is very poor, meat scarce and bad, though not dear. Fish expensive, if being Lent. Having done what I could in the household, I now sit down to take up my Baur where I left it off about a fortnight ago. Read also in Aristophanes and other things. About 5 p.m. to Baez' coconut grove, the other side of the river. Crossed in a flat bottomed barge pulled across by a rope. A pleasant walk, coconut water given us. The trees very fine. Miss Fabens ill on the way back. In the evening masks came in, two companies, one with several guitars, on which they played, singing also. The last company of maskers were rather rude, women speaking English.

February 27th, Tuesday. Not to market today, but breakfast early, then all hands to the Cathedral, to see the high mass performed today in honor of the Independence of the Island. Chairs in main aisle arranged so (diagram). Baez' face, cunning, pretty strong, enjoué, as if he might be or seem a "bon enfant". In my view, a double, false face. A man who would betray anything that suited his convenience. The less truthful James says about him the better. The noise at the elevation of host a perfect babel. Music, Ernani, Fra Diavolo, with some other things. A single trumpet shrieked at some high moments. The bells rang, like a thousand tin pans. Orchestra and chorus not together, and both out of tune. The ceremony otherwise as well performed as usual. A priest made a brief address in Spanish, praising the day and complimenting the President. We did not kneel at the elevation. Visited the Gautier family before our return.

February 28th, Wednesday. Studied Baur, Aristophanes and Etudes sur la Bible. Music lesson to Maud. O'Sullivan to dine. Opened a box of Rhein wine. Baez sent word that he would visit us between five and six p.m. We accordingly put things in the best order possible. "Ung puade tualletta" for the ladies seemed proper. At dinner, received Baez' card with a great dish of fine sapotes. Later, Col. Abreu sent Lucy some oranges. Baez arrives at about 5:45. He speaks French quite tolerably, is affable, and has an intelligent face, in fact, looks like a person of marked talent. We talked of things in the United States. He has made fourteen voyages to Europe, is always sick all the way. We offered him some hook, of which he barely tasted. I sang "una barchetta" for him. He came with one servant, who stayed outside. No ceremony, and no escort. Just at tea-time came Mae. Schumacher and husband and made a long visit. She was very pretty and pleasant, and he quite pleasant also. Baez' face ~~imxxxxx~~ was much better on a nearer view. I must not now judge people at a distance.

March 20th, Wednesday. Christ says that that which was spoken in the closet shall be proclaimed on the housetops. My application of this is that there comes a time when in which the matters of private conviction and sentiment must be publicly sustained and advocated. * * * *

March 22d, Friday. We rose at 3 this morning. I dressed so quietly as not to wake my roommate, Alice Fabens. At 4 in the saddle, with Col. Abreu, Don Ricar Curiel, Ignacio Gonzales, Lavastida, Mr. Read, and Maud, Lucy Derby, Maria Quackenbush. My horse, the faithful creamcolor, kicked a little, being badly saddled, so I took the horse of Mr. Curiel, which was a hard trotter. We rode of course a good way in the dark. I was very nervous for some time. We met General Comanduro's going to bathe, on horseback, accompanied by a lamb, a happy family which one sees here. I was afraid last the lamb should frighten my horse, which did not go very well. After about four miles, the horse refused to pass a gate, at which he is accustomed to enter. I took my own horse again, which by this time went very well. The freshness of the early morning was charming. We stopped half way to rest a little, at a little negro settlement (two words illegible) which we passed in a boat, the horse crossing first. Here we partook of some prunes and biscuits. Gin was offered, but declined. The beauty of the scenery was indescribable. The grand forms and outlines of the trees, the masses and variety of the foliage. Some parts recalled the lovely second picture in Cole's Course of Life. Our first crossing was at Hagua. We crossed the Nigua river five times by ford. The little horses dashed easily through the transparent water. The road now and then widens to a lovely sort of savannah, and the gay party, cantering along, make such a picture as used in my youth to half madden me with the thought of beautiful scenes which I could never hope to see. Another picture of Cole's in my father's picture gallery comes back to me with these scenes. The showers chased us for quite a part of the way, but we took no harm. When I arrived, my left foot was so badly cramped in the stirrup that I could not step. We found a little boic or hut arranged for us. It has three rooms, one furnished with two beds and two hammocks, the other with chairs and a table. We were very hungry - breakfasted at the Posada, quite heartily, then took a long siesta. Walked out afterwards, visited the little church. Priest eighty-four years old, held his candle close to his eyes. The ceremony is called Via Crucis. A procession of women and children, some carrying tapers from one image to another - wretched large dolls dressed as Maria de Dolores, and others. Priest and congregation knelt and worshipped before these images. "Thou shalt not bow down to them" is forgotten. Saw a new variety of Passion flower, with the fruit, a small round one, the flower enclosed in a trefoil thus (drawing). Visited S. Molina - sat in his smoking chairs. His one child, eighteen months old naked, with a cough.

March 23d, Saturday. Last evening to visit the old padre, some 84 years old. He said he had known a negro woman who died at the age of 143 - he confessed and buried her. She had her teeth and her hair still. Has been cured here

for 53 years. He was dressed like any countryman, in shirt, colored trousers, and a handkerchief around his head. An old negro woman helped us to get in, calling to the padre, "muchu gente, viene lueva." "Ah, lueva", he said and drew the bolts. Curiel spoke of Seward and Lincoln. The padre thought they had made the war. Slept in a hammock, cold as to back, had to put a blanket underneath. Fleas bad. Had a fear of bilious colic in the night, but got warm and slept (it) off. Today, to see the school. Schoolmaster with sore eyes, a kindly man, intelligent and educated for this region. Has thirty scholars or more. Parents pay him a dollar a month. It (was a) holiday, but he sent for some scholars and put them through some recitations which showed that they had learned the text book by heart. His great resource a compendium of grammar and rhetoric, sacred history, geometry, etc. His wife, a woman of some education, married at thirteen. She looked about thirty. She has a grown up son, three girls and a little boy. She was nursing her last-born - said he was very impertinente with his teeth. The men mostly on horseback, the women sitting or standing round. A country of lotus eaters. At breakfast Col. Abreu began to disparage Mme. de Staël. Mme. Schumacher visited us. I write this sitting on a pillow in a hammock.

(I continue this from Saturday's entry.) We were a little late in dining Saturday afternoon, and I came back to pack our effects in a great hurry. The venerable padre Manico came to return my visit. He was in canonical costume and looked much better than in his house garments. Minister Curiel allowed little time for his visit, but kept crying like Bluebeard, "Will you be ready, ladies?" It is four, it is a quarter past, it is half past. The padre wanted two books which I promised to procure for him. He wrote his name for me. I finished packing, and we were in the saddle by about 4:30. A black general, governor of the village, and his orderly, accompanied us part way on horseback. Reached Jayne at dark. Crossed easily. Cup of coffee shared among us. The interval of dismounting gave a little rest. My right arm ached, I don't know why, quite badly, my left foot and knee much cramped with the stirrup. Got home by 8:30, seven leagues in four hours, the last league pretty painful to me.

March 28th, Thursday. Holy Thursday. To mass at eight. Saw the priests dress themselves at a side altar. Archbishop was dressed at the high altar. President Buez and all officials present. Church crowded with people rather gaily dressed. Mme. Schumacher. Consecration and adoration of the chrism, then of the holy oil, performed in the middle space of aisle called off (see Feb. 27th). Each priest descended from high altar, with genuflections, singing three times, "Ave, santo chrismo", after which they kissed a little silver cruet - the same was repeated with the words, "Ave, santo clic," tune, a, a, b, a, e, then b, etc. then c, etc. A monument built up in the church, of painted wood, but having a pretty good effect, lit with candles. One of the chief priests laid some object (the wafer) in a silver shrine or box at the top of this, for it was an open enclosure with columns, steps, and an altar, and the key of this shrine was hung around the neck of the President. Then a sort of procession was formed and we came away. Began work on Easter sermon. Was told that the Protestants wish to keep Good Friday, if I will meet with them. Archbishop washed feet in P.M. In the evening to see two churches in which the monument of Christ is illuminated.

March 29th, Friday. Worked at Good Friday sermon. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Subject, how to mourn for Christ, and how to be comforted about his death. Had a good evening. Lucy and Maria went to church. A number of Dominicans stood outside.

March 30th, Saturday. Worked at Easter sermon. Text, 2d Timothy, first chapter, tenth verse. "Who hath abolished death, hath brought life and immortality to light."

March 31st, Easter Sunday. Worked at sermon. True religion must ever be tolerant. If God speaks to me, He can also speak to you. Unity a thing of completeness, founded not upon uniformity, but upon harmony. We dressed the little church with flowers. It looked charmingly. Flowers all along the railing (drawing) flowers in the pulpit, over my head. Church was crowded. Many people outside and at the windows. Choir made great efforts and sang Easter anthem with pleasing effects, better than I have heard them sing heretofore. I could not use my notes much. The subject carried me away. Yet I adhered to the outline of my written sermon and delivered it in substance, although I did not memorize its language. Father Hamilton made the opening prayer and gave the benediction. After the sermon, Judge Gross made a little address, thanking me for my efforts in their behalf, which, God knows, have been a great pleasure and profit to me.

April 3rd, Wednesday. With Paddock to Pajarita, to return Marle's mss. Dieu, l'Âme et le ciel, in reply to Alexandre Dumas' materialistic funeral oration upon A. de Lamartine. Met the governor of the village, who showed us the way to Marle's boic. I offered him money, unfortunately, still he was very kind. Marle's wife a sweet woman, with traces of beauty. We staid outside till they were ready to receive us. They gave us pine apple cider, which was very nice. We took a little ramble with them through the village.

The Tybee arrived today with H.B.B. (Mr. Blackwell) on board. The Governor of Pajarita asked if I was not coming tomorrow with the Baez family. I had heard nothing, but received an invitation later. At 7:30 to a junta literaria of the Juventad. A good many present, some ladies, not members, I think. Subject, End justifies means? Young Abreu and Mr. Romana quite eloquent, also Mr. Henriques. Unanimous that end does not justify. Machiavelli much criticized. Anas. of Maximilian criticized. President addressed me in French. I replied in ditto.

April 4th, Thursday. Up at 5 A.M. To Pajarita with my Maud, Lucy, Miss Rosa Baez, Damien ditto, Felix ditto, and Camoins and three ninas. Rained. Crossed in two boats. Guards presents arms everywhere. Damien, Governor, capital. Feet wet. Governor, my friend of yesterday, met us - in three boics, where fruit and chairs. In one a man with a good face. Saw old Hamilton. Ate many quaimotes. Visited a cocconut estancia of President Baez. Good cocoa water. Home at last, by 9 A.M. Read my letters, two from dear Laura. Julia is going on well at the Club, has read a poem, has a burlesque of Mrs. Woodhull. Letter fro, Julia Kuhne of Stettin. Mme. Montais of Constantinople. Mrs. Pennington also wrote a kind answer to a letter sent some time since. I feel quickened in my desire to depart and be in England.

April 5th, Friday. Ah! my time is nearly out. Dear Santo Domingo, how I do love you, with your childish life, and your ancestral streets - a granddam and a babe! Today I read my last in Baur and Greek for some time, probably, as must pack tomorrow. Will now pick up papers, etc. To leave Maud is the hard point. As at present advised, God grant that we may come here again.

April 6th, Saturday. Here today and gone tomorrow, literally. Mostly packed - have left out my books for a last sweet morsel. Last music lesson to Maud. (Illegible.) -- Did not get that sweet morsel! Was busy all day, farewell calls from friends, little talks, and the fear of sitting down and forgetting my preparations in my books. In the evening the Gautiers came and I played for them to dance. So, one last little gaiety in common.

April 7th, Sunday. Got up at 4 A.M. Dressed and got off pretty easily. Kissed Paddock at parting. She did not kiss me. I think the balance of good will has been on my side. I don't wish to put any unkindness on record, but her conduct to me while here has certainly been extraordinary, and such as I can never voluntarily submit myself to again. She has probably not reflected how entirely she has endeavored to set me aside and take in my own house the tone that would make it seem hers. This must end here. I am willing to have a housekeeper, but not one who would put herself over my head.

Curiel walked to the steamer with me. Col. Abreu and young Gautier were of the party. The parting from Maud was very hard. Oh! when the line was drawn in, and my darling and I were fairly sundered, my old heart gave way, and I cried bitterly, to Angela's great astonishment. He only saw me. The Sunday was quiet, and for me sad. At night it became very rough, and I went to bed in an agony of sea-sickness.

Blackwell is a dear comforting man, most kind and companionable. A woman on board with a wretched baby of six months, he is a muslin gown and nothing else, crying with cold. I got out a cotton flannel dressing sack, and wrapped him up in it and tended him a good deal.

April 8th, Monday. Very sick all the morning. Reached Sumana at 2 P.M. Went on shore, to Price's house. Blackwell got us horses, and we took a very up-hill and down-hill ride, some of it was worse than going up and down stairs on horseback. My little horse was admirably gaited and sure-footed, never stumbling. Saw majestic trees, a wonderful mango, bamboos, the cacao tree, with its fruit full of nuts growing on the tree and hanging by a little stem, so (drawing). A beautiful ride. Had Mrs. Dennis' side-saddle, with a leaping horn, which distressed my knee much, the stirrup leather being too short, even when lengthened out to its utmost. In the evening the Burcs came on board with their little boy.

April 9th, Tuesday. All the morning in Sumana. Visited Mr. Hauran, who sold us some trifles and gave us some chocolate, treating us also to orgeat. Col's (Fabens) gin bitters - Blackwell too - the cockroach. Hamilton's house. Susannah, don't you cry. Mme. Abadie very fat, the plaza, Stubbs and the pretty woman whom the Col. called Mrs. Stubbs, but who looked and acted a little as if she wasn't. Bought a silver ornament for \$1. Two little straw pockets ten cents each. Back on board, sailed in good time. Steamer called at small island. We towed the whaling barque Cicero out of the harbor. She gave three cheers when we let her go. Rough all the P.M., very rough at bedtime. I just got off without the extreme.

April 10th, Wednesday. Early at Puerta Plata. Head much disturbed by ship's rolling. On shore by 9.30 and to Almada's hotel, where, after half an hour of languor, have written up my journal since Saturday. My last day of comfort for some time, probably. We may expect eight or nine rough days between this and New York. I fear I shall be sick all the way.

4.30 P.M. A quiet cool day here, for which God be thanked. A moment of comfort on the eve of eight days of torment. May the purpose for which I undertake this painful and solitary journey be ever strong enough in my thoughts to render every step of it pure, blameless and worthy. Great God, do not let me desert thee! For that is the trouble. Thou dost not desert us. I dread unspeakably these dark days of suffering and confusion. To go is like being hanged. I only hope my darling will get through well when her turn comes, and all the others. Once more, God help us!

April 11th, Thursday. Pretty sick. Read Lowell's article on Chaucer in the North American Review. Rather long, heavy, and remote from human sympathy, but well-labored, and on the whole, instructive and valuable.

I write this on Saturday, the first day I have been able to hold a pen. Began Foote's Life of Dickens.

April 12th, Friday. Not sick but not certain. Up betimes. Read H.B. Adams' article on the Session of 1870 in the North American Review. Smart, saucy and superficial. Read also article on "Chinese Competitive Examination" which does not amount to very much.

Ye fearful saints! I have been in such terror of this voyage, and it is passing very prosperously so far.

April 13th, Saturday. We have been wonderfully favored as to weather. Thursday was a little rough, but with a fair wind. Yesterday smooth, with ditto, today smoother still. Captain said something about my preaching on Sunday, so I have been laying out some points for a sermon. Text, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his goodness? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." But it is not very likely that the Captain will really ask me to hold service.

Talk with purser about Homer. He has a vivacious mind, and might easily learn Greek, or anything else he would have a mind to.

April 14th, Sunday. It turned out that the Captain and passengers did wish me to hold a little service today, so at 10:30 A.M. I met them in the dining-saloon. I had a Bible, from which I read the 116th Psalm, a prayer followed, then the missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains", then my little sermon, of which I have the headings. I am so very glad to have been able and enabled to do this. All of the passengers attended except Messrs. Alfari and Hamburger, the former of Santo Domingo, the latter of Puerto Plata. The wonderful smooth weather continues; would, my Maud, that you were with me to pay your tribute to easily to the terrible Cerberus of the sea!

Began to teach the purser to read from notes with a leaf of music cut of some periodical. Copied Baur a little, talked and heard much talk.

The cloud theatre?

April 15th, Monday. We still live, crossing the Gulf stream. Very quiet today. Gave purser another music lesson. Copied Baur, which is rather fatiguing to one's head.

April 16th, Tuesday. A horrible day. Headwind all the night before. At 4 A.M. a N.W. gale began, which blew all day without intermission. The ship writhed and sprang in every conceivable direction. I was stupefied - rose betimes, rather vexed at Alice (Fabens or Blackwell? her roommate) for getting up first, as it was my morning. She asked my leave, however. Sat all day in the little after-cabin, mostly in an uncomfortable state of daze. Couldn't look at a book, or think of anything rational. Went to dinner, but very sick after it.

April 17th, Wednesday. The gale moderated at 12 last night. No wind now, the sea calm as a mill-pond. Wrote yesterday's journal. Colonel read us something from Macaulay. Am very comfortable. Observation today, 178 miles from New York. Expect to get in tomorrow, not very late, unless another contrary gale. Frigate birds and petrels yesterday; today, whales, black fish, and an immense number of porpoises. Revelation cannot go beyond human consciousness.

The Western mind has taken Christ's metaphorical illustrations literally, and his literal moral precepts metaphorically.

April 18th, Thursday. Waited long at Quarantine for health officer. Dinner on board, the last plum pudding. Hamburger helped me kindly with my trunks. Poor little Mme. Julie, with a handsome wardrobe, had no over-garment. Lent her my shawl. Her husband, Junior (?) the assassin of Coen, a strange looking young man. Got only one bunch of my bananas, having three large and one small. Pineapples all right. Got to Uncle's at a little before 5 P.M. Found Uncle well. After tea in the ruin the Charlie's, where sent for Flossy and David, thence to Samuel Barlow's, where told what was bid to tell.

Very thankful to have got through so well so far.

April 19th, Friday. Visited poor little Mme. Julie, whose husband looks to me insane.

April 20th, Saturday. Home to Boston tonight by train.

April 21st, Sunday. Home safely. Julia and Anagnos very glad to see me. J. much worn by the Perry slanders, which, when recounted by her, put me also into a state of mind. So my Sunday was somewhat disturbed. Went to church, where Mr. Clarke preached, kind welcome from many friends. Dined with Mrs. T.B. Wales. Heard Dr. Hamlin on Robert College in the evening. Very tired, fell asleep. In the p.m. visited W.R. Alger.

April 22d, Monday. Clun - Walter Smith - lecture on art, rather saucy, but very suggestive. Began to toil and moil for a little wee lecture on Santo Domingo, at Wesleyan Hall, for which I must pay \$15. Evening at home.

April 23d, Tuesday. Ordered tickets from Hudge. Flew about a good deal. Tea at Jeannette's, where met the George Waleses.

April 24th, Wednesday. Discouraged about my lecture. Tickets not selling. To church meeting in the evening, where saw various friends. B.F. Hullett's talk about his seat in church.

April 25th, Thursday. More discouraged, but too busy to stop and think much about my feelings. Mr. Clarke visited about dinner time.

April 26th, Friday. My lecture passed off better than I supposed it would. About one hundred people were present, some of them very good friends. Among others, James Sturgis, the Whipples, some of the N.E. Clabbites, etc. To New York this day with dear J. Unusual heat, great fatigue. Dined at Charlie's, with Aunt Maria and Dr. Parmly and others of the connection. Willie Ward's birthday, six years old, six candles on the cake. Took leave of my dear girls, David promising to put me on board in the morning. Left money for expenses of lecture and \$1. for poor Mrs. Wallis. Paid also Julia's journey to New York, \$7., with seat in Drawingroom car.

April 27th, Saturday. Up early and off in good time. Got the wrong Ferry - Courtland instead of Chambers Street, which delayed us a good deal. Got on board with no time to spare. Left with David money for J's return home, \$6. Carriage and ferriage, \$4. Went on board knowing of no friends or acquaintances among the passengers. Found Will Bigelow, and later Miss Mumford and brother of Detroit, who met me at Mrs. Bagley's, and Mrs. Farrington, wife of Unitarian clergyman, lately at Germantown but now in England. Later found Mr. Du Chaillu, and my cousin, Anna Newbold and daughter. A marvellous start, sea like a mill-pond. They did not give me the stateroom engaged by Barlow, but one smelling vilely.

April 28th, Sunday. Very quiet still. Have written up Friday and Saturday's journals. Services at 10:30. Captain read it in a very business-like manner, a very dry performance. No singing. Purser read the Bible lessons. General Sickles on board with his new Spanish wife. Have got at Ecco Home.

✓ Have been thinking for some days of a sermon illustrating the difference between the mechanical and the moral in human life. Text, the first man Adam was a living soul". Uncertain whether I should include the next sentence or not. Many people never get out of the mechanism, never attain the consciousness of freedom, which is a high moral fact. Circumstances and passions, things from without and within, administer them. They do not know their own power over these things. The various mechanisms, logical, (illegible) passional, etc. A good subject, if I can study it out. "The Lord said unto my Lord," might be used against the pretensions of birth. In the evening some one proposed psalm singing, so I went to the piano, and began. We sang quite a number of hymns, many persons joining in. One lady in particular helped me.

April 29th, Monday. About, but not able to write. Have made acquaintance with family of Dr. Bissell. His sister, Mrs. Judge Collins of Toledo, O., a progressive and intelligent woman. The lady who helped me last evening was Miss Fanny Girard of New York. Her mother, sister and uncle on board. Began Ecce Homo.

May 1st, Wednesday. A very rough day.

I was not sick, ~~Bar~~, the Tybee seems to have exhausted my sensibilities. But many were sick. I read, slept a good deal, and talked to many sea-sick people. Wind ahead and sea high. Stopped in the night three hours to repair breakage made by a wave which washed over the ship. My roommate sick. On going to bed, felt a little ill. Played whist with a gentleman and our own little party.

May 2d, Thursday. Better, but still rather rough. A pleasant day. Able to walk the deck. Made acquaintance with Mr. Worthen (or Horton?) brother-in-law of William Appleton, publisher, who is on board. He the gentleman who played whist with us last evening. In the evening, lecture from H. Du Chaillu, subject, Africa.

May 3d, Friday. Smooth and pleasant weather. Read an article on Women and political power, by Luke Owen Pike, reprinted in Youmans' Popular Science Monthly, from the London Anthropological Review, mere stuff and trash.

May 4th, Saturday. Having been requested to give a lecture upon Santo Domingo, in the evening of this day, I made some effort to collect my thoughts. In the morning I began to fancy singing the air and chorus "Oh sommo Carlo" from Ernani, with some English words beginning, "Oh, Captain Murray!" In the course of the ~~Exhibit~~ wrote the words, of no value whatever, except as accompanying the music. Persuaded President Armstrong to sing the solo, some pleasant ladies furnishing the chorus, with a young tenor, Mr. Flagg. All day I sought retirement to prepare my lecture, but could not find it, many persons happening to talk with me. In the evening unearthed a silk dress and my best chignon, and made as good a talk as I could. The ship became so unsteady that I almost fell over while speaking, but soon embraced a slender column which stood near me, and so stood. The lecture was very well received. The music followed, the captain scarcely liking the intended compliment. It yet sounded well. Afterwards, General Sickles rose and proposed a vote of thanks, which was passed.

May 7th, Tuesday. Arrived safely in Liverpool, thank God!

May 8th, Wednesday. Left Liverpool at 11-40 A.M., journeying in second class, which Bigelow paid. Country very green, trees in leaf. Passed Atherstone, where thought of Brucebridges. At London Station, Harry Richards met me, to my surprise. Took me at once to dear Laura, who looks very well and happy, is embellished rather than disfigured by expectant maternity. Could not sleep at Laura's this night, so had a bed at Dickens' private hotel, 26 Norfolk St, Strand, Laura's being 23. Concluded to talk parlor and bedroom at latter place for three guineas a week, but now only for two days at 9/ per diem.

May 9th, Thursday. Sent post cards to Mrs. P.A. Taylor, Rev. W.H. Channing, Mrs. F. Pennington, and Messrs. Baring, also to Dr. E. Blackwell, also to Wm. MacArthur.

May 10th, Friday. Wm.H.C. came early, Mrs. Pennington next, a coldish but not uncordial person. She gave me platform tickets for the Ladies' Meeting tonight, at which they will reply to the objections made in House of Commons against Woman Suffrage. Rev. H. Ierssen came and offered me his pulpit. Then Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who was a little more brisk than cordial, yet not unfriendly. Then

Menoure Conway, much tamed. Last of all, Mr. MacArthur, who invited me to a meeting of ~~the~~ Evangelical Alliance at his house this evening. I was already engaged to go with W.H.C. to the other meeting. Mrs. Pennington invited me to go early and confer with the ladies. I did so, but they were naturally full of their own business and took little note of me. Mrs. MacLaren, a handsome elderly woman, said a few polite words. A gentleman, Mr. MacLaren or Mr. Pennington, spoke to me about Peace, in which he is interested. Mrs. Ernestine L. (---) spoke with me. At the meeting saw Mrs. B.F. Burke of Boston, also Kate Field.

May 11th, Saturday. Order of speakers last evening, Miss Becker, Rhoda Garret, Mrs. Fawcett (---) and Miss Ashfield. Miss Becker sensible, but hackneyed, Miss Garret better, Mrs. Fawcett full of herself, pretty, smart and small. Miss Ashfield good. Small satire, personal retort and irony, reductio ad absurdum, nothing in the whole performance soared above these. The ladies were as hard as billiard balls charged with electricity, dead shots certainly, I like our method much better, because it is at once more cordial and more humane and relieved by larger aperçus. But I may be a little nettled by the entire neglect with which I was treated, though I was prepared for this. Saturday, visited Mrs. Seagrave at the Langham. Journey to Cambridge, where arrived at 6:30 p.m.

May 12th, Sunday. Cambridge. (L.E.R. and H.R. accompanied her on this visit to Cambridge.) Sent a note early to the Seeleys, and then went out to walk. Harry took me to the beautiful gardens of some College, bridges quite Venetian. Came home, found the Seeleys. Not old people, as I suppose, but quite young, Seeley perhaps 38 years old, his wife not more than 28, perhaps both younger than this. Pleasant talk, a rumble with them, all of us to early tea with them. Met Miss Clough, sister of A.H., Mrs. Peill (?) much interested in education of women. Laura and Harry to cathedral service at King's Chapel, a very celebrated building, fan-vaulting very fine. Handel's chorus "Lift up your heads". I to cathedral service at St. John's Chapel, where Mr. Mayor, a learned man, read the service finely. Anthem by Croft. Four hundred young men in surplices, some handsome faces among them. Lanterne of the chapel very lofty, architecture and details very handsome. The silver Seeley, he has a sweet, genuine face.

May 13th, Monday. A rainy day. I walked out with Harry and Laura. We visited Jesus College and Chapel, very ancient, but newly restored, formerly belonged to a nunnery. Tombstone of last abbess, bona Bertha Boyata, 1250-something. Hall of Trinity very handsome, portraits of Bacon, Cowley and others. The great kitchen, high with black beams across, and sixteen legs of mutton roasting before a fire at least 20 feet long and 5 or 6 feet high. Heard Mr. Skeat lecture to a class of ladies on English literature. Pope's Essay on Man, first epistle. ~~Skeat~~ Skeat an Anglo-Saxon scholar. Home with Miss Clough, to see her boarding house for ladies attending lectures and studying in Cambridge. All of us to tea at the Seeleys', Mrs. S.'s mother there, just arrived. A pleasant talk. Home in good time. In the p.m. went with Mr. Seeley to visit the University library, a very large collection of books.

May 14th Tuesday. Out early with the Seeleys'. To Trinity College Library, where saw mss. of Milton and Newton, many illuminated missals, ancient Bibles. Henry VIII's or mb, tanned bits of skin of two wife-murderers shown with it. Newton's telescope and mathematical instruments. Thdrwaldsen's statue of Byron. Then to Prof. Seeley's lecture on English history, very interesting, mostly about Burke, the prophet of his time. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Westlake, who invited me to visit them in London. Then to hotel, early dinner, and all by rail to Liverpool.

(The following was probably written in later.) Text: the wind bloweth where it listeth and ye cannot tell, etc. The church wrong in prescribing what people should believe. Moses and Christ did not do this. The church laid down the channels of faith and faith forsook them. Aristocracy prescribed what channels nobility should run in and it forsook them often. Tares and the wheat. The good

and the evil in institutions have to grow together. When the good is ripe, God's providence destroys the tares. I said this at Bristol, about the use of war in bringing order and discipline. These (are) the wheats. Bloodshed and violence the tares. Now the wheat is ripe and we may dispense with the tares.

May 15th, Wednesday. Wrote to Mrs. J.E. Butler, 280 Southhill, Park Road. * * * Mrs. Butler invites all of us to tea. I went alone and had a good talk with her. She advises me to postpone the time of the meeting as late as possible and to speak in Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, etc. Out there and back, 5 s. A sweet womanly woman.

Texts: "I heard a voice saying, Cry." The protest. The wise and the foolish virgins, the wheat and the chaff. To discriminate always between the true and the false, in law, doctrine and ordinances. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." The illumination of the single-hearted, the wisdom of pure zeal. Like leaven that was hid in three measure of meal till the whole was leavened. The hidden secret working revealed at last when the whole is leavened.

May 16th, Thursday. Out early with dear Laura, who cannot walk far. Saw E. P. Peabody, who sails today with Laura. Talked with her somewhat. She does not look well. Settled all accounts with Harry and went to see the children off. It was sad to see them go. L. and I waved handkerchiefs as long as we could see. Home to hotel in a 'bus, fare threepence. I visited her empty room and kissed both pillows to be sure of kissing hers. She has been so sweet and affectionate to me, like a little mother. I must work hard to make this separation worth while. (List of letters written) In the evening paid 1/6 for a very poor place at the theatre, the only one I could get, to hear Simms Reeves in 'Rob 'Roy'. Heard two acts. Song, "My love is like a red, red rose". Duet, "Dearest, though we part in sorrow", "Auld Lang Syne". Came away very weary.

Text, "Have salt in yourselves. Have peace with one another." With the salt of wisdom we can have peace, not without.

May 17th, Friday. Arrived at Bolton, where I now write. Showed my sketch to Mrs. Winkworth, who approves of it, and also of my intended Sunday services. Thinks Arthur Maitland might treat of (a course of lectures and speakers seems to be outlined, but so abbreviated that it is hard to make it out. I therefore omit it. L.E.R.) As Mrs. Winkworth has invited people to meet me here I cannot ~~xxxxxx~~ well return to London as soon as I had intended. Miss Cobbe to take part in my meeting.

"Think ye I cannot pray my Father and he can send me twelve legions of angels?" Do you think I could not have avoided this disastrous ending? Yes, if I had not said, Thy will be done, I could have avoided it easily.

May 18th, Saturday. Manchester by rail at 10 a.m. to meet Wm. Stokes. First, with Mr. Winkworth to the mill for carding and spinning cotton. Egyptian cotton is used in this entirely, having a longer fibre than the American article. The female operatives are substantial looking women. I saw one with a scitire. Fare to Manchester and back 3/. In Manchester saw the wreck of the Cunard steamer Tripoli off the coast of Ireland. No lives lost. Thought this must be dear Laura's steamer. Was in a great fright. Telegraphed to Cunard Company at Liverpool. Received answer that Laura and Harry were safe on board the Siberia, which after all was their steamer. A great relief. Conversation with Mr. Stokes a good deal interrupted by this trouble about the steamer. He thinks middle of July full early enough. Approves of Sunday services and commends the following names (list omitted) He did not enter so fully into my views as did Mrs. Winkworth and Mrs. Butler, thought my Central Truth would require definition and explanation. Got telegram from Laura. Children all right. After dinner talked with Mr. Winkworth, developing my plan and views. Am very thankful dear Laura is safe in the Siberia, but it seemed ever so sweet to think that I should see her again at this time * * Text, who maketh thee to differ? Providence gives the human variety.

May 19th, Sunday.

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In the morning attended the Sunday meeting of some Friends, who have left the orthodox meeting headed by Mr. Duncan, now deceased. An hour's silence was rather painful to me. At last some one inquired about the Index. I explained F. Abbott's standpoint as well as I could. Then I was invited to unfold my views and plans relative to Peace, which I did briefly, and with a very cordial answering. Various parties gave me their names and promised to aid in getting up a meeting for me in Manchester. Left Bolton with regret. Arriving in Norfolk St., could not have my old lodgings. Took such as I could have, and to bed, very cold and weary.

May 20th, Monday. Met Rev. A. A. Lowe at Unitarian Rooms. Went to find his wife. Walked with her. Sent a line to F.W. Chesson, etc. Went to 74 Park Road Stoke Newington, with Mrs. Luce's introduction to Christine Allsop. Did not find her and had great fatigue waiting for return 'bus, there being no room in most of them. Had a kind visit from Revs. Ierson and Cordner of Montreal, in which we talked a good deal of my plans. Buns 4d. Passed the evening at home, rather lonely. Had a throbbing in a toe of my left foot, which I feared might be the paternal gout coming at this moment. Dried my sheet and night-dress very carefully before the fire.

May 21st, Tuesday. The beginning of pride is when one departeth from God, and his heart is turned away from his maker. Ecclesiastical 10th, 12th. Had letters from Mrs. Luce and Mrs. Winkworth kindly offering to aid me pecuniarily and giving names of Friends. Lunched with K.F. (Q: Kate Field?) Met there Mrs. Fawcett whom I do not like, Mrs. Webster, a sweet woman not over twenty-five, Mrs. Linton, wife of the wife of the eccentric radical known to us in America. She is Mrs. Lynn Linton. Mary E. Beedy and Col. Wigginton, in full chase after the objects of London, he not having been here before. (Mmes.) Webster, Linton and Beedy were kind to me, and K.F. affectionate. Mrs. Fawcett seemed to like me as little as I liked her, which was natural. Perhaps things may change on nearer acquaintance. Mrs. Linton ~~xxxxxxx~~ is author of "Modern Women", a work which I do not envy her. To Peace meeting at Finsbury Chapel in the evening, of waiting more anon.

May 22d, Wednesday. At Peace Meeting last night H. Richard announced my presence and my desire to move the women in behalf of Peace. This warmly received by audience. He told me that his society had never allowed a woman to speak on its platform and did not seem disposed to make an exception in my favor. Tant pis pour lui; since this is historical. Several persons gave me their cards, and after meeting, Mrs. Wigam and daughter, Scotch friends, spoke with me and carried me off with them to talk a little and have tea. * * * Attended Unitarian Anniversary interesting. A fine prayer from young Carpenter, sermon by A. Coquerel, same preached at Newport last summer, the martyrdom of Stephen, a popular and radical speech on the education bill - objects to all religious education in schools. Martineau not approving. A splendid dinner at Mr. Bicknell's.

May 23d, Thursday. Saw Mr. Snape of Liverpool. Wrote Mary Priestman that I will come to Bristol June 5th or 6th. I intend to try for a religious service this Sunday evening. This early in the day. Then to 19 New Broad St., Peace Society. Was referred to Friends' Meeting, Devonshire Building. Saw Mrs. Christine Allsop an influential, stiff-necked old Friend, who could think of no opening for me in Friends' meeting. She invited me to her lodgings at 2 p.m. to meet her husband, I could not. To Bedford Institute to see about hall, none to be had. To Peace Society again, where talked with Talbot. Met a Russian gentleman, inquired about peace. Gave him my address. Just time to dress hurriedly and get to Crystal Palace where H. Ierson stood by me brotherly. I sat by him at dinner and suddenly found that I was to speak in answer to toast of W.U. Churches (Q: Western Unitarian?) Entirely unprepared for this, but told my simple story and was well received. The meeting orderly, tasteful and interesting. Sir. J. Bowring and lady spoke to me after the breaking up, and were very friendly. Also Russel Carpenter, Rev., also Rev. Marshall. Later by rail to M. D. Conway's, 51 Nottingham Sq., where met McCullough, former secretary of treasury, C. G. Leland (***) Lady Pollock et alii.

May 24th, Friday. Out early to find Mr. Chesson and the good Winkworths, in vain. Must give up Sunday service this week. To luncheon with dear E. Twistleton, after to the exhibition. He most genial and friendly. Tennyson's concordance. Many interesting pictures, the railway station, Millais' Ophelia, not to my taste. For Greek, McMillan's series. Princess of Wales's jewels, pearls and emeralds, pearls very handsome, emeralds uncut - brute. A delightful day. Cab to Islington 3/ buns 2d. Tea and Unitarian meeting. Coquerel, Lowe at allis. Home, very tired, in tolerable time.

Text, "The kingdom of heaven is like a householder who bringeth out of his treasury things old and new".

The old and new in philosophy and religion. The historic and the prophetic. The Jews were wiser than the Christians in this: they listened somewhat to their prophets - Neither shall they learn war any more. Is. 2d, 4th. Is prophecy an idle dream, a matter of mere symbolism and sentiment? No. History shows the fulfilment of true prophecy. Who are they that teach war in church and state?

May 25th, Saturday. Visit from Mrs. Winkworth, very pleasant. She met W.H.C. here!

The lady who went up Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau ten years since. To see Mrs. Parsons, who was pleasant. The doctor looks well. With her to Bowles' where many letters. Good John K. Wildman sends me five pounds for Peace. A.H. Love kind greeting. Ella Burton, Edinburgh will read a paper at my meeting on the history of the relation of women to war. Rev. Arthur O'Neill, Hall Road, Birmingham, will arrange a meeting for me there June 11th. I wrote, accepting.

May 26th, Sunday. Not of gods as many but as of one. Unity of God.

We have got to analyze religious statements and to discriminate between religious ideas and metaphysical formulas. Mankind ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ differ about the latter, agree about the former. Doctrine of Trinity a metaphysical solution of human thought, easily easily explicable upon historical evidence and by the laws of thought. The unity of God is a religious fact. The fraternity of the human race in a reflex manner brings monotheism. While Jehovah was the God of the Jews, other nations were necessarily supposed to have ~~their~~ gods also. The comprehensive view of humanity, "one fold, one shepherd", brought one divinity, one father of all. I must work more on this idea. What mockery where French and Germans each pray to God to help the one destroy the other! Can the house be divided against itself? This would thus divide it. It could not be the same God who would help both. So war engenders a twofold representation of God. Peace alone is monotheistic. Every individual may pray for the good of the whole world. Let none dare to pray for his own advantage, personal or national, involving the disadvantage of any other. Such prayer is ~~impossible~~, if we reflect upon it.

To lunch at Rev. T.L. Marshall's, 6 Church Road, Brixton. Coquerel was there. I very unwell with cold. Called to see Mr. MacArthur.

May 27th, Monday. Visits from F.W. Newman, Edward Twistleton, F.W. Chesson. To theatre with Winkworths, "Pygmalion and Galatea".

My birthday, fifty-three years old, a serious day for me. E. Twistleton's visit very pleasant. I omitted luncheon and so suffered much from hunger and exhaustion. Worked at sermon. Cold very bad.

May 28th, Tuesday. Out early. To Friends' meeting, where met Miss Wigam and Mr. Cotterell of Bath. Exercises interesting. In afternoon W.H.C. came to read sermons of Dr. Channings to Charles Lowe, Dr. Cordner and myself. Mrs. McCullough and Rev. Charles Voisny(?) called, but I could not see them. To dinner at Mrs. Taylor's.

May 29th, Wednesday. Cold grows daily worse. Wrote to Miss Carpenter, who invites me to stay with her while in Bristol, also to Mary Priestman and Mary Estlin. To go down today week.

May 30th, Thursday. (Written in Journal by L.E.R. "Poor Welly wants a letter".) Wrote a little mean one today. Went shopping with Mrs. Winkworth. So unwell that gave up idea of speaking Sunday. Better after dinner. Stayed at home and talked with Miss Fotheringill.

May 31st, Friday. To Windsor with Edward Twistleton, as by arrangement a delightful excursion. He has all his old charm, exquisite taste and geniality, and a generous and loyal nature. I discovered for him in Windsor Chapel the monument of one of his ancestors, a Lord Saye, of which I was quite proud. Drive in park. Luncheon at White Hart. Dined with Mrs. McLaren. Home late, missed the Winkworths, flew round to see them at Charing Cross. Found at 23 Norfolk St. a letter from Alfred Love, asking me to represent the Philadelphia Peace Society at the meeting of the Universal Alliance of Peace and Civilization. Decide to go, though very unwell. Had at Mrs. McLaren's a good talk with Miss Agnes McL., an intelligent and interesting young person.

June 1st, Saturday. I decided to go to Paris. Commissioned Mr. Mumford of Detroit to engage hall for me for Saturday and to advertise. Mr. Beedy here. At home all the evening. No, first went to see the Lowes. Packed for Paris. To bed at midnight, very tired. Got 20 pounds ~~xxxxx~~ at Bowles'. Pulse like a sledge hammer all night. Not much sleep.

Rose early next morning and got off, thinking I was going to death, ~~xxxxx~~ I felt so unwell. Pulse still so rapid. Difficulty in getting the house door open. Found William at last, got a cab, drove to Charing Cross just in time. Had to go first class, so unwell. No breakfast, but a penny roll and some chocolates. Felt better as I left London. Good journey, quiet crossing. Pleasant people in French rail road carriage, Mr. Benjamin and sister, English, but long resident in New York.

(No entry until -)

June 7th, Friday. Must go to Birmingham by N.W. Railroad, Euston Sq. Left Bristol by 7:45. On arriving, drove to Mrs. Grey's, 18 Cadogan Place. Sent in Miss C's note. Was received kindly and invited to move by vote of thanks to Chair at end of meeting, which not very favorable, but accepted. At 4 by rail to meeting at Albert Hall. Subject, better education of women of all classes. Met F.P. Cobbe and Lady Stanley. Lord Lyttelton in chair. Bishop of Manchester slurred American girls' education. He a bachelor. Speaking not remarkable. I the last, took up the bishop a little, but he had left. Cannot remember, but will find and keep, names of other speakers. Kay Shuttleworth should have been there and was not. Home late and hungry. Lady Stanley liked my little speech and told me so, which quite cheered me. Hon. Dudley Campbell recognized me, gave address and promised to call.

(Every cab and railroad fare and fee is noted down, but I omit most of the

June 8th, Saturday. Will preach, if possible, a sermon on June 17th subject, Behold I show you a more excellent way. Perhaps Hthycff-July better, giving more time. Early to Social Science rooms, where got advice from Mr. Robinson. Mr. Chaplin. Boardmans' Society, 59 Greek St, Scho, for walking placards. Now to work for meeting at Social Science rooms next week. Rev. H. Solly(?) Ham pstead, No., will give me some one for mechanical help. Saw Rev. Mr. Williams, who was very comforting. Spent for bezique box and cards 5/6, whist counters 3/6, ditto box 4/, all for dear home evenings.

June 9th, Sunday. My first preaching in London. Worked pretty much all day at sermon, intending not to read, but to talk it, for me a difficult procedure. At 4:30 p.m. left off, but brain so tired that nothing in it. Subject, The kingdom of heaven, but my brain was a blank. Walked about the Temple, got a bad cup of tea. Dressed (in my well-worn black silk) walked to Freemasons' Tavern. God knows how I felt, "cast down but not forsaken". Found a numerous audience collected. S.R. Munroe has kindly managed everything. Began to revive. Made a brief prayer and began my sermon. The substance of my work came mostly back to me and I got through better than I feared I might. Felt the method to be the right one, speaking face to face and heart to heart.

June 13th, Thursday. To lunch at Argyll Lodge. The Duchess quite kind and pleasant, gave me an opportunity to tell her about my plan, the meeting, etc. She has twelve children, of whom I saw the youngest, Constance. Then to Mrs. Carpenter's, 15 Regent's Park Road, where F.P. Cobbe, Estlin, Carpenter, and two pleasant German ladies, a pleasant and helpful conference. Had to pay out 15/ because had to keep him. To dinner with Lady Stanley of Alderley. Lyulph very hospitable, Lady S. very vivacious, has one son gone to Emma Mine in Utah. Met Mr. Hopwood, a Liberal and woman suffragist. Much lively talk at dinner. Miss McKenzie, a handsome and agreeable young lady, with whom Lyulph appears much pleased. A good day.

June 14th, Friday. Wrote a heap of letters, a long one to George Sand. A fatiguing day. Sent prospectus, twenty-five to Miss Carpenter of Bristol. Paid one pound for printing 500. Post cards 6d, hapenny, stamps 1/, lunch 9d.

June 15th, Saturday. My meeting at Social Science Rooms. Formed a committee of which Prof. Seeley, Mr. Hopwood, Lyulph Stanley and Dudley Campbell the principle reliance, so far as concerns male membership. Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Weatherly and several good ladies gave their names. Five pounds were given me and a little more subscribed. It was a good meeting.

In the morning to Westminster Abbey with dear E.T., a charming and instructive expedition. Edmund Spenser's monument, then busts of Thackeray, Macaulay and Grote. Poets' corner dutifully visited. The Greek lines which E.T. promised me. The Abbey wonderfully cleaned up. A new mosaic altar piece. The portrait of Richard II beautifully restored and framed. Stayed as long as I dared in view of my meeting.

June 16th, Sunday. An extremely hot day for London. Text; for my sermon: The liberty wherewith Christ, etc. Went in the afternoon to hear Dean Stanley at Westminster, a sermon of very moderate merits. Dean walked to the pulpit in procession with a crimson silk badge of some sort over his waistcoat and another at his back. Perhaps eight functionaries attended him. I stood through the service, consequently was much fatigued. Went to hold my own service at Freemasons' Tavern. A good attendance in spite of the heat. The open windows greatly disturbed my train of thought. Many of my points slipped from my mental grasp. F. P. Cobbe was there but compelled to leave before the conclusion. Prof. Seeley and wife also there, dear people. Home with the Parsenses afterwards to tea. Saw Mr. Aubrey de Vere, a Catholic who thinks far more of Christ's personality than of his precept and example. I got home and agonized over my failure to come up to what I had designed to do in the discourse.

June 17th, Monday. Lunch with Sir Wm and Lady Bowring, good and intelligent people. Walked home. To dinner with the Seeleys, where met Miss Babb, a bright and intelligent young lady who has refused taxation and so has been despised. Her mother was there also.

June 18th, Tuesday. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Sq. But first, oh first, saw the bust of my dear friend, Edward Twissleton, who took me to the National Gallery, where I saw many ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ precious gems of art, a beautiful Francis, a sketch by Michael Angelo, some Ruysdalls, Hobbema's, etc. At parting he said, "The good Father above does not often give so great a pleasure as I have had in these meetings with you." Let me enshrine this charming and sincere word in my most precious recollection, from the man of sixty-three to the woman of fifty-three.

June 19th, Wednesday. Away to Newcastle at 10 a.m., a long journey, pleasant little companion. Thomas Pumphrey, a good-looking agreeable man, met me and took me home to tea. Lay down for about ten minutes, then dressed and prepared for meeting. Mrs. Mawson and daughter, with whom I was to stay, came to tea. Meeting quite full. A wet night. A drunken man made disturbance and was turned out. A second man, somewhat excited with drink, came upon my platform and insisted upon making a n address, mine having been concluded, and another having intervened. He called himself the Tyneside Orator, approved of my sentiments highly, and at the conclusion of his thunderous little speech, strode across the platform and shook hands with me, the audience applauding. Then in a cab to the beautiful home of Mrs. Mawson at Gateshead, a suburb, a delightful house and most pleasant family circle, the grandmother, seventy-eight years old forming part of it, and the grandpa, whom I did not see. Supper, and to bed late.

June 20th, Thursday. All day ~~xxxx~~ ran after the curiosities of Newcastle castle, St. Nicholas' Church, St. Andrew's, built by King David of Scotland, all very interesting. Bought some majolica ware, 4 £ 13/, rather foolishly, I fear. James Clephane with whom I have been corresponding, was my guide, and dined at home with us. A hurried but elegant meal. I left at 4 p.m. to take 4:30 train for Sunderland. Mr. Taylor met me. Bede's church. Miss Backhouse's fly took me to her house, tea and preparation for the meeting. A large hall, fairly filled and a magistrate in the chair, a respectable company on the platform. Did much better than usual and the applause was unusually prolonged. My address was assisted only by some slender jettings down, but some subtle current of influence seemed to carry me along past fear or failure.

June 21st, Friday. Left for London, ~~xxxx~~ returned very tired. Silent companion. The little girl going to make a visit at Peckleton, or some such place. The youth, captain of his class, just from examination at Uppingham School, a charming young fellow of fourteen years, with a cough and near-sight, a linctet in a cage. I liked him so much. The silent man, an Oxonian, I think, drank and smoked somewhat, and talked very little.

June 22d, Saturday. My committee meeting.

June 23d, Sunday. My third Sunday service, text: sown in weakness, raised in power. I gave the whole day to the sermon, though I wished to hear Dr. Martineau, whom now I shall not hear. I did better than on the previous Sunday, when the fatigue of going to Westminster upset me. When I had finished, a lady got up and to my great annoyance, began a tirade on the atonement, which had no connection with the subject or the occasion. People came round me as usual. Made the acquaintance of John Ridley, 19 Belsize Park, N.W., who will have a parlor meeting for me at his house on Thursday, 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong went with me to my service and we afterwards had a delicious ramble in the Lincoln's Inn Fields. Saw Roll's Chapel, ancient, built of rough flint stones.

June 25th, Tuesday. To Leeds by 6:30 a.m. train. Fare 2 £ and perhaps a little over. Second class, return. Lunch with Mrs. Oliver Seaton, meeting Prof. and Mrs. Aldis of Newcastle College. Then to afternoon conference of N.E. Educational Council. Mrs. Butler and others. Exhausted with fatigue. I kept dropping

June 27th, Thursday. Frances Power Cobbe, afternoon tea, at 5. Then to John Ridley's, 19 Belsize Place, N.W.

Left Leeds at 7 a.m., rising at 4:30 a.m. Breakfast at 5:30, cab 4/6, servants 2/ Half hour to spare at station. Home. Committee meeting at 3 p.m. Hopwood, Beedy and Campbell. To Miss Cobbe's, where met Lady Lyell, Miss Clough, Mrs. Corton, Jacob Bright, et al. Then to dinner with the dear Seeleys, an unceremonious and delightful meal. Heart of oak. Then to John Ridley's, where made acquaintance with Miss Russ, who invites me for Thursday of next week, Wm. White, biographer of Swedenborg, a Celt-devouring Teutonist, also Rev. Mr. Hoppes, Prof. of King's College. Many people of many minds, Miss Blank going to India to teach Indian women. Has learned Hindustanee. Home late. To bed, having been on feet twenty hours.

June 28th, Friday. To dine with Mrs. Webster, 8 Lancaster Gate, Lancaster St. W. To lunch with Lady Stanley of Alderley - Lyulph was at home, most charming and interesting. Lady S. very bright and genial. Then to the Schenks for a little. Met A. Lincoln's married son and daughter-in-law.

June 29th, Saturday. To Dudley Campbell's (A number of addresses follow.) Wrote many notes, visit from W.H. Channing and lady and Beaudry. Tuesday to go to Crystal Palace, Friday to meet Prof. Blank, to call committee meeting for Wednesday at 3 p.m. To Lady Airlie's party, hoping to see and interest some good friends. Met Browning, called the poet, who was suder and more brutal to me than I should have supposed any man would have been to any woman. Moral, avoid a devilish big tom cat. Studicse". Saw Duke and Duchess of Argyll, both civil. Then to Miss Goldschmidt's, to dine. Was a good deal upset by Browning's ~~xxxxxxx~~ brutality, No American, not drunk, would treat a woman so. Late home to bed.

(No entry until --)

July 3d, Wednesday. Saw dear Arthur Mills, who was most kind, also Sir. D. Wedderburn and Charles Dalrymple. They wish me to know Mrs. Vaughan of the Temple. Mills is delightful, never better. Wish I had sent for him earlier. Was a good deal worried at committee meeting, so much work remaining undone and so many difficulties in the way. Ran to find Mr. Cremer, who promised to send me some one to help me.

In the evening, opening meeting of prison congress. Lord Carnarvon's address much applauded, but rather dull. Chandler of Philadelphia spoke well. The English people abused their government rather more than seemed decorous. Sat with Wm. H. Channing. Saw th Bowrings and Mrs. Chase.

July 4th, Thursday. Mr. Armstrong called, excellent indeed. Out early to secure Freemasons' Hall for Sunday evening and Tuesday p.m. Wrote and sent circulars to G.A. War, Jacob Bright, Mrs. Lucas and Duchess of Argyll. Saw a sight of misery, a little ofumb of a boy, tugging after a hand organ man, also very shabby. Gave the little one a hapenny, all the copper I had, but in the heartache he gave me I resolved, God helping me, that my luxury shall henceforth be to relieve human misery and to redeem much time and money spent on my own fancies, as I may. A disagreeable visit from Prof. Leone Levi. Howard Evans from Workmans' Peace Association took out of door advertising from me and will engage hall for second meeting. Went to see Lord Amberley, who promised to take a note to his pa, asking him to preside at Monday evening's meeting. This expedition cost 3/, a messenger with two notes 1/6. To lunch with Mrs. King. Was late, and scarcely saw her. Mrs. Lucas comforted me much today. She feels how cold people have been in my matter.

July 5th, Friday. Passed this day at Prison Congress. Very interesting debates. Cannot now recall anything more of the day. Met Miss Carpenter of Bristol, who seemed cold and could only keep repeating that she could not come to my meeting.

I felt surprised at her want of cordiality. Met Baron MacKaye at the hall after morning session. I caught him and said, "You must help me. At my age time is precious." So he introduced me to a number of the foreign delegates, and was kind and lovely, as is his nature.

July 6th, Saturday. Lovely breakfast at Charles D. Crompton's. Made the acquaintance of Mr. Alfred R----- and saw Sir David Wedderburn. A most pleasant occasion. All these days divided between prison congress and the necessary arrangements for my meeting. Think I spoke this day. The subject of corporal punishment being crudely and cruelly represented by a master of a prison, a believer in its efficacy, opportunity was given me to speak on the other side. I will try elsewhere to record something of what I said. The foreign delegates and some English and Americans gathered around me with thanks and congratulations. Dr. Wines thanked me. Pears (?) afterwards told me that mine was the speech of the morning. I was glad and grateful.

Sent some circulars. Gave up all idea of having a noble lord for chairman to my meeting.

July 7th, Sunday. All day at work upon my sermon, the last in London. There is neither height nor depth nor any other creature. Sermon of high and low, and the great unity beyond all dimensions. A good and to me most happy deliverance of opinions and faith which I deeply held. My blind friends were there, also Miss Howe and Miss Campbell, the latter of whom wrote me a note about my sermon. So ended my happy ministry in London, begun in fear and anxiety, ended in certainty and renewed faith, which God continue to me!

July 8th, Monday. In anxiety about my meeting. Attended prison congress however. In the evening W.H. Channing came to take me to the hall. Lady Bowring presided, very kindly and courteously, but her opening ~~xxxxxx~~ remarks were too brief and brought my address too near the beginning of the meeting. I have made a description of the meeting in my book of general business. Prof. Seeley's address was finished, well weighed and considered, and valuable, though not at my temperature. Mr. G.A. War of Trinity College was too learned for the occasion, but very excellent and valuable. Mrs. More spoke forcibly, but without feminine charm. Mothershead, a working man, made a good address, genuine and characteristic. Aaron Powell spoke quite effectively. Sir John Bowring spoke, leaning on his staff, ~~very~~ chivalrously, and well. Before the meeting went for a little to Mrs. Vaughan's garden party in the Temple.

July 9th, Tuesday. To prison congress early. To peace conference at Freemasons' Tavern, a tolerable audience. Some good brief addresses. Names obtained and the nucleus of an association formed.

July 10th, Wednesday. I think I must have spoken this day on social justice as an important element in seeking the rehabilitation of the criminal. I recalled the story of Brummel's valet, snuffing out a tray of crumpled neckties. What are these? Oh, these are our failures! When I see the dark coach which in our country carries the criminal to his place of detention, I say, "Society, here are your failures." Spoke of justice to women. They had talked of fallen women. I prayed them to leave that helpless phrase. Every fallen woman represents a man as guilty as herself, who escapes human detection, but whose sin lies open before God. Speak of vicious, dissolute women, but don't speak of fallen women, unless you recognize the fall of man, the old doctrine.

July 11th, Thursday. A laborious day. Unitarian breakfast for Dr. Bellows and Baron v. Welzendorff(?). Sat next chief justice ----- of English court at Hong Kong. Made a little speech. The credit of Unitarianism, it had brought to me.

forward the ground of religious agreement, the progress of religion, the feast of love without the traitor. Woman's section of prison congress. Lady Bowring presided. Miss Carpenter, Mrs. Lewis and E. Faithfull spoke. I said that women must work hard to moralize their own sex. While men maintain vice as a commodity they can never moralize female criminals. Spoke of Peace before French section. Took the same ground about the demoralization of the soldier. Was kindly received and heard. Mackay managed it for me. Samuel Gurney's in the evening. Various addresses on temperance. I was called upon, so spoke four times this day (the fête at Botanical gardens.) Went to the fête just mentioned, from Mr. Samuel Gurney's. A great display of garden grounds and ballroom gowns seen by calcium light, in which the moths danced as in the sunlight. Saw the Princess of Wales, in blue satin, corsage à cœur, her diamond cross hung crooked. Princess of Teck and husband. Baroness von Brunow and daughter.

July 12th, Friday. Attended French section. Sparring between M. Stevens of Belgium and M. Beltrami Scaglia of Rome, about solitary confinement, the Crofton system. Both gentlemen spoke ably, the latter, it was thought, in too polemic a spirit, but with great verve, but rather attacking the positions of the advocates of the solitary system. Committee meeting at Robert Mallou's. Prof. Seeley, Mrs. King, Mrs. MacLaren, and others present. A good meeting. Back just in time to change clothes for the dinner at the hall of the Inner Temple. A beautiful and happy occasion. I between Mrs. C. L. Barton and Gov. Hayes of N.J. Dr. Vaughan of the Temple said grace. I returned thanks for the ladies. Begged the gentlemen to carry to their homes a new doctrine of peace and unity among nations. Europe one country in many, America many countries in one. Unity of Italy happy, but unity of Europe far happier, a teleble little argument, which had been better, had I had tea. Last word, say to the different countries, Love one another.

July 13th, Saturday. Last day of prison congress. Stafford House, Lambeth. Lollard's tower. Farewell words from various speakers. Stevens spoke of "ces chères femmes qui ont été avec nous dans les travaux de ce congrès - mon cœur est à elles." Miss Carpenter made a hard little speech, saying that mothers must not neglect their home duties, but that women exempted from ordinary ties of domestic life, might occupy themselves with prison reform. This seemed to shut out mothers, and true motherhood, an unfortunate exclusion. I wished to bring forward this point, but did not manage to do it, and while I was struggling, lo, the congress adjourned. Aaron Powell's attempt to bring in temperance, and abolition of capital punishment seemed to me somewhat out of place. To Stafford House, with the Wineses, saw all the fine things of former days, in the great salon with lily chandelier, a carpet with water lilies, and blue water, very choice and uncommon. Then home, where the Millses came and took me to Lambeth. Saw the Archbishop, who was very polite - the pig lady (?). The Schenks - beautiful grounds - the Millses so very kind and genial.

July 15th, Monday. Did not return from Puttenham till 12 m., then to banker, then to shops. Dress for Maud, 7/ 7/, J's waterproof 45/ Flossy's blue opera shawl 2 L 2/, my mantle 5 L dress for self 5 L 5/, Dolly Varden hat 18/6 headress, self, 10/ bill for lodgings and board 13 L 14/.

In great hurry out to see the blind. Mrs. Campbell in bad, the quarters plain but convenient. F.J.C. a good deal elevated with his success, seems much as heretofore. Smith lovely as ever. Miss Green well. Faulkner looked a little out of sorts, I thought. Miss Howe away.

In the evening Dr. Varentrepp (?) Rev. Maria de Jolleville, Mmes. MacLaren and Lucas, M.E. Beedy and D. Campbell, came for the farewell visit. Had some consultation with the gentlemen about my peace association. One recommended a German, the other a French title for the respective branches. All left at about 11 p.m. From that till 1 a.m. I flew about, packing books, pamphlets, and papers. Mrs.

Lucas collected and gave me 25 £ in reimbursement of my expenses for meetings, etc.

July 16th, Tuesday. Rose at 5 a.m. Packed till my secretary came at 7:30, when wrote farewell letters till 8:15. Breakfast, and one strain of packing until I barely got off by 12 m. train for Manchester. Paid all bills, except Carpenter and Wesley for the excellent glasses. Gave Martha 5/6 and Brown, the Beets, 4/6, I think. Porter 1/ cab I forget how much, extra weight of baggage 15/ and it was an imposition. D. C. (Dudley Campbell) arrived at cars, bringing a camp-stool for me. Mrs. Lucas also with a very nice handbag for me, a parting gift, much needed and appreciated. M.E. Beedy was, I think, at the cars also. Took leave of all with sincere thanks and regrets. Long and lonely journey to Manchester. Joseph Atkinson and sister met me at the cars. Only an hour for tea and dressing. I arrived at 6 p.m. and meeting was appointed for 7, I think. An excellent attendance. Rev. Brooke Herford in the chair. I did better than I often do. Had almost no preparation. Mr. Herford, Mr. Atkinson and others spoke after me. Then to Sale (?) to stay with the Atkinsons.

July 17th, Wednesday. My great fatigue made me late at breakfast where Brooke Herford and wife met me. Talk all the morning. Herford against women's rights, wife on opposite side. She has nine children, of whom six are girls. H. would like to hand some of them to the silk mills, she would prefer professional training. I parted from Mrs. Herford with great regret, and soon after from my kind entertainers, one of whom, or perhaps both, accompanied me to Manchester and put me on board cars for Liverpool, where arrived safely. Met the runner of White Star line. Ship to sail next day at 4 p.m. Got through without trouble. Went to walk. Bought black tulle dress 8 £ 8/ Evening at hotel, where met me some who had been my fellow passengers from America. One had just lost her husband and was to sail in the City of Paris, taking home his remains. Sent a telegram to Mrs. J. E. Butler, but received no answer.

July 18th, Thursday. Out early. Bought myself a black appaon polonaise, and a black satin petticoat, Maud a lilac ditto and ditto. Bought also a white piqué skirt, Laura's baby gown 10/6, a lace and ribbon ornament for Mrs. Porter. Picked up quite a number of trifles. Bought a locket for Harry's intended 8 £ and a cardcase for G.W. Wadd 3 £ (Gertrude Ward) Sent post office order to D.C. to pay Robinson of Social Science for some unpaid advertising, etc, and also Carpenter and Wesley. Got a hasty bite of bread and cheese and with great hurry and worry, got self and luggage on tender and steamer. Did not know a soul on board. Yes, I found two of my fellow passengers in the Adriatic. Very weary, stomach somewhat disarranged. To bed very far from comfortable. Item, the porter at the hotel trifled with my bag and had tried to get something out of it. My berth was in a stateroom containing six beds, only three people at present.

July 19th, Friday. A smooth, dull day along the Irish coast. At Queens-town a number of passengers came on board, two more occupants of my stateroom, one a rather pretentious young lady, Miss Bouvier, from Philadelphia, who has, however, rather amiable about giving up her sofa, already occupied by an English lady. All this day I felt very unwell, not seasick, as it was not rough, but very dyspeptic. Bought some strawberries at Queenstown, the vendor handing them from the tender. In the evening it became rough and I went to bed sick.

July 20th, Saturday. Sick this morning. Not at breakfast. A glass of sherry and ice set all right, with a little toast. Soon recovered myself and felt benefited by the seasickness. Men and women pretty sick.

July 21st, Sunday. Quite well. Rev. Robinson preached in the morning, Church of England, Rev. Talmadge in p.m., Dutch Reformed.

July 24th, Wednesday. A pleasant occasion in the salon. Rev. A.D. Robinson took the chair, and I told about my peace mission in England. People seemed a good deal interested.

July 25th, Thursday. This evening Rev. Mr. Talmadge gave a talk about China, where he has been a missionary for twenty-five years past. I carried through the order as well as I could and recited my Flag.

July 26th, Friday. A concert was proposed for the Liverpool school for the orphans of deceased seamen. Some opposition to this was got up, I think, by Irish Catholics on board. The programme was good. Mr. Stuart, Irish banker of New York, very rich, took the chair, and did very well. We had studied the quartette from Fidelio, "er liebt mich", and gave it in tolerable style, as also the catalogue from Don Giovanni, which I played and Dr. Core (?) sang. Miss Des Maur(?) of Brooklyn New York recited the Flying Machine. We collected only 5 £ 15/. In the smoking room 9 £ were collected for a Foundling Hospital in New York.

July 27th, Saturday. Smooth and prosperous, on deck almost all day. Saw the Montauk Point light about 8 p.m.

July 28th, Sunday. Landed safely and prosperously, thank God. Had luggage transferred to Fall River boat, price \$3, boy to carry bags, .34, he grumbled for more. To Uncle's whom I found much more broken than before. He looked much exhausted, very pale, and his speech was so confused as to be almost unintelligible. No letter from home, not a line, and he could tell me nothing. I kept him company as well as I could, and at 3:30 p.m. took the cars down to the Fall River boat. Young Bunstead, my fellow passenger in Republic was very attentive. Oh! before I started dear Bro' Sam came on board to see me off. Told me that Cousin Henry is very unwell, serious lung trouble. Concert on board very pleasant. Talked late with Mr. B. Then to bed till 1 a.m. when awaked to land at Newport, where arrived at 2 a.m. Got all luggage safely out and on board carriage. Out home. Woke Chav, and all the rest came down in night gowns. Heard with surprise of dear Laura's prosperous confinement, a dear little daughter born Wednesday, 17th. She behaved as well as possible, and had what is called a good time.

Something, my own fault, gave me great pain this day. I am much grieved to think that I should have done, not deliberately, what I should have condemned in another.

July 30th, Tuesday. Up to town to see dear Laura and her baby, whom I found in good condition.

July 31st, Wednesday. Spent the day mostly with dear Laura.

August 1st, Thursday. To town for two committee meetings at 11 a.m., that of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association. Found Lucy Stone in the chair. Made her stay there, although it was my office, because I have been so long away. Abby Foster came from Worcester to vituperate us in regard to the Woman's Journal, for taking up the cause of the Republican party. I took her up, a little warmly perhaps, but she would go on abusing the management of the paper. Mrs. Campbell also defected, saying that she could not work for the paper since it became the organ of a political party. Hi diddle diddle! Editorial council in the p.m. I undertook two pieces of work, which I now regret, but must put forward.

August 2d, Friday. Mailed note to John K. Wildman, acknowledging his gift of 5 £ for my English expedition. (List of expenses.)

August 3d, Saturday. Off for Newport. A pleasant trip down. Maud and Floss met me at dépot and we took up Julia at the Turners'. Home after much shopping.

August 4th, Sunday. Wrote to Rev. E. E. Kell, 5 Portswood Lawn, Southampton, apologizing for my non-appearance at that place. He mistook or forgot my name, and addressed two notes to my lodgings, addressed to Mrs. Lowe. I could not suppose them intended for me, so did not open them. Rev. Charles Lowe, coming to say farewell at the last minute, saw the notes and recognized Mrs. Kell's handwriting. He advised me to open them, which I did, and found to my sorrow, that he had made great efforts to secure a good meeting for me. My letter explained this fully.

I feel utterly powerless in my arms today, a great lassitude. To church this morning. A good practical sermon from Mr. Mumford.

August 5th, Monday. I am here at my table with books and papers, but feel very languid. My arms feel as if there were no marrow in their bones. I suppose this is reaction, after so much work, but unless I can get up some strength, somehow, I shall not accomplish anything. Weakness in all my limbs. Have had my Greek Testament today, and began to read the Maccabees and the Apocrypha. I shall probably come up after a few days, but at present feel utterly incapable of exertion. Must help Maud. Have helped her today with her music. Wrote to Mrs. Bigelow of New York, proposing to start the Town and Country Club again.

Visit from dear Mrs. Bacon and Bessie in the p.m., also dear M. Washburn and her hostess, Mrs. Stevens, with three other ladies. Tea and whist, very pleasant. A reading of Daily Advertiser and book on chivalry in the p.m. Began "London without the Court Cards".

August 6th, Tuesday. Walked about with dear Chev, whose talk is always instructive. Feel a little less lassitude. Every break in our long-continued habits shows us something to amend in ~~from~~ our past lives. What do I see in mine after this long break? That I must endeavor to have more real life and more religion. The passive and contemplative following of thought, my own or other people's, must not de-energize my sympathies and my will. I must daily consult the Divine will and standard which can help us to mould our lives aright, without running from one extreme to another. My heart's wish would now be to devote myself to some sort of religious ministry. God can open a way for this, in which the spirit of my desire can receive the form of His will. I must lecture this winter, to earn some money, and spread, I hope, some good doctrine.

To tea with Mrs. Botta at 7 Mary Street. Met Count von Arnim and a number of friends. Invited them for Saturday, saw Mrs. Bigelow, and decided to continue the Town and Country Club. Read from my French Romance book.

August 7th, Wednesday. Feel very limp and nerveless. Have begun this tea party for Saturday but feel that it will be hard for me to make much effort in this direction. I have taken up my Greek Testament again and today finished Mark. Wrote some notes and a little on my London without the Court Cards. Began also a letter about the prison congress for the Independent. In the p.m. Flossy read the newspaper aloud. Mrs. Bigelow came late, offering to help me about the club, but a little backing out from its continuance. I went to bed utterly exhausted. Paddeek paid me six dollars advanced to Maud. Gave Maud five dollars again for house.

August 8th, Thursday. Not well, but perhaps a little less languid. Will write soon to Hopgood, Campbell, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. MacLaren and A. Mills, also to Winkworths.

Worked on letter for Independent. Sat out a good while in afternoon, reading North American Review. Maud one dollar for house.

August 9th, Friday. Finished letter for Independent. Not well today. Greek Testament and Apocrypha as usual. To sail with dear Maud in p.m., getting home late and very unwell. Went to bed quite ill.

August 10th, Saturday. My afternoon tea. Some forty people present, I judge. It was a pleasant occasion, rather fatiguing. Some work in the morning, but rather miserably.

August 11th, Sunday. Not well. I stayed at home. Wrote something. Not much interested in anything. No mental appetite. Reading article on Herder in North American Review. At night had ague in face, severe pain for the first time in many years.

August 12th, Monday. Worked in morning. Began to ~~xxx~~ write about Peace Congress, but did not hit the right point for beginning. In the evening went to Mrs. Moore's reception. We were early and simple. She magnificently attired, her rooms very splendid with flowers. The company not numerous, but in grand toilette. We left early, I pitying Maud, whose dress was not suitable for the occasion. I had a good time, not caring for my dress, which was decent, and talked with many people. The evening did me good.

August 13th, Tuesday. To the Fort early in Mrs. Sanford's boat, with Maud and her friend, first preparing a quantity of sandwiches, and saw the artillery drill. Quite well entertained. Visited some of the mines in the forts. Lieut. Zylinsky was our entertainer and gave us a most abundant luncheon and a most hospitable caring for. He had the band to play for us and we elders danced with the young people. Did not get home until nearly seven o'clock. Took Newman's Grammar of Assent, but had no occasion to open it.

August 14th, Wednesday. Began again today a brief account of my peace commission for the Independent. Succeeded better than before. Wrote all the morning. In afternoon took up my long neglected Baur at the point in which he treats of Arius. Took also my Greek grammar and looked into the verbs, but if I had begun today with reading I should have written nothing. "More than a prophet". What is more than a prophet? An idea is more. The new morality was what the people had come out to see. No greater prophet than John Baptist, yet the least in the new administration was to be greater than he.

Saw a large and a small cloud, which suggested a superstitious apprehension about dear Flossy, which I will record later, when, as I hope, she will have passed her ordeal safely.

August 15th, Thursday. Committee meeting of the Town and Country Club. Decided to go to Conanicut on Thursday August 22d, also to hold a comic convention of woman's work. This to amuse our young people. O.B. Frothingham came, and I told him something of my peace mission in England, which seemed to interest him and his wife, who also came. Wanted to go to Mystic to peace meeting. Somehow felt I ought not to leave the family just now. Thought that I must do my duty at home as well as abroad. Wished very much to go notwithstanding. Hope I decided rightly in staying at home. Finished my letter on Peace Congress for Independent.

August 16th, Friday. Intense heat all these days. Sorted and arranged papers, a work of no small importance, when one has such an accumulation.

August 22d, Thursday. Very languid and confused.

August 25th, Sunday. Luke 6:19, "And the whole multitude sought to touch him, for there went virtue out of him and healed them all."

The superstition of the miraculous act instead of the miraculous influence. Something true in this impulse nevertheless. Mere hearing of the word is not enough. We desire personal (not physical) contact, with those who possess it. Doubtless, this high healing influence did go out from Jesus, but no more, I believe, ~~xxxx~~ on those who touched him than on those who did not. His touching them was the true point. Those whom his word and present influence touched, they no doubt were healed. How to seek and find today this personal contact with Jesus. To meet the multitude of men as he did, not for our own glory, but for their good. This would put us in his position. We might then find in ourselves a little of that divining power by which his help went straight to those who needed it most. We could touch Jesus at this point of faith and endeavor. Healing would then follow, in the measure of our capacity for it.

Will try to write a sermon on this ..

Showing my jewels, the diamonds and pearls in my New Testament. Luke 6-24 and 25. "Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep. Woe unto you that are full for ye shall hunger."

What are these woes? The rich are delighted with external riches. The full are filled with thoughts and things which have no satisfaction in them. Those who deride the truth will weep and mourn its power later.

Wrote good part of a sermon on this last text.

August 26th, Monday. To town to leave W. Parks and to bring Mrs. Smith. (List of purchases) Wrote letter for Woman's Journal. "What to reprove and what to improve." Copied a little Baur, dressed and went to a little party in town, Mrs. Moore's last reception, to take Maud and L. Derby, who enjoyed it greatly. Made acquaintance with Mr. Schleiden, former minister of Hanseatic town, also with the present Spanish minister, formerly an admiral. He said that Don Quixote is the Spanish nation of today, always running headlong into adventures, which have no justification in common sense, and cannot succeed. Santo Domingo and the affair in Peru were instances. But the chivalry of the Don does not appear in these things, only his irrationality.

August 27th, Tuesday. In Esdras, chapter 3d, verse tenth and onward, the sentences of the three young men. Have they not a deep spiritual significance? They indicate three steps in human development, which are perhaps all. Wine is the strongest. The animal nature, with its power and passion. "The King is the strongest" Organized power, the military and diplomatic rule whose centre must be in an autocrat of some sort. Lastly, women are stronger than animal excitement or organized force. They can do what these cannot. And truth is strongest of all. Now, in this story, women come next to truth, and are named with it. So, the womanly power is that which links the Divine to the human soul. God is borne of a woman. Oh! let not this juxtaposition prove an illusory one! Let women be powerful in the power of truth. I look for this and begin to see some signs of it.

August 28th, ^{Wednesday} ~~Friday~~ Luke 6:42. "How canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is thine eye, when thou seest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

This oft-quoted passage seems to me to have a deeper meaning than its trite usage suggests. Try the methods of ethical criticism on thyself, before thou tryest them on another. He is aware of thy darkened vision, as thou of his. Clear therefore, thine own sight, then thy brother will suffer thee to clear his. The

church should take heed of this, and cleanse within its borders instead of cursing without. The Athanasian creed, with its horrible denunciations of those without the church - let those whom it concerns take charge of those within. Then they may have some power to help those without.

Heard this afternoon of the death of my cousin, Henry Hall Ward; the playmate and most genial companion of my girlhood, the basso in our family musical trics, after dear Henry's death.

August 29th, ~~Saturday~~^{Thursday}. Visited Mrs. Col. Waring in her Hypotenuse, her most charming nest for so winning a bird.

Sat! Late last night, thinking over Henry's death, so near my own age, and so near a relative, but death can scarcely remove him further than he has been from me for many years past. Not the less do I recall our early pleasant relations. ~~My~~ My sister L. was his favorite cousin, but love of music was a bond between him and myself. He had excellent abilities, spirit, talent for music and drawing, and was very amiable, though indolent and self-indulgent. I think he ought to have come to a loftier personal result than he did, but he had many friends and dies deeply mourned by those who have lived long in intimate relations with him. If Chev is willing, I shall go to the funeral.

August 30th, Friday. I did not go to the funeral and have suffered mentally in consequence. I ought to have been there. Henry had no sister, no relative nearer than myself, unless an aunt be nearer. I got the word about the funeral on Thursday afternoon and kept stupidly imagining that it was Wednesday and that I should go to New York the next evening. Going home, I told this to Maud, who saw my mistake. It was then nearly 6 p.m. or quite, Maud and her friend depending on me to take them out, no other escort possible, and the night very unpromising, so I did not go, but grieved very much about it. Sent Maud and L. Derby to the theatre party with Padcock, staying at home thankfully. Does it not show the power of spirit that this dead relative, with whom I had scarcely exchanged ten phrases in ten years, is in these days so dearly present to the thoughts? ~~Like~~ ^{Like} sleeping capital, I rarely thought about him. Now death compells me to realize my relation to him and what has long since ceased to be felt as a joy is now remembered as a sorrow.

September 1st, Sunday. Went to church, the first time since August 4th. Heard William R. Alger, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him" Sermon a comparison of traditional with rational religion, very disparaging to the former, but the antithesis is not a true one. Traditional religion may be ~~the rational~~ rational. True and false, sincere and simulated, ethical and hierarchical, these pairs may stand against each other, but not Alger's. Some of his wonderful phrases, "Oh, the who didst in the eyes of Jesus weep over humanity, but at the same time didst exercise a redemptive activity." I got no shade of the comfort I wanted. I recognized a decided disease of "big-mouth", which literary people are in danger of developing. I have had it very badly, and have endeavored to recover. Alger's sentences are not the expression, but the paraphrase of thought. Something in the man is very serene and attractive. He ~~rates~~ rates himself too highly, taking his word power for thought power. His prayers were better than his sermon. His mistake is a very common one. He is a man who loves thought and study and a pure good life, but he is not a religious teacher, and never can ~~xxxx~~ be, unless he changes very greatly.

September 3d, Tuesday. Luke 8:5. Parable of the Sower. After the parable Christ says, "He that has ears to hear, etc." thereby pointing to a meaning underlying the narration. The saying that "seeing they might not see" etc, seems hard at first. Today I understood it as characterizing the enemies of spiritual light and truth, who would have denounced the spiritual sense of the parable, had they understood it. V. 16. "no man when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a

vessel." I suppose this refers to those who, agreeing with Christ's views, did not dare to express this agreement.

September 5th, Thursday. Up to Boston to Woman Suffrage Committee meeting, over which I presided. The meeting was held in the back office of the Woman's Journal, where, after sitting an hour and a half, I took cold. Flossy still at large and well.

(No entry until --)

September 12th, Thursday. (Back from day after) Poor Cousin Henry! You might have been an angel of benefaction, showering a little of your wealth on the Halls, your near relations. I do not mourn that you did not. God knows best, who gives different gifts to different people. But if to have money, one must love it, rather let me and mine love and have the better things, so that, as a family, we pay our debts, educate our children, and hand down unimpaired and a little augmented our moral and spiritual inheritance.

Flossy had the first symptoms of her approaching confinement this morning, but passed the day and evening bravely, only giving up at the last moment. Dr. William Wesselhoeft arrived soon after eleven p.m. anxiously waited for, as the pains had increased more rapidly than we had expected.

September 13th, Friday. Before I open even my New Testament today, I must make record of the joyful birth of Flossy's little son, which took place soon after one a.m., Floss having been ill all night and unwell all the day before. Her labor was painful, but strong and healthy. The boy, a handsome infant, but with a very old face, cried as soon as his head reached the outer air. I quieted him until 5 p.m., when I slept two hours. God bless this dear little child. May he bring new peace and love to the house where he comes a little too soon for convenience, I mean for his uncle and aunt's Hall. His father and mother ~~will~~ will bless God for him, as I do. During the confinement I could think of nothing divine or spiritual. It was Nature's grim, mechanical traditional task. But now that it is over, my heart remembers that life is not precious without God, and the living soul just given stands related to the quickening spirit.

Bishop Eastburn's death, my father's pastor and the theological guide of my early youth. More of him tomorrow.

September 14th, Saturday. Bishop Eastburn's funeral. I ordered a handsome cross of flowers, and sent it with my card on which I wrote, "In remembrance of old Ascension Church, New York." The cross was placed on the coffin with one other ornament, a large crown, very elegant. I was very glad to send it, recalling the old times, the family funerals at which he officiated when rector of Ascension. Poor man! His funeral was crowded and stately, but cold. No relative present, that I know of. The music was very operatic, and the service poorly read, especially the chapter from Corinthians, which was dry as dust. I regret his death, as sundering a link with the past. But these are rapidly wearing away. The Bishops and clergy in white gowns made quite a show. I wish I had been more attentive to him, not to his preaching, of late. Vale! Wrote Sister Louisa.

September 15th, Sunday. To church today. Heard dear James Freeman. Subject, What is an evangel? I have been thinking of this subject. Must preach twice in Newport next Sunday. Will perhaps preach first from "I will arise and go to my Father", and second, "Ye cannot have fruit except ye abide in me." The church is the representative of Christ. We must abide in her to bear fruit.

The dear minister seemed to me oppressed with some trouble or difficulty.

September 16th, Monday. Received a letter from some Russian ladies, who express sympathy with my endeavors in behalf of peace culture. (Several names follow).

September 17th, Tuesday. Letter from Mrs. Atkinson of Sale, near Manchester, England, containing pleasant tidings of work and interest, although the association hoped for has not yet been formed.

I can get little time for study, as I must help nurse dear Flossy. My mind is strangely divided between my dear work and me dear child and grandchild. I must try to keep along with both, but on no account to neglect the precious grandchild. I don't feel quite well or strong.

September 20th, Saturday. To Newport in afternoon, leaving the dear daughter and grandchild with reluctance.

September 21st, Saturday. Did some work in the morning. In the afternoon drove into town to bring out dear Laura and her baby. Left Connor in town. Gave him fifty cents for his supper. He drove Maud and her cousin Mark (Parks) out from the Fort pretty late. I was cross with the girls for coming home so late and with a noisy escort. A carriage full came with them, Mrs. Du Barry and her daughter, young Parigi and others.

September 22d, Sunday. Preached in the afternoon at South Portsmouth meeting house. Text, "I will arise and go unto my father". Subject, the Fatherhood of God. I did as well as usual. Mentioned the tryptich of the prodigal son which I saw at the Paris Exposition. In the evening my text was, "Abide in me and I in you". But I was at one moment so overcome with fatigue that the whole thread of my discourse escaped me. I paused for a moment, aroused myself briefly to the congregation and was fortunate enough to seize my thread again and get through quite well. I felt this very much, the fear of failure, I mean. The fatigue was great and my brain felt it much. My daemon told me beforehand that I could not repeat this sermon and had better read it. I shall believe him next time. This is a difficult point, to know how far to trust the daemon. He is not to be implicitly trusted, nor is he to be neglected.

In these days I am forced to review the follies and shortcomings of my life. My ripper reason shows me a sad record of follies and of faults. I seem to sit by and listen sadly. No chastening for the present seems joyous, but grievous.

September 23d, Monday. Wrote for Woman's Journal. Expected Chev and Bro' Sam, neither of whom came. Studied a little Baur. Visit from Mr. and Mrs. Gray of Fifth Avenue, with their son, a clergy.

September 24th, Tuesday. Maud's omnibus party.

September 25th, Wednesday. Up to town by 10:30 train. Met Mr. F. Grey of New York, with whom had pleasant chat. The women's Republican (?) ratification meeting at Tremont Temple. It was very full and altogether harmonious, except that James F. Clarke, who presided, praised Greeley and Sumner, which was no necessary nor in the line of what he was called upon to do. I wrote my little speech, then abstracted it under heads and had it tolerably in my mind. It was a prelude and I was glad to deliver it before the other speeches. Miss Eastman was excellent, Mrs. Livermore not quite up to her usual mark, but very effective. Mrs. Harper, colored, was good, but a good deal of her speech, I thought, was written for her.

September 27th, Friday. A rainy day. Went to town. Bought Maud a black brilliantine, fifteen dollars. Early to Mrs. D.'s to try to get another woman for Flossy. Succeeded. In the evening Herman Warmen came and talked long. I had to find a taper for him to carry to light him out of the place. He is quite Schopenhaurish. Thinks Christianity has been on the whole a great injury to the world. It is always painful to hear such things said.

September 28th, Saturday. A busy day, between Flossy and her baby and Chev and one thing and another. Left at 4:30 for Newport. Got home in good time. Found the Francis cousins and high jinks generally.

September 29th, Sunday. Rev. Mrs. Gustine to dine. I afterwards to church to hear her. A sweet woman, called of God, with a real power. Her voice, manner and countenance most sweet and impressive. Intellection not remarkable. The feeling and effect very remarkable. No one, I think, would doubt the reality of spiritual things, after hearing her. I ask myself why I am not jealous of her, as she preaches far more effectively than I do. Well, partly, because I believe in my own gift, such as it is, partly because what she does is without pretence or pretension. Her present society was much disturbed by strife when she was called to its care. No man, she told me, could have united the opposing parties. A true woman could. This shows me a great work which women have to do in the church. Where men cannot make peace, they can. Mrs. Gustine says that I, by my writings and example, have helped her. I am glad to have done this, and pray to do far better than I have yet done.

To the Hazards to tea with dear Laura and Harry. I had a pleasant time there, but thought much of Mrs. Gustine, who, without any of my training or culture can do what I cannot. I can also do what she cannot, think a subject out. She can only shadow and suggest. But how powerful is the entreat of her soul, and what a good power! It seems she did not do quite so well in the evening. The girls and Paddock heard her.

September 30th, Monday. Dear Bro' Sam stayed from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. As pleasant as possible. Gave a sad account of M. F. Conway. Laura left us by 3:45 train. I got an hour and a half of my books, but am too languid to profit much by it. Read up in Baur. Read Huxley a little, but I can't retain what I read of his.

October 1st, Tuesday. Oh, year, thou art running low. The last trimester begins today. Luke 10:20 "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." The love of divine things rather than the love of power and supremacy. Good for a text. My head confused today. I fear I may not do a great deal more brain work in this world, but shall be thankful for every thoughtful day.

October 2d, Wednesday. This day thirty-two years ago, my dearest brother Henry died in my arms, a most agonizing experience. Never again did death so enter into my heart, until my lovely son of three years departed many years later, leaving a blank as sad and bitter. Henry was a rare and delicate person, chilled by the want of intimate tenderness in those about him. He had not altogether escaped the dissipations of his age, but he had already shown a mind and character far beyond them. His life was a most valuable one to us for help and counsel as well as for affection. Perhaps no one today thinks about his death, except me, his junior by two years, wearing now into the decline of life. Dear Brother, I look forward to a reunion with you, but wish my record were whiter and brighter.

October 3d, Thursday. A good quiet day, some study and writing. Visits from Maddy Chandler and the Marquands. Went to see Parker Lawton.

October 5th, Saturday. Came up for directors' meeting of N.E. W. Club. Went afterwards to Mrs. Cheney's lecture on English Literature, which, ~~was~~ not strictly a lecture on English literature, was yet a suggestive and interesting essay, which I was glad to hear and to have other hear. It gave me a little pain that, though she pleasantly alluded to me as one who had laid aside the laurel for the olive branch, she said nothing whatever about my writings, which deserve to be spoken of in characterizing the ~~current~~ literature of the day. But she perhaps does not read or like my works, and beside people think of me more nowadays as an active Woman's woman, than as a literary character, as the saying is. All life is full of trial, and when I hear literary performances praised, and remembered my own love for it and for praise, I think a little how much of all this I have sacrificed in these later years for a service which has made me enemies as well as friends. I felt called upon to do this, and still think that if I made a mistake, it was one of those honest mistakes which it is best to make.

October 6th, Sunday. It tried, but did not pain me to hear Mrs. Cheney praised yesterday. She deserved it. I might have been glad to speak of literature under the same circumstances, but I have learned that God gives each of us his own work to do. He has given me blessed work, this year. The faces that thronged the Institute of Technology yesterday could not have inspired Mrs. Cheney more fully than the dear black faces at Santo Domingo inspired me at the little church last winter. My work in England too, was out of my whole heart. Let me be very thankful for these good things. And yet, let us women learn to rejoice in each other's deserts. Our narrow and personal training hitherto has not led us to do this. How did Christ feel at John's success? He came to be baptized of him and bore witness afterwards to his many merits. But if John had had any humbug in him, Christ would not have felt so. I hope, in remembering my past life, that what has been genuine in the work of other women has not been disparaged by me. I have loved E.B.B., though I have written one crooked word about her, which, among many loving ones, seems to be the only one remembered. Poor Mrs. Fields's poem was not, or did not seem to me genuine, but if it had simply been put forward as her own, I should not have lifted a finger against it. The sort of manoeuvring by which it was put forward as mine was extremely painful to me, and the things itself seemed to me empty of any true significance. When I wrote my critique, I did not know that Mrs. Fields was the author of the poem. The ill will existed before the public rupture which the critique occasioned. Fields began to turn against me when Gilmore asked me to write for the Continental, although I refused to do so. But the ill will will end only with their lives, not with mine.

(The ill will, which J.W.H. probably exaggerated in her thought, came entirely to an end after the death of S.G.H., when Mr. and Mrs. Fields came out to South Boston to see her and re-established friendly relations, which remained thereafter unbroken. When Mr. Fields died, a few years later, M. W. H. went at once to see Mrs. Fields. From that time they were very affectionate friends, throughout her life. The matter alluded to concerns a poem written by Mrs. Fields for the dedication of the great organ in Music Hall some years before this time. J.W.H. had wished and expected to write it. A poem by Mrs. Fields was recited instead. It was, I think, produced anonymously, but people may naturally have supposed that J.W.H. would have written it. The matter was entirely forgotten by both during the latter part of their lives. L. E. R.)

October 8th, Tuesday. Started with dear Julia to attend Channing Conference at Brooklyn, Conn. Hard rain all morning. Mary Graves got in at Mansfield. She is to preach the opening sermon. Several friends with her. Straw sewers of Mansfield. Weather cleared. I forgot to recheck my luggage and J's at Providence. Telegraphed back from Plainfield. The ticket seller assured me I should receive the

things in the morning. Rev. Oalia Burlaigh called to see us. We to Mrs. Whitcomb's, where pleasantly received and welcomed. We to sleep at Mrs. Mayne's next door. Mary's sermon very good, forcible and earnest, a little digressive and unsympathetic. I was asked to make a few remarks after the sermon and did so. A happy evening, only that I was ill dressed, ~~for~~ which I only cared as it might ~~annoy~~ annoy others.

October 9th, Wednesday. Our bags did not come. In the morning to cemetery to visit the tomb of Gen. Putnam, then to church, a long but delightful meeting. Rev. I. Young of Fall River read an essay on the reforming duties of the church. Rev. Mr. Stevens of Vineyard Haven made an interesting report of his mission.

I was asked to speak after the morning session, once on Mr. Clarke's Sunday School, once in following up Mr. Young's article. In the evening Mr. Shippen asked me to make the prayer, which I did but indifferently.

October 10th, Thursday. Rose at 4:45 a.m. to take stage at 6, At Danielsonville, no baggage. On to Plainfield, where we find that they have been sent on. Tom Thumb, wife, sister-in-law and coachman in the cars, the latter a vulgar English dwarf, who sold photographs of the party. At Plainfield, waited till 5 p.m. on account of the trouble with the luggage. George Burlaigh (Qu: General or Governor?) came at 12 with the party from Brooklyn and joined us, leaving them. He took us to his brother's house, where the ladies gave us a country dinner, which was very acceptable. He and I went out to gather nuts and peaches. Tom Thumb's carriage and ponies were at the depot with the coachman, waiting to go on with us. At Providence, Burlaigh's son met us at the cars and said that Mrs. Wilkinson, whom we met at the Conference, invited us to pass the night at her house. We went and were most hospitably received.

October 11th, Friday. Home by boat, arriving in good time for dinner. Met on board a lady who was once a parishioner of Rev. John Bristed. We had quite a talk about the old Rhode Island church matters.

Went over in the evening to lecture at the Union Meeting House, by appointment. Subject, Christian neighborhood. Spoke of the Channing Conference, of kindergarten schools in Rome, of the Prison Congress, and of Santo Domingo, all in this connection.

October 13th, Sunday. Woke with a confused and aching head. Went to Valley (Lawton's) with P(Paddock), to get ferns etc, for fernery and found many. At noon, or soon after, severe rain. Gave Maud music lesson. Heard her chapter of Plutarch, copied Baur. Have been reading F.P. Cobbe's "Broken Lights" in these days, a book showing much thought, piety and study. But at times she falls from her high and just argument to a lame and false conclusion. I note this at the end of Chapter VII, where she says ~~that~~ Christianity, "Let it pass away, that grand and wonderful faith." As well might she say, "Let arithmetic and mathematics pass away. She joins the ranks of those who would impose upon us the old false and insufficient interpretations of Christianity and say, "These cannot endure, and these must stand for the thing, and so it cannot endure." She rebels at the theory of the hitherto false interpretation of Christianity. "Has Plato been misunderstood?" she asks, and I reply, "Yes, he has." Kant takes up Plato's work where he left it and adds to it. The true instruction to be derived from Plato's writings was never known as it is today. Theism, she says, shall replace Christianity. What is theism? It is ~~xxx~~ an intellectual postulate, an element of all religions. Theism is the recognition of a god, no more. Christianity is a grand theory of right, hope and duty. Theism is the abstract affirmation of a deity. I see not whence its code of morals will be derived. To revert to the interpretation Miss Cobbe contradicts for, after asking whether we can affirm the hitherto insufficient interpretation of the Scripture, she gives new interpretations of her own.

The latter half of this day was rainy and stormy. We passed the dark hours with music and conversation.

October 14th, Monday. A day of some study, interrupted by visits from Maud's friends. In the evening took dear Julia in town and placed her on board the New York boat in charge of Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Hoppin and others.

October 15th, Tuesday. Rheumatism in my right arm, very painful. Study all the morning. To town in the afternoon to accompany Maud, despite my lame arm. The exposure seemed to cure the trouble strangely enough. Wrote a little on Court Cards, to wit, a sketch of Stafford House. Received a most charming letter from Mrs. Winkworth, Belton Lane.

October 16th, Wednesday. Dreamed last night that my cousin, H. H. Ward, was entertaining the whole family, Gertrude included, (Gertrude Ward, afterwards Mrs. Dodd, was daughter of Uncle Richard Ward, brother of Grandpa and Uncle John L. E. R. at his house. I thought that a new hospitable spirit had developed in him and that he did the honors very cousinly. What a strange dream! It could only come true in the kingdom of heaven, where Henry and the rest of us may hope to throw off our present "lets and hindrances".

October 17th, Thursday. Chev had us up at five o'clock this morning, having felt unwell in the night. He was full of apprehension about heart disease, and decided to go to town by 7:20 a.m. train. He feared to go alone, so I went with him, returning the same evening. His ailment turned out to be nothing serious. He soon forgot it in the cars, where people congratulated him on his good looks.

I saw dear L. and F. and their babies. Came home, impatient to get there and help Maud with her tea party. Got out by mistake at Smith's Crossing, to my despair, as the carriage was waiting for me at Portsmouth Grove. Ran up to Mrs. Hodge's, where Mrs. Fiske received me kindly. I was soon sent home in the Hedges' carriage. Coachman one dollar. Arriving, found Maud's guests in full possession. Played for them to dance. Played also stage coach with them. To bed at one a.m., having been on foot nineteen and a half hours, almost as bad as my English day.

October 18th, Friday. To town in victoria with Maud to call on Mrs. Hunter and the John Fields's, of whom we encountered the male, who entertained us most hospitably with good talk and showed us his pretty house, interesting with good pictures and tasteful ornamentation.

October 19th, Saturday. Busy at home all day, with study and a little packing. Maud with face-ache, but she went on horseback with Lt. Lolic(?). Wrote a good deal on Court Cards, better than usual, pen sketches of F. P. Cobbe, J. R. Seely, and Lyulph Stanley.

October 20th, Sunday. Rheumatism in right arm. Packed all the morning, and am now writing at one p.m. my last entry in my Newport chronicle of this year. Dear peaceful refuge, how sorry I am to leave you, and how I hope to return, without let or hindrance, next year!

October 21st, Monday. Up to Boston alone to attend the Club reception given in honor of my return. The rooms beautifully adorned with autumn leaves, berries, etc. Miss May read a brief address of welcome, to which I responded, intending to touch upon the matters most interesting to the Club. Miss E. P. Peabody followed me. Mrs. Burleigh read a graceful poem. Mr. A. H. Lewis of England made some remarks. The occasion was very pleasant, and not stilted or formal.

October 22d, Tuesday. In the evening went to hear the opening sermon of the Unitarian Conference by C. C. Everett, a fine performance indeed. Met Sterry Hunt and Mrs. S.T. Hooper.

October 23d, Wednesday. Attended Unitarian Convention, principally

reading of reports. In the evening heard Tyndall lecture on polarized light, with beautiful experiments.

October 24th, Convention.

October 25th, Friday. Convention. Bellows, Mrs. Burleigh's fine paper, etc. Nothing was given me to do in this convention. This pained me a little, but other work will be found for me. I could have wished to link my Santo Domingo Church and my London society with the sympathy of the Association, but I found no opening to do so, not even a chink in the wall. God knows best.

October 26th, Saturday. To Vineyard Haven to help Missionary Stevens with tomorrow's services. A rainy day. Part of the sail from New Bedford pleasant arrival rainy and dismal, the mission house lonely in a storm. Mr. S's young niece very capable and pleasant, did the honors. Had supper, having ~~not~~ had nothing since breakfast but a few chestnuts and a biscuit. Wondered a little why I had come.

October 27th, Sunday. A serene, though clouded morning. A little walk before breakfast. Exhilarated by the sky and sea and air. Found out why I had come. Preached, morning, from the text, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works, etc." Considered these wonderful works, the world we live in, the human body and brain, the human soul. Evening, the ministry of reconciliation. How Christianity reconciles man to God, nature to spirit, men to each other. I went through the two services entirely alone. I felt supported and held up. I had hoped ~~xxxxxxx~~ and prayed that this journey might bring special good to some one. It brought great comfort to me. Mr. Stevens was pleased also.

(No entry till --)

November 7th, Froede's first lecture, interesting.

November 10th. A dreadful fire broke out in Summer Street last night.

(This was the great Boston fire, which destroyed old Trinity Church and which of the business portion of the city. We saw it from the cupola of the Perkins Institution, a grand and terrible sight. L. E. R.)

(No entry till --)

November 13th, Wednesday. Went down to deliver opening lecture in the course at Fall River, got up by Woman Suffrage Association. Subject, "England as seen by a modern Crusader", of course my own late experience, but presented in an objective, not a subjective point of view. Dr. Aldrich received me and took me to his pleasant house, where his wife made me welcome. I had a good evening, a large and attentive audience, and earned fifty dollars, which I much needed.

November 14th, Thursday. Home this morning. Mrs. Col. Hodge in the cars. The committee meeting, but no quorum, so no business. Froede's lecture in the evening, very interesting.

November 15th, Friday. Had to speak at hospital dedication today, with a frightful cold, settled in my throat. Had very little time for preparation, but did as well as I could. The new hospital very fine. Dr. Dimock, a pretty young lady, has performed four grand operations there since her return from study abroad. A pleasant ride home with Martha T.B. Goddard.

(Dr. Susan Dimock, a young woman of very great power and ability and rare personal qualities, who was drowned in the loss of the steamer. With her was Bessie Green, only daughter of dear Mrs. Green, J.W.H.'s early friend, formerly the beautiful Anna Shaw.)

November 16th, Saturday. Had to give the opening lecture before the Saturday Club, Subject: Object. I smile at this antithesis. The club looked and behaved charmingly. I had no preparation but my fifty-three years of life and experience. Here is my abstract, made while President Loring (Catherine) was calling to order.

What is worth doing? How to do it. Build up life. Spiritual architecture. Or let its materials lie loose. Object of life. Westminster Catechism. Chief end of man, of woman. Longfellow's "Not enjoyment and not sorrow". Progress is sometimes conceived in a dry and barren manner, perpetual moving on as if this thing today were so poor that we must forsake it for one equally poor tomorrow, and another the next. This, change not progress. People who live in this way think they have exhausted everything. Letter, divine post office. They have only looked at the envelope. They have never broken the seal.

November 17th, Sunday. (The following seems to be a continuation of her talk to the club) Men prescribing for woman. Physician, heal thyself. Four heads of object, health, society, literature, religion. Health, sorrow of older women over the imprudence and suffering of young women. Dr. Dimock, a good deal under this head. Society; to young people this means company. Go into society? We are born in it. God has made the diversity of human character and intellect in the idea and interest of a great harmony. Some souls have a sense of this and promote this harmony, making music wherever they go. Others have no sense of it, as some have no ear for music, but we can study and feel after this same harmony. Even in the ballroom, we can remember the unseen divine Master and the divine harmony to which he is leading us. Literature, a means to an end, which mirrors life. Think I shall treat of this better another time. Religion. Here also a great harmony growing out of the diversity of human character. In America the denominations unite as they do not in England. When everyone shall have leave to praise God in his own manner, then will arise a song of praise such as the heavens did not hear when the stars sang together for joy at the creation of the world.

Between these lines is all I can write down of what I told the girls. Thank God, if there was any good in it.

November 18th, Monday. Started with Lucy Stone and H.B. Blackwell for St. Louis, Woman Suffrage Convention.

November 19th, Tuesday. A tedious day and much delay. Reached Chicago too late to make connections for St. Louis. Stayed all night in the sleeping cars with my party. Very unwell in the night, from lime water.

November 20th, Wednesday. Reached St. Louis too late for the opening meeting of Convention, which took place this evening. Dear Harry met me at the door of Mrs. Hall's house, where I was to stay. He has lost his place, not, as I gather, from his fault.

November 21st, Thursday. Convention all day. Read reports in the morning session. Made a little spurt in p.m. Spoke at length in the evening.

November 22d, Friday. Wandered about and rested. A reception at Mrs. Beverley Allan's. Talked of Peace, etc, about an hour. Was badly chilled, driving home.

November 23d, Saturday. To Chicago with Miss Eastman, Harry going as far as Springfield, Ill. The stones of Kalamazoo.

November 24th, Sunday. A walk with dear Harry, who came on in the night. A good talk with Mrs. Deggett. Hon. Mr. Carson (or Cassan?) of Iowa, former spouse of Mrs. Lackland of St. Louis. I am much predisposed against him, but he is very agreeable, certainly. At the same time he inspires no confidence, except in his good taste. Left Chicago at 5 p.m. to travel all night.

November 25th, Monday. A somewhat weary day, but joyous because going towards home. Got out of money and could not cash the check of twenty dollars which Chev gave me. A gentleman recognized me and insisted on paying for my berth, giving me an address to which to refund the money.

November 26th, Tuesday. Home with chills and fever. To bed.

November 27th, Wednesday. Better, but not well.

November 28th, Thursday. Thanksgiving Day and dinner. The three Francis cousins, J. and T.B. Wales and Lucy Derby, and all our children except dear Harry.

December 2nd, Monday. Start for Buffalo at 3:30, via Albany. A day of solitary travel, only in the evening I made acquaintance with a young girl, Joanna Green, going from Little Falls to Michigan, in the first stages of dropsy. I had quite a pleasant time with her. No meals. Had some luncheon with me. Stopped at Rochester, finding I should arrive in Buffalo at one a.m., a bad hour. A good house.

December 3rd, Tuesday. Got to Buffalo in good time. My committee-man, J. N. Larned, called upon me and was very polite. To my consternation, found I had left the lecture on Paris at home. Got to work at once, making abstracts from memory. Mr. Larned introduced me to Mr. Leekworth, an excellent person, staying at the hotel, who took me in to tea. Larned took me in a carriage to see the city. At tea met Judge Clinton and wife, the son of DeWitt, a devoted botanist. Tea at hotel very bad, coffee ditto. In consequence, I think, of this, my lecture was unusually dull. The audience, a large one, seemed to sit like lead upon me. I could not rouse them with anything. Mr. Leekworth was very kind and comforting. Got my money. Would rather have paid it than have had such an experience. Felt as if my inner Guide had deserted me. But some good to some one may come of what I said and tried to say.

December 4th, Wednesday. With Mr. Leekworth to see the Academy of Design, a creditable collection. The library also is a creditable one. At 11:30 took cars for Woodstock to visit poor sick Busbee. (Mrs. Busbee had been our governess a good many years before this, and curiously enough she had also been governess to the Richards children, when H.R. was a very little boy. L. E. R.) Mr. Leekworth bought my ticket to Suspension Bridge, but would not tell me its price. Then to Woodstock at 6 p.m. Found Busbee's cottage, and a warm reception. She much astonished to see me, and at first much affected. We talked long of old things and she brightened up very much. Her disease is an incurable internal cancer. To sleep at hotel, a miserable room, but not cold. A worse breakfast.

December 5th, Thursday. Spent morning with Busbee. Had a dainty luncheon with her in her room. Enjoyed my visit extremely, despite the sad features of Busbee's case, which we both forgot in our talk. Gave her twenty-five dollars. She sent a fine bracelet to Maud by me. Her daughter seemed an excellent girl, and her sister very accomplished. Left at 2 p.m., train being late.

December 6th, Friday. Arrived at Albany 6 a.m. Breakfast at depot, .75, cars to Troy. Hack and message to Mr. Gay's \$1. Room at hotel .25. Harry soon came round for me and took me to Mr. Gay's, where I spent the morning. Fannie, his

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fiancée, is a pretty blonde, very gay and pleasant. Ma and pa seemed good people. Had luncheon with them, leaving for Boston a little after 2 p.m. Wait at Greenwich for cars. The funeral. Home this night, oh how gladly! Supper one dollar. John Dee met me at station. Oh, glad to get home!

December 7th, Saturday. Board meeting at Club, presided worse than usual, being weary. Found my lecture advertised, not one word of it written. Subject:

Men's Women and Women's Women. Set to work at once, almost overpowered by the magnitude of the task and the shortness of the time.

December 8th, Sunday. To church with Laura. Worked at lecture.

December 9th, Monday. Work hard at lecture. Miss Knapp hunted up books for me.

December 13th, Friday. The history of this week is my lecture and the work of getting it ready. People will expect to hear saucy things from me, but the subject is too grave. I must treat it seriously.

Dined with Jane Marcou, Mrs. Dorr and the Agassiz, Mrs. Dorr driving me out. A genial occasion.

December 14th, Saturday. Finished lecture this morning, just in time. Dinner at one o'clock, dressed and went to the hall. Had left my glasses, so read it by a miserable light, much worse than usual. A full attendance and a very attentive audience. Very warm congratulations at the close from Mrs. Apthorp, Mrs. James Barnard and others. Such a sense of relief!

The Girls' Club sent me the bouquet they had prepared for Bret Harte who disappointed them. Found time to copy a little tri-stich for Mrs. Barnard's album for Hospital Fair.

December 15th, Sunday. Today for the first time in a fortnight I sit down with leisure before me, able to write in this journal of a year nearly ended. I shall nevertheless write a record of these weary days under the head of each, as nearly as I can remember it. Today I heard a sermon from dear James Freeman, of which I remember the subject and substance, but not the text. I hoped to have heard from him that he liked my lecture, but heard nothing. He did not come to speak to me after the service. My daemon has told me never to ask people's opinions of what you have done, hoping to hear praise. I try to follow this. Now to serious study, answering letters, Peace work Christmas presents, and other things, especially Princess of Hesse's commission about Women's work in America. See about this tomorrow. Find Mmes. Dix and Peabody.

December 16th, Monday. Dr. Edward Clark read a paper on the education of women, considered from the physical point of view. It was an argument against the co-education of the sexes, based entirely upon the monthly indisposition, if so it may be called, of women. This, he treated in the most absolute and Micheletian way, ascribing to its neglect all the diseases common among women, which he postulated as the rule in N. E., not the exception. O. W. Holmes and Pres. Eliot of Harvard endorsed this statement, Agassiz not exactly following their lead. Philbrick of the public schools was also there. The four gentlemen first named left soon after the conclusion of the paper. Dr. Swell weakly chimed in, making a feeble plea in behalf of the moral value resulting from the co-education of the sexes, which was scarcely heard. Yet we had a good discussion, after the wise men had taken their conceit away with them. I except Agassiz.

December 18th, Wednesday. Finished article on Sir John Bowring for Woman's Journal, and took it over. Met H.B.B. who has never repaid me for my expenses from and party to St. Louis. Do not much think he ever will.

December 19th, Thursday. Dear Flossy and her dearest little boy left today for New York by 9 a.m. train. House very desolate without them. This boy is especially dear to Dr. Howe and myself. (Samuel Prescott Hall) Began to answer my letters which had accumulated. Wrote to Miss Brook, etc. Took up my Greek Testament and long neglected Baur. To Fair for Women and Children's Hospital, where spent \$8 or more. Met J.F.C. at the Fair. Thought one great good of prayer for familiar objects was that it led us to talk with God.

December 20th, Friday. Wrote to Alfred Love. Will settle books and papers, study, and write up correspondence. Chey and I spoke today of a collection of ~~books~~ for reference on the Woman Question, works of celebrated women and works on the emancipation and elevation of women. It frightens me to think of what I ought to do in the Peace matter. Wrote a long letter to Mrs. K. N. Doggett.

December 26th, Thursday. Second book of Esdras, Apocrypha, eighth chapter, fourteenth verse. "If therefore thou shalt destroy him which with so great labor is fashioned, it is an easy thing to be ordained by thy commandment, that the thing which was made might be preserved."

A good text for a sermon.

December 27th, Friday. Anna Dressal and Sterry Hunt to dinner. Expected Maria Mitchell and J. W. Hamer, but neither came. The Wheelwrights and S. B. Clarks came to pour tea, alone out of some twenty invited. We had a good talk about the law of proportion and the Egyptian Kabala.

Saturday.

December 30th, ~~Monday~~. Maria Mitchell's club lecture today was beautiful exceedingly. I might have envied her the steady grasp and unbroken advance of scientific study, did I not feel sure that God gives to each his own work. Mine, such as it is, would be helped and beautified by the knowledge which she imparts so easily, but perhaps all of her that I shall remember and try to follow is her spirit. Her silver hair seems lustrous with spiritual brightness, as do her dark eyes. Her movements are full of womanly grace, not ballroom grace.

December 29th, Sunday. An excellent sermon from J.F.C., "Christ the hope of the world." In this he works out the pacification of the world from the reconciliation of man to God, soul-peace being the first step in this great progress, and international peace the last. I think I will publish my little tract called, "London without the Court Cards". Will try for a sermon on this text: thou art behind and before me.

December 31st, Tuesday. Last day of a year which to me has been dear and eventful. It has brought me great opportunities, which I have tried not to let slip. Some of the efforts which I most approve in my whole life I have made in this year. Witness my preaching in Santo Domingo, and my crusade in England. On the other hand, I remember with shame to have temporized at the New York custom house, doing what I did not intend, and what has cost me much pain, though it was only greasing the palm of an official, I having but a moderate inventory of goods for my own benefit, yet I grieve much that I did it, and more that I cannot undo it.

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January 1st. Wednesday. Dear Lord, let me this year be worthy to call upon thy name.) Y

January 2d, Thursday. Committee meeting, Woman Suffrage. Mrs. Stone was "had up" for discontinuing Miss Loud's engagement. Miss L. had obviously been round, complaining. We were glad to discontinue her, though this was harder than to appoint her. I did not like the appointment, though I had never seen her. Think she has exceeded the power conferred by the title.

When Christ said the very stones would cry out, he did not mean on account of his merit, but of his cause, the cause of the world's evangelization, of human nature and divine truth.

January 3d, Friday. Club conversation and luncheon for Maria Mitchell. Dr. Hodge, Sterry Hunt and Prof. Pierce were invited and came. I wrote a brief paper, intending to open the discussion upon the esoteric and exoteric, scientific and popular, in culture and education. The gentlemen, at least Hodge and Pierce, very naively postulated all positive intellectual merit as on the side of their sex. Appreciation was the great gift of ours. Women must be educated, Pierce said, because they are to make the men. I put in that no human being is to be considered as means alone, all being both means and end. Mrs. Cheney supported this view, and talked a good deal, very justly and well. Lucia Peabody spoke. I asked her whether children were not usually interested in scientific subjects. (She had been a teacher for many years. L.E.R.) ~~Hedge~~ She said they were. Hedge denied genius to women, but said they had more talent than men. Pierce denied genius to Mrs. Semerville, and thought women could never originate anything in science. An Italian woman was named as the sole exception to this. Hedge did not think Dickens a man of genius, thought George Eliot his equal.

January 4th, Saturday. Board meeting at Club, a very busy day. Luncheon at Parker's. Miss Vaughan's lecture at the club, which ~~xx~~ I did not like. She started and pursued a false antithesis between genius and trade, anathematizing the spirit of trade with much rhetoric but no reason. The spirit of plunder is what troubles America, not the spirit of trade. Genius must inquire into uses, and respect, if it cannot supply, the market. To Marlborough by 5:30 p.m. train. Edward Bigelow met me at the depot and brought me to his house, where I was to stay.

January 5th, Sunday. Picked out my hymns and chapters. Got a run of a few minutes before service. Preached in the morning on "I will arise and go to my father, in the afternoon on "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." A good attendance in the morning, the afternoon and evening dreadfully stormy. About one hundred persons in the evening. I did not do as well as I hoped, and will not again preach extempore twice in one day. I spoke also in the Sunday School, and took a class of young girls whose teacher was absent. They paid me \$25. and gave me my passage tickets.

This is good from Esdras. "For we that have received the law perish by sin, and our heart also which received it. Notwithstanding, the law perisheth not, but remaineth in his force."

January 6th, Monday. Back from Marlborough by 7:55 train. Mr. Bigelow's nephew waited on me, a polite and pleasant young man. Got home safely. Must write up English correspondence, and have begun by writing to Mrs. (?) (List of names.) Dr. O.W. Holmes at Club this evening, in his most genial mood.

January 7th, Tuesday. Wrote article for Woman's Journal. Then to Rudersdorff Concert, with little Porter and Mary Eastman.

January 8th, Wednesday. A good long, work-day. Wrote something to say to the working women this evening, also a long letter. Read a little Greek and translated a little Baur. Dear J. had lost her purse. I gave her \$5.

Went to Boffin's Bower, which was well-filled. I read what I had written, and made also some extempore remarks, urging a religious and Christian view of life, charity between all classes, a study of social questions, in place of empty declamation about them, and especially the dignity and happiness of household labor.

January 9th, Thursday. ~~xxxxxx~~ Did some work. Symphony Concert. Wrote a letter to Princess Louis of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. New Palace, Darmstadt.

January 10th, Friday. 11th Esdras, 9 and 13. "And therefore be thou not curious how the ungodly shall be punished, and when, but inquire how the righteous shall be saved." A good text.

In town to make calls, an act which I much dislike. (List of names.)

January 11th, Saturday. Thrice to town, once for the young ladies' club, where discussion of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, p.m. to introduce lecturer, evening to Mrs. J. T. Sargent's. Not one look at a book.

January 12th, Sunday. To church to hear J.F.C., who seems to me to lose a little of his vivacity. Yet the sermon was very good. Christ's view of human nature

January 13th, Monday. Finished letter to Mrs. King and had a little study. N.E.W. Club in the afternoon to hear Mrs. Burleigh on enchantments, followed by a little talk, in which I said that in childhood we regard things with wonder, in youth we try to seize them, in old age we sit and weigh them. Also that we women must change our measures as well as our weights, must contemplate this whole three score and ten years and see what pattern of life will suit this, not cut off the first twenty years and try to repeat them. Proposed degrees of experience, certificate of disappointment (humorous).

Dear Maud home. Brain Club in the evening. Fanny Edmunds read finely. Miss Fairman sang. Saw many friends who were very kind.

January 14th, Tuesday. Mem.: to write Mrs. Dall about Hindustanee letter Esdras 11th, 4th and 5th. For in the place wherein the Highest beginneth to show his city, there can no man's building be able to stand. And therefore fear not, and let not thy heart be affrighted, but go thy way in, and see the beauty and greatness of the building.

January 15th, Wednesday. This day mostly occupied, I fear wasted, in preparation for Mrs. Grey's ball. (She took Julia to this ball. Best of the entry is a list of expenses.)

January 16th, Thursday. Milford N.H. to lecture. Men's Women and Women's Women. Terms, \$60.

Very busy all day. Got to Milford in time for lecture, leaving Boston at 5 p.m. A large audience and quiet hearing.

January 17th, Friday. Home in safety. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch of the Union Hotel, Milford, are very kind people. She has nine children and looks young and fresh, but must be over forty. Travelled with a man, named I think Bellows, who ~~xxxxxx~~ has been badly smashed up by a fall. Says he has ~~xxxxxx~~ been much relieved by a clairvoyant.

January 19th, Sunday. This is good from Esdras etc. (This was copied with the entry for January 5th, but is marked as belonging to this day.)

January 24th, Friday. Lectured in Nashua. Mrs. Worcester, a kind reception and pleasant house. Lecture on England. The Battle Hymn was sung with good orchestral accompaniment, before I began to speak. Fee \$50.

January 25th, Saturday. Up early to take 7 a.m. train for Boston, then to young ladies' Saturday Morning Club. Subject, relation of the human mind to the divine knowledge in the study of the physical universe. A good and useful discussion. Opera, Mignon. To cars to see Harry and Fannie off. Mrs. Otis's funeral at 12 m. Theatre at 2 p.m. Came back from New York. I returned home desperately weary. Gave Harry the \$50 earned last evening.

January 26th, Sunday. To church, unusually good sermon, even for J.F.C. "Spirit, soul and body blameless."

January 27th, Monday. Finished letter to Mrs. Winkworth. Poetical picnic at N.E.W. Club. Wrote a poem on middle age. Garrison, J.F.C., Mrs. Sewall, Mrs. Porter read. Some poems, some translations. Also Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. Woolson. Maud's Latin.

January 28th, Tuesday. Woman Suffrage Convention at Tremont Temple, afternoon and evening. I spoke at both meetings, reading at the first a paper which occupied about ten minutes, and which was written with care. In the evening, spoke extempore.

January 29th, Wednesday. Came to New York. Maud's Latin. Mary Graves to dinner. Left at 8:30 p.m. for Augusta, Maine, Woman Suffrage Convention.

January 30th, Thursday. Arrived at 3:30 a.m. Messenger met me with open sleigh. Drove me about a mile to Rev. Mr. Quimby's house. His wife was up to meet me with a blazing fire. Was cheered by the welcome and went to bed for a second instalment of sleep. At breakfast, met L. Stone and Mary Eastman, to walk with the latter, then to Convention. Spoke at the three meetings, best, I think, in the morning. Was most kindly received and welcomed by many persons, who knew my writings.

February 4th, Tuesday. Started for Ithaca at 3 p.m. Met Mrs. Bingham in cars and spoke to her of Laura's little pieces. Met also Mr. Robinson, who had our Boylston Place house one winter. Fare to Ithaca, 1.35, sleeping berth \$2.

February 5th, Wednesday. Mem: never to come by this route again (via Cortland) Had to turn out at Utica at 4 a.m. Three hours in the station, where got breakfast. Rechecked trunks. Tedious ride to Cortland, where waited more than two hours, getting to Ithaca at 5 p.m., but late and very weary. Clinton House, bath and supper \$1.50. Prof. Russell asked me to stay with him. Met. Rev. Mr. Stebbins at supper, who very kind. Lectured extempore on my English crusade, the audience listening very attentively. Met. Mmes. G.W. Green and Shackford. Home to Mr. Russell's, where wife and daughter friendly.

February 6th, Thursday. Visited Cornell University, with great interest and pleasure. Prof. Fiske showed us the rich library. We also saw the laboratory, botanical models, studio of mechanical drawing, etc. Passed a delightful day, leaving for New York between 7 and 8 p.m.

February 7th, Friday. Late in arriving in New York. Breakfast en route. .75. New York at 12:30. Met in the stage going from depot to depot Gen. Hall, Mrs. Livermore's tame bear, who was very human and friendly. Said Carl Schurz's ignorance of military matters did great harm at Gettysburg. Stayed in depot, the day being rainy and my cold severe. At 3:40 p.m. train for Fishkill Village, where arrived by 6 p.m. Drove in open sleigh and misting rain to my home for the night, Mrs. Cary, has

seen wealthier days, a pleasant woman. Gave the same lecture as at Ithaca, but much better. Felt much pain today, in reading an unfriendly notice from Ithaca.

February 8th, Saturday. Received \$75. for lecture, paid \$2. for entertainment. Reached New York by 11:30 a.m. and soon saw dear Flossy and her sweet boy, and kind Cousin Mary.

February 9th, Sunday. Heard Mary's great favorite, Dr. Tyng, low church clergyman of the old school, forcible in style and delivery, a line of exhortation without breadth of thought or depth of culture. Over statement's of the irreligion of the world B.C. as absolute and unredeemed by any remarkable acts or characters. Passed the evening at Uncle Richard's, reading him manuscript memoranda of old times, which he produced from his look-up.

February 12th, Wednesday. Dentist from 10 to 11:30, then with Cousin Mary to Hoboken to lunch with very rich Mrs. Stevens, widow of Edwin ditto. Found a cordial and simple woman in a very fine house, with her children and her own mother. Mary had a dinner party today, at which I sat next to the Bishop of New York, who muchly set upon me to return to the church. I did what I could against him. Said that I preferred extempore prayer to any form. Thought that Christianity in England lost rather than gained by the great extension and conservation of the church organization.

February 13th, Thursday. A day of flying about. Saw R.R. Hazard about my Harry. Visit to dear Floss. Cars at 8 p.m. A lonely journey.

February 14th, Friday. Reached home this morning with great joy. Found many letters, among them one from Mrs. Peter A. Taylor, replying to mine.

February 15th, Saturday. Another letter from Mrs. Taylor today, approving my suggestions of an extensive correspondence among women on subjects of vital interest to themselves and the race, also a letter from Alfred H. Love, inclosing one from J. K. Wildman, both approving my suggestion of woman's Peace demonstration this year.

February 16th, Sunday. To church today, where --- Powers, Hepworth's successor in New York, I believe, preached an earnest and powerful sermon on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, not in miraculous but the moral point of view, the accomplishment of great ends by small means. In ~~connection~~ connection with this, the true work and duty of the liberal Christian church in America. He showed much insight into the true nature of religious experience and influence, which is "not with observation". I felt awakened to take up the work over which I dream so much. Had a little talk with Mary Graves about our proposed Woman's Mission here in Boston.

February 19th, Wednesday. Attended hearing in State House on separate prison for women, an interesting occasion. After the report of the gentlemen, ladies were invited to express their view. Mrs. Dall, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Warren and I all said something in favor. Mrs. ---- from North End made some insignificant and disagreeable remarks. She spoke of Woman Suffrage and the late hearing against it.

February 20th, Thursday. Wrote at length to K.N. Doggett of Chicago of Peace Day in June, woman preachers' convention, Miss Whitney and correspondence with Italy. Mem: to write about hearing on women's prison next week for Journal, also about Miss Brewster. Wrote also to Sarah Clarke in Rome.

February 21st, Friday. I read this morning in La Donna an excellent synopsis of the Congress of Women held last October in Germany. Will probably translate it for Woman's Journal. We are to be in correspondence with these women. Mem: to write to several of them, also to M. W. Lawrence.

February 22d, Saturday. Young ladies' club. Discussion on Thought in animals. Question: What is thought? I said practically it consists of Observation, inference, and combination. It seems obvious that the mental powers of animals extend as far as this - thought showed in the adoption of new resources under new exigencies.

February 23d, Sunday. Heard J.F.C. Am thinking of some kind of combination between different sorts of women workers. Determine that my Sunday services must be held. Dr. Alex. Wykoff of Russia to dine, a friend of Kappnitz, an interesting man. I promised to give a small party for him on Thursday.

February 24th, Monday. Took Dr. Wykoff to Club, where * * introduced him to several ladies. In the evening to Mrs. Abbott's party.

February 25th, Tuesday. Busy all day. Aunt Jines's in the evening. (This was an affectionate nickname for Aunt Jeannette, S.G.H.'s sister. L.E.R.) Began invitations for my party. Wrote article on Mothers' Day for Journal.

February 26th, Wednesday. Worked for my party. M.H. Graves to dinner, which was very bad. Professor Menalles' (?) French lecture, very interesting. At dinner got a letter, telling me of a hearing appointed on Friday morning for our remonstrants against the grant of money to Technology Institute, unless on condition of admitting women on same terms as men. Time short.

February 27th, Thursday. Worked for my party. Corrected proof, ordered ice, etc. Attended Symphony Concert, which did not enjoy. Party very gay and pleasant. Nelson Varley sang and I accompanied him.

February 28th, Friday. Hearing today. I opened, Mrs. Cheney following. S.E. Sewell also spoke for us, Pres. Runkel and Erastus Bigelow against us. "Thy Kingdom come." Wrote to John K. Wildman, Philadelphia, about Mothers' Peace Day.

March 1st, Saturday. Went to Saturday Morning Club. Found that John Fiske had failed them. Was told to improvise a lecture on the spot. Did so. Spoke to the girls for about an hour. Perhaps never did better. Told them not to get estranged from their books till they would be afraid of them. The human library, which throws its books at you whether you ~~like~~ will or no. The melancholy left by novel reading, the value of a little Greek, a little Latin, history, biography - music, the unifying power of art - the audience at Symphony Concert goes in as many and comes out as one.

Directors' meeting at N.E.W. Club. I am to collect statistics about the education of women in America. * *

March 2d, Sunday. Heard J.F.C.. He wishes me to arrange meeting for Wed. March 19th, with Abby W. May.

March 5th, Wednesday. Went to hear the arguments ~~xxx~~ in favor of rescinding the vote of censure against Charles Sumner. Ex-Gov Washburn opened with a miscellaneous farrago of praise of C.S. and abuse of the Legislature, which seemed to me very high-handed and overbearing - mere man worship and one-man power. J.F.C. followed with a very careful and weighty paper, too much however in the same strain. There were two other speakers, of whom the first made the somewhat singular but necessary suggestion that the Legislature had a right to an opinion as well as Mr. Sumner. - After the meeting I went up to Mr. Garrison and found he regarded the whole matter much as I did. Said he should speak next day in opposition. I said I should, which he approved.

Suffrage discussion in the afternoon. Letter from secretary of Princess Alice

March 6th, Thursday. Hearing in the State House of remonstrants against petition. Towne and Garrison spoke well, the first briefly, the latter at some length. I followed, honestly, but not so ably as I could wish, the fatigue and strain of yesterday telling upon my weary brain. Emily Faithfull at the Club, where I had to be at 12:30 to receive her, and this hurried my few remarks. I suffered afterwards in remembering that I had made no discrimination between Mr. Washburn and the others. Mr. Clarke may take this very unkindly, which would be very sad for me and for many whom perhaps we can help together. I pray God to show me my errors and to amend them. This is all I can do. Suffrage debate in the House, members only taking part. Speaking on our side was less good than it should have been, on the other tolerably able. Mr. Crocker stigmatized the Suffrage women as the poorest, weakest, and most corrupt of the community. Where have these Rip van Winkles slept? Letter to Miss Atkinson of Sale, Manchester.

March 7th, Friday. Sad about Mr. Clarke. Have written him a small and affectionate letter, which cannot exaggerate my regard for him. Hope it will all come right. Wrote to Maria Mitchell.

March 8th, Saturday. Saturday Morning Club. Discussion of reading. What is reading? Twofold communion with others minds and action of our own, comparing their thoughts and conclusion with ours. Liberality and liberalism. Thought and attention in reading. Comparison of reading with lectures. Reading is a guide to character, novels, biographies, letters. Had a kind but discouraging letter from Mrs. M. Woods Lawrence about my 2d June.

March 9th, Sunday. To church where did not hear J.F.C. but Mr. Young. Had a good sermon on Shadows, the shadow of Peter, the shadows which our lives unconsciously cast. Felt better about J.F.C. but have suffered so it has almost made me sick.

March 10th, Monday. A morning for work in my own room, so rare a luxury that I hardly know how to use it. Began with my Greek Testament and a review of Dean Alford's New Testament commentary in the Manchester Friend. Must read De Vetta (?) when I can. How to get on with my correspondence, I do not well know, but will work at it this week as well as I can. Have promised to send my Mothers' Day editorial to a magazine here and also a short contribution of some sort. * * Letter from John K. Wildman, Philadelphia, friendly, but discouraging. Afterwards Mary Graves' lecture on duties of mistresses and rights of servants, very humane, wise and thoughtful, a good discussion followed. Mrs. Dall's lecture in the evening. I brought a little bouquet for her. Was glad to meet her on friendly grounds. The essay was very good in the main. I took up one or two points but expressed my pleasure and interest in hearing her.

March 11th, Tuesday. The ministry of reconciliation. Yesterday's discussion makes me think of this. Much of the discipline of life and religion results in this, the reconciliation of points of interest and affection which seem to us opposites, like duty to ourselves and to our neighbor. Wrote notes of my Sunday service, Mary helping with her good suggestions. Wrote a hasty note to Wildman also to Slack, about Julia Anagnos. Tomorrow, must print some copies of my "Mothers' Day" words. Julia's afternoon and evening party, very pleasant.

March 12th, Wednesday. Woman Suffrage meeting at Mrs. Stedman's, Cambridgeport. Went and had an excellent meeting, but took cold on my way home. Met Mrs. Increase Sumner of Great Barrington. Wrote editorial for Woman Suffrage by dictation. In town three times. Vote taken on Woman Suffrage in House, 84 in favor, 142 against. Education committee meeting of Woman's Club.

March 14th, Friday. A quiet day at work at home.

March 16th, Sunday. The first of our women's services at Union Hall. I meant to have read my London sermon, but found it not suitable. Wrote a new one, as well as I could. Had a very good attendance. Was forced to play the hymn tunes myself. Was thankful. The occasion seemed to meet with acceptance. * *

March 17th, Monday. Radical Club 11 a.m. Frank Washburn's essay, very liberal and religious. ~~W~~ talked a good deal, and so did others. It was an interesting sitting, but I begin to think the club has about done its work. People begin to feel that talk ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ turns the world. It is much, but it is not everything. Club tea in the evening, at which Julia read a sweet poem, to the general acceptance. Mrs. Woolson's comic poem was very amusing.

March 20th, Thursday. I went to visit Mrs. Hemmway's industrial school, which disappointed me. * * *

March 21st, Friday. Meeting of Social Science Association about separate prison for women. Mrs. Leonard of Springfield and Mrs. H. Chickering said many good words. Mrs. Dall made quite an elaborate address, telling of her own experience in Detroit, etc. I said something about the hopefulness of women about themselves, convicts and others. Afterwards on board the Juniata to chaperone a gay young party, my dearest Maud among them. The band was on board the Ohio, so we went there. The young folks danced. No dinner. We got home very hungry and tired.

March 22d, Saturday. J.F.C. at Saturday Morning Club, a lecture mainly on opposites, reminding me somewhat of my own studies, Polarity, etc. I thought my own papers more imaginative, but less corroborated by scientific and practical facts. A lovely translation of a German poem in conclusion. Maud to Grantville. Visited Sister Dorr, who is lame. Talked a little with her of my project of a women's building. I am thinking of No. 14 Mt. Vernon. Have felt a good deal disturbed about my Peace undertaking. Had a good letter from Alfred Love. Mary H. Graves to dine, sat in my room after dinner. Received an anonymous letter warning me against Miss May.

March 23d, Sunday. The past week has been very busy, too busy to record itself at much length, however I have written up each day from recollection as well as I could. An excellent sermon this morning from J.F.C. M. H. Graves's sermon at our women's rooms this afternoon, which sermon disappointed me a good deal. It was scrappy, but partly religious, and might better have been given as a series of newspaper paragraphs than as a lecture of any kind. Yet Mary's sweet nature and pure feeling and intention were felt through all the defects of her style. I must help her to study the rules of composition a little. A meeting after service was very encouraging. A number of persons gave their names as willing to take an interest in the work. Three women physicians gave me their names, also a woman minister, and a woman lawyer. My head was more weary with this responsibility, than it would have been had I spoken myself.

March 25th, Tuesday. Worked in the morning. Club in the afternoon. Leammi G. Ware on Genoa and Pisa.

March 26th, Wednesday. Worked, finished Italian letter for La Donna. Sent letter to * * *. Wrote article for Woman's Journal. In town after dinner to meet Mmes. May and Stone and Fellows to talk about a bazaar. May against it, Stone not zealous, Fellows and I rather clearly for it.

March 26th, Wednesday. Wrote various notes and a letter to Mrs. Daggett, sending also twenty circulars and twenty envelopes. Prepared somewhat for evening meeting.

March 27th, Thursday. In town in the morning. Mr. Casey (?) of Cambridge England, and J.F.C. to dinner, very pleasant. J.F.C. liked my plan of a woman's prayer meeting.

March 28th, Friday. Busy. Sent circulars and envelopes to people on A.H. Love's list. Letter from S.E. Parsons ~~acknowledging~~ acknowledging mine and saying she had done something about it. Also from Mrs. Potter of New Bedford, telling of her husband's absence and trouble with his eyes, but quite friendly.

March 29th, Saturday. A pleasant but most crowded day. John Hay's lecture at 10 a.m. Club luncheon at Miss Foster's at one, Mrs. Stenhouse(?) at N.E.W. Club at 3.30. Home by 6 p.m. where had thirty people to tea, games and music. To bed very weary.

March 30th, Sunday. Am to preach in Neponsett in the evening, Subject: Kingdom of heaven. Another crowded day. Heard J.F.C. in the morning. In p.m. my own service, Mrs. Burleigh being in the pulpit, which she filled to great acceptance. I feel that she has grown since she entered the ministry. She has formed more rapport with her audience than at first. I ~~talked~~ played the hymn tunes, one of them very badly. Had quite a meeting after church, received a number of new names and some money, \$21. Mr. Codman of Neponsett offered to bear the expenses of one Sunday, which would bring this day's receipts to \$30. Several persons objected to the use of the word Church on the label of my business book, preferring the name originally given out, "Women's Liberal Christian Union".

The church at Neponsett was filled very full. Took tea first with Lucy Stone at her beautiful residence.

April 2d, Wednesday. Working on sermon for Sunday.

April 5th, Saturday. Board meeting at Club. Laura's dear baby sick. Spoke at meeting for our plan for a women's house, which much approved.

April 6th, Sunday. Preached from Luke. "I will, be thou clean." One of my best sermons, I think. Several persons thanked me for my sermon. I had a good talk with Louisa Hotchkiss who is an unsettled state as regards duty and religion. Announced my prayer meeting. * Lucy Derby and brother to dine * * I narrowly escaped being late to afternoon service.

April 7th, Monday. Wrote to Rachel Howland of New Bedford, sending circulars of Peace Day.

April 8th, Tuesday. Ran about, seeing people for my prayer meeting. This work, together with some working on circulars, occupied the whole day.

April 9th, Wednesday. To Lowell, to lecture for Channing Fraternity. Hospitably entertained by Talbot family. Rev. H. Blanchard has done much for the town (Unitarian) I had brought Ethics of Culture, which I understood him as requesting. He had said, "Something akin to your Ethics of Culture". So I decided to give them a talk on my experiences in England, which seemed to be acceptable to the numerous and attentive audience. Received \$25 for my work, the expenses down and back \$1.50. Went with Maud and her party on board the Ohio, the young people dancing and amusing themselves. I was mostly alone.

April 10th, Thursday. Back to Boston by 7:30 a.m. train. A busy day. Symphony Concert, at which I slept a little, being very weary. Maud had the officers etc., in the evening. It was very gay, and she looked like a rosebud, brilliantly beautiful.

April 11th, Friday. My women's prayer and conference meeting in J.F.C.'s vestry at 10 a.m. A good attendance. Mrs. Bruce made the opening prayer, a very good one. Mary Graves read a chapter. I made opening remarks, stating my aim and ideas in calling such a meeting. E. Stuart Phelps was there, but would not speak, and left before the end. Dr. Mercy B. Jackson made a good address. Mrs. Gustine spoke delightfully. Mrs. Wittenmayer of Philadelphia made some pertinent remarks. Another lady spoke, whose name I cannot remember. We sang Nearer My God, to Thee, and Mary Graves gave the benediction. It was happy, lively and serene. Afterwards I had to take my darling on board the Juniata, to sail down the harbor. It was partly pleasant, but had some drawbacks, as I do not think these occasions advantageous to dear Maud. Made acquaintance with Mr. Haynes, a pleasant young man with a thoughtful character.

April 20th, Sunday. Received letter from Miss Van Lee of Richmond, friendly, but not very encouraging. She will distribute circulars for me. At work on my sermon. Felt that I must speak, not read, this sermon. Prepared for it with all care and wrote part of it, but felt that the rest of it would be given to me at the moment, which it was, in spite of some flutters of doubt in my mind before beginning. Text: Why stand ye here idle all the day? A sermon on true work and idle work. I was very happy in giving this sermon. I mean that I felt happy. Many spoke to me afterwards.

Here are a few points. We are idle because we do not know what is to be done. How did Christ know? As a child he understood the difference between his Father's business and other business. The loving eyes with which he looked upon the world made him wise as to its needs. He expresses this in his words to Nicodemus, a man must be born again. We must say this to the world. Every generation receives its natural birth, but for its spiritual birth it must labor and suffer. Women, the instruments of the natural birth, should also concern themselves with the spiritual birth.

April 21st, Monday. A dreadfully fatiguing day.

April 26th, Saturday. A white chalk day. Hurried to the girls' Saturday Morning Club, where I was to present my plan of groups of study and correspondence for the summer. I presented my list, of which I will make a record elsewhere, as well and as briefly as I could, commending my plan. To my great delight the girls came up in numbers, and had soon engaged to follow out my suggestions. Groups were formed at once for the study of art by sketching and reading - mental science, Latin, French, Dante in original and translation. I had a group under the head of Social Analysis, which I briefly divided into company, cockery and dress. Cora Clarke stands for botany. I hope she will not stand alone. The president, K. Loring, was surprised at the success of my plan, and indeed I had not dared to hope that it would be taken up so warmly. I am very happy about it. The girls clapped me warmly when I came in.

April 27th, Sunday. Heard a strange and dismal sermon from William Everett on Mark and Eccentrics in General. He seemed to tell his own story, the story of one who cannot get along with other people and make himself acceptable.

May 2d, Friday. To Fort Warren with Maud and a gay party in the steam tug. A pleasant visit. Got home at 2 p.m. Began sermon for Sunday on the separation of the saints.

May 3d, Saturday. Got a dear letter from Sarah Clarke, Rome, in which she promises to keep my Peace Day. Work all day. Girls' Club. N.E.W. Club, board meeting, very pleasant though Mrs. Lodge was ungracious in dropping or flinging down a circular I gave her. She was probably displeased with the conduct of the Summer hearing. Worked on sermon all p.m.

May 4th, Sunday. Preached on the separation of the saints. "Separated by the gospel of God." Read mostly from manuscript, but spoke a little extempore, a good afternoon. Nora Perry was there, and very warm in her expressions of interest. So also Mrs. Ward and others. Quite a meeting after the service, in which I asked help about my Peace Festival, and received some promises of aid. I am to be in 3 Tremont Place every Wednesday till June 2d, from 12 to 1. Sent Peace circular to Mrs. Bagley of Detroit.

May 11th, Sunday. Mrs. Gustine disappointed us and Mary Graves supplied her place and did nobly. A Peace sermon. The meek shall inherit the earth.

May 12th, Monday. Club at 3:30, where exposed my Peace plan. Radical Club at 7:30, where I made a statement of the same on philosophical and analytical grounds, doing far better than in the p.m. Then to Mrs. Well's to meet Miss Carpenter of England.

May 14th, Wednesday. To Social Science meeting. T.W. Higginson's essay on the higher education of women, followed by Agassiz, President Raymond, and ditto Eliot of Harvard, who made an address in a most unpleasant manner and spirit. Wendell Phillips took up the budgets beautifully, and I followed him as well as I could. Then to luncheon at Mrs. Lodge's with Miss Carpenter and many worthies. Agassiz quite in temper at my handling of Eliot.

May 15th, Thursday. Social Science, Jarvis's paper on the influence of sex on crime, showing frequent recommitments of women criminals.

May 21st, Wednesday. Received La Donna, newspaper, with my Italian letter on Peace Festival, accompanied by friendly comments.

May 26th, Monday. Very busy all day. In evening attended a Woman Suffrage Convention, and presided, making the first speech.

May 27th, Tuesday. Fifty-four years old today. Thank God for what I have, have had, and hope to have. All morning presided in Woman Suffrage Convention where S.S. Foster most quarrelsome, and wife ditto. In the p.m. my dear children had a beautiful birthday party for me, including most of the old friends, and many new ones. Agassiz came and wife, he brought a bouquet, and kissed me. I had beautiful flowers, a splendid bouquet for which Bro' Sam sent the money, with a pleasant poem from him, and a beautiful ditto from J.F.C. Charlotte Whipple gave me a beautiful fan, Julia one of another pattern, Laura a pretty cross, Mrs. Alger a box of very pretty chocolate tablets, Mary H. Graves a nice letter balance. I forget if there was anything else. I had a birthday cake, very pretty. Poor Chev was ill with a frightful headache. I was much touched by the dear children's affectionate device, and shall remember this birthday.

May 28th, Wednesday. Met members of my committee on Festival at the Club. In the evening went to Woman Suffrage tea party, where was not happy, seeing Sarah Russell who has neglected me pointedly of late, and Col. Higginson who rudely, on a late occasion, compared my replying to President Eliot to a bull infuriated by a red flag. This seems to me quite brutal and unprovoked, for I said nothing about Eliot which my cooler judgment does not confirm.

May 29th, Thursday. My women preachers' convention, the first held in any country. I awoke, feeling very ill and with violent pain. Got belated, waiting for a carriage, took the cars finally, but was fifteen minutes late. Found the preliminary prayer and conference meeting begun. Sister Bruce in the midst of her prayer. Mrs. Folsom read Scriptures, chapter on the day of Pentecost. I made a poor introduction, feeling weak and ill. Several spoke. One lady sang a verse of a hymn with

great feeling. We closed with "Sermonation". Had a brief business meeting. I was elected president, Mary Graves and Olympia Brown vice-presidents, and Mrs. Bruce secretary. The order determined upon was first women ordained and settled, then ordained, not settled, then preachers neither ordained, nor settled. We went up into the church. The meeting was most harmonious and happy. I spoke last of all. Rev. Messrs. Wiggin, Vibbart, Ames and Stepniss spoke, all calling it the best meeting in the week (Anniversary Week).

May 30th, Friday. Worked at Club address. Much work all these days in arranging Peace Festival.

May 31st, Saturday. Club anniversary. I read an opening address, followed by reports from various committees. Mrs. Livermore and Mr. Garrison spoke, also Mrs. Stone, afterwards a luncheon at the club, and conversation. Miss Fletcher, secretary of Serosis, gave an interesting account of this institution, with a little tang of acrimony at us, I thought. Mrs. Lowe had returned and we welcomed her. Returning home, worked at Peace address, since I must present something written as well as speak.

June 1st, Sunday. Laura's dear baby christened, Alice Maud, and communion afterwards. Wrote on peace address..

June 2d, Monday. The day of many prayers dawned propitious, and was as bright and clear as I could have wished. Up early and to hall by about 9 a.m. Hall beautifully decorated with many fine bouquets, wreaths and baskets, the white dove of Peace rising above the other emblems. At about 10:30 Mrs. Bruce opened with prayer, very ably. Mary H. Graves read appropriate verses from the Bible. Children from Mr. Bradlee's Sunday school sang opening chant. I made introductory remarks. Mrs. Abell (Swedenborgian) next spoke. Mary F. Eastman, Mr. Garrison, Mrs. Chandler, Jenny Collins and Mrs. Gustine ~~xxxxxx~~ filled the morning. The evening meeting was opened by a chorus from the Little Wanderers. I read a brief paper, carefully written, with my definitions of antagonism. Mrs. Livermore disappointed me. Rev. Mr. Tilden and Mr. Garrison both did nobly for me. We had some resolutions, passed without discussion, and Mary Graves gave the benediction. Thank God for so much!

June 3d, Tuesday. Meeting of committee for foreign correspondence of N.E. W.C.. Reading of "Twelfth Night" in the evening, I taking Maria, (J.F.C. Sir Toby, Prof. James Mills Pierce Orlando, Erving Winslow, Malvolio, Lillian Clarke Olivia - very beautifully - L.E.R. Viola. L.E.R.)

June 4th, Wednesday. A letter from Fréd. Passy, Neuilly, dated 20th May. He approves my letter, tells me of a French lad, Mme. de Farémont, who has been preaching Peace in France, and has published a brochure or two with her husband she signing Anne Marie Sauveur, he Emmanuel. She has been imprisoned for her good work, once for a month. Passy will send me the opuscules, says he has done so. Letter from M.F. Davis of Orange, telling how pleasantly the 2d June went off * * Letter from Mrs. Hanaford with printed programme of Peace Day.

June 5th, Thursday. N.E. and Mass. Ex. Com. meeting. L. Stone, Dr. Jackson and I appointed committee to send the circulars asking for clubs in various parts of Mass. Received letter from Mrs. Léontas (?) Constantinople, who says that she will keep my Peace Day, now ever, by a little fête at her own house. Letter from Mrs. Field about Peace Day by Brooklyn Woman's Club, and from Secretary Serosis about celebration by that body. Letter from ~~xxxxxx~~ Mme. Flodin, saying that no celebration possible, but approving my polyglot sheet. * * * Reading at Church of Disciples, I reading Antonio in Merchant of Venice.

June 6th, Friday. Quiet at last, and face to face with the eternal gospel. Weary and confused, anxious to wind up my business well, and begin my polyglot sheet so soon as may be done. Will speak of it at directors' meeting tomorrow, also of the woman's congress proposed by Socosis. Letter from Anna J. Gardner, telling of Nantucket celebration: A.H. Love, telling of Philadelphia, Amanda Daye of Salt Point ditto, Mrs. Daggett of Chicago ditto. Thank God.

June 7th, Saturday. Wrote to A.H. Love, promising to attend Peace meeting on Monday and Tuesday of next week. Club directors' meeting. Am to meet Art and Literature committee at 9 a.m. Very tired today. Broke down badly in presiding at Club, could not remember names proposed, etc., mere fatigue. Took lager beer at dinner and so came up a little in the afternoon, and wrote on tomorrow's sermon.

June 8th, Sunday. My last service for this season. Text, "I am the light of the world." a sermon on light, but after writing it pretty well out, I left it at home, mere forgetfulness, so had to give its points without a single note or heading. Perhaps did better than if I had read it. Had warm thanks from persons among my audience. Meeting afterwards, at which we proposed to ask for concerted action at N.E.W.C. I was very happy while preaching this sermon.

June 9th, Monday. Club meeting at 3.30 p.m., the last of the season. Report of the committee of dress reform, presented by Mrs. Woolach. Mrs. Wells vehement against the assumed need of the reform, becoming somewhat bitter and personal. I, presiding, tried to administer peaceably and with justice. Drew \$25. for travelling expenses. Left at 9 p.m. to attend convention of Universal Peace Association in N.Y. * * *

June 10th, Tuesday. Arrived in New York at 5:40 a.m. Went to Bond Street, where rested and waited till Uncle Richard's breakfast, 8:30, then to see dear Flossy and her sweet boy. Then to fine Friends' meeting, but found that the Peace meeting not until 7:30 p.m. Took cars to Mrs. Wilbur's where long talk of her plans and curs. She will help the polyglot. P.m. with dear Floss and after tea to meeting with Miss Styles. Had pleasant greetings from many. A.H. Love presided. P. Daye was there, a woman with a fine face and benevolent forehead. She also made an address. Gideon Frost and others spoke. Mrs. Blake, to me always unpleasant, harsh and self producing.

June 11th, Wednesday. To meeting at Cooper Institute, small attendance. but very attentive, all. Debate on relations in which I took part. Peter Cooper present. In afternoon debate on Pres. Grant's Indian peace policy. At the end I gave an account of my English Peace work, which seemed to interest people. Hurdled to dine with Flossy. Kissed Uncle Richard for goodbye, thinking it might be the last time. I got two bricks from the dear old house at the corner of Bond Street and Broadway, now all down and rebuilding. Will have one enamelled for myself. Ah, Lord, what a bitter lesson is in this tearing down! How I was wanting in duty to the noble parent who built this grand home for me! I hope to help young people to understand something of parental love and its responsibilities. But parents also must study children, since each new soul may require a new method. Left for station at 5 p.m., David carrying my portmanteau.

June 12th, Thursday. Home very gladly. Helped Maud with her Latin. Paid Mary H. Graves her arrears. At 3:30 to rehearse Midsummer Night's Dream, I Hermia and Snout. At 7.30 the reading which was the pleasantest we have had. (L.E.R. read Helena, but cannot remember the other characters.) A good letter from Miss Cobbe.

June 13th, Friday. Art and Literature Committee meeting at Club. Mrs. Goddard chair, Mrs. Wiles secretary. I to draft a Club programme for next winter on the plan of that proposed to my young ladies' club, in order to form groups which shall hold independent meetings, and thus produce greater unity and activity in the Club. We to hold meeting after board meeting.

June 14th, Saturday. Busy, getting ready to go to Brooklyn, Conn., to preach for Mrs. Burleigh's congregation. Chose last Sunday's sermon on light. Left Worcester depot at 3 p.m., reaching Danielsonville at 7:15. Farmer Seaborn met me there with his daughter and his carriage. A pleasant drive to his house, kind reception, supper, got to bed at 9:30.

June 15th, Sunday. The ladies here do all their own work and make cheese every day, including Sunday. Breakfast at 7, very early for me. I was almost hungry by meeting time, 10:30 and had to take a bite. Found a good attendance, some had come nine miles to hear me. Partly read and partly spoke. My prayer was clearer to my mind than usual. Sermon was not so good as last Sunday, but pretty well. After it, spoke to the Sunday school children, and then met Mrs. Burleigh's adult class. Young Mrs. Chase reading a brief paper, the statement of a farmer's wife, overworked as they all are. I urged that they should all claim some time each day for quiet thought and study, urged them to form a club. Mr. and Mrs. Stetson, old Associationists at Northampton, came to our dinner, she a lovely woman, bright, calm and sweet like an October day, he very proud of her and fond of good talk. The company was my host and wife, daughter and brother, was very pleasant. These were all people of thought and of faith in true things. We talked all the afternoon. Tea in the evening. Visited the other Seaborn family, where I stayed at the time of Mrs. Burleigh's ordination, music, early to bed.

June 16th, Monday. Up at 5 a.m. breakfast at 5:30 Started for Danielsonville at 6. Home in good time. Found Chey gone to Newport, and Maud suffering from yesterday's heat, her papa having had fire in the furnace and in the grate, the day being a warm one. Had a quiet and studious afternoon. Lieutenant Zylinsky coming out for a visit, invited him to stay, I having no man in the house and being afraid of robbers.

June 17th, Tuesday. Up at 5 and to get a boat. Maud and the lieutenant rowed me to Fort Independence and back, a most refreshing excursion. Dear Dr. Hedge came out to make a morning visit. I kept him as long as I could. We talked of Bartol, Rubenstein, Father Taylor and Margaret Fuller, whom he knew when she was fourteen years old. He urged me to labor for dress reform, which he considered much needed. Had preached two sermons on the subject which his dressy parishioners resented, telling him that their husbands approved of their fine clothes. I begged him to unearth these sermons and give them to us at the club. We spoke of marriage, and I unfolded rapidly my military and moral theory of human relations. Thought of a text for a sermon on this subject: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk," this because the ills of marriage which are deemed incurable, are not. We must meet them with the energetic will which converts evil into good, and without which all good degenerates into evil. Letter from Duchess of Argyll.

June 19th, Thursday. Mailed Journal with account of Peace Day to Duchess of Argyll.

June 20th, Friday. Class, Day, very weary to me, but dear Maud enjoyed it very much.

June 22d, Sunday. Heard J.F.C., a sermon on conversation "our conversation is in heaven", very suggestive and interesting. Wrote a line to Maria Mitchell of Vassar, enclosing letters ~~xxx~~ of introduction. * * Received letters

from Mrs. Lucas, London, Mrs. Winkworth, Belton Lane, and Miss Katherine M. Johnston, president of L'Association Universelle de Femmes à Genève. Mrs. Winkworth describes a Peace soirée June 2d at Manchester, at which she spoke. Miss Johnston writes an official letter informing me of the Peace celebration held at Geneva on June 2d, in furtherance of the doctrine of universal peace. All this is good news.

June 23d, Monday. To town with Chev. and Maud. Too tired for work in p.m., but began a letter to Miss Katherine M. Johnston, in answer to her welcome communication about the observance of June 2d. Gave Maud a Latin lesson.

June 24th, Tuesday. Made beds. Finished letter to C.M.J., begun yesterday. Wrote a long letter to Countess Teleky (?) Pesth, Hungary. Maud's silk overskirt, \$8.75, ditto ribbons .50, buttons, etc.

June 25th, Wednesday. Wrote article for Journal. Maud's cambric dress \$4. etc.

June 26th, Thursday. In town in the morning to carry article to Journal, "First pure, then peaceable", its title. In p.m. began a letter to Ladies' International Correspondence Association.

June 27th, Friday. Wrote a good deal on the letter begun yesterday. Studied. Received a letter from Miss Ridley, London, telling me that they held a meeting June 2d, at which Prof. Seeley spoke, and at which many good things were said and done. I cannot help a few tears of joy, here in my room and a cry of Glory to God in the highest, which comes from my deepest heart. Oh, joy, joy! I have been sometimes of late wondering whether I have done well in forsaking the paths of literary distinction. I am answered now. Enough will throng these for their honors and delights, of which I have had my share. But this heavenly germ of good and hope was committed to my care. Oh, if I had been quite ~~unmindful~~ unmindful of it! I might have done better than I have, but, thank God, I might have done worse.

June 28th, Saturday. Art group to visit Mrs. Van Brunt. * *

June 29th, Sunday. To town to hear Alger's farewell sermon, which not a farewell after all, an intelligent discourse upon the kingdom of God on earth. My peace doctrine, without my peace method, for he said nothing from beginning to end about women. It was noticeably a man-sermon. The co-operation of women, which is to bring peace quickly, he does not think of.

June 30th, Monday. Wrote letter for Journal, finished letters begun yesterday. Began to pack.

July 1st, Tuesday. Very busy with packing and preparation. Bought \$4.75 worth of foreign books, mostly French. Off for Newport by 4:30 train. Conversation with George C. Dorr, very interesting. He is full of force and of conscience so far. God grant him a victory over all temptations. He seems to know that the moral life is a fight against the supremacy against the natural life. True religion makes this conflict to end in peace and that is Christ's promised peace, the source of all other peace. Arrived at Newport, found Connor (the coachman) No shawls sent, so rode in a fog, rather chilly. Dear Flossy well.

July 2d, Wednesday. A green, breezy day. Morning spent in study, afternoon in open air, with a book. Baur. Account of Vassar College. Mrs. Bacon's visit. Baby's head very hot all day. He was feverish all over, from teething. A restful day. Wrote to Coquerel, via G.C.Dorr, introducing the latter

July 3d, Thursday. Study and rest. Bacons in the afternoon. Chev came out at night with the Waleses.

July 4th, Friday. Corinthians 4th and 7th, For we maketh thee to differ from another? And what hast thou that thou didst not receive? 20th v. For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. Two good texts, which I may use in these days.

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

Wrote to Fanny Perkins, proposing Pionies with a Purpose, sketching, seaside lectures, astronomical evenings. Also to Miss Carpenter and brother and Mrs. Beverley Allan of St. Louis. Letter from Mrs. Mary W. Peck, Isle of Shoals, asking me to get Miss Carpenter to speak on separate prisons for women, inviting me also to attend a league which works, I suppose, to this end.

Read

July 6th, Sunday. A peaceful day. Wrote a good deal and began letter to Fréd. Passy. ~~Wrote~~ Read his lecture on True equality. Tea with the Hazards, very pleasant.

July 7th, Monday. To town with Chev in a.m. Gloves \$2.25, to my sorrow. Finished letter to Fréd. Passy. Baur, Aeschylus, Sallust, not very much of either, eyes being weak this day. Maud arrived in the evening. Miss Carpenter, for whom I have been preparing all these days, will not come.

July 8th, Tuesday. Corinthians 7:23, "Ye are bought with a price. Be not ye the servants of men." The Christian doctrine of freedom in service.

July 9th, Wednesday. Left Napert, early for Boston. Found dear Laura and baby well. Hunted Mrs. Doggett a good deal without success. Home at last, and a quiet hour or two at my desk. Had written an editorial for Woman's Journal, which I did not want to send. I read it over and decided I had better send it, making some alterations.

July 10th, Thursday. Early to town. Carried article to printing office, and read it with proof reader. Settled bank book Gave Chev the \$200 which he borrowed some months ago and for which he had given me a cheque. Revisited the dear Mt. Vernon house, now sold, with what the French call "une serrement du coeur". Saw Mrs. Doggett for a moment only. Packed and started with dear J. for Vineyard Haven, where I should have spoken, but arrived after meeting was pretty well in progress. I swallowed a cup of tea, smoothed my hair, and without sitting down, came into the meeting and spoke as well as I was able.

July 11th, Friday. A delicious day of gypsyng. The missionary drove us through the woods to the light house, which in wonderful order, expecting Commander Perkins. Also to Mr. Smith's house, where we made a pleasant visit. In the afternoon quite late, we drove over to the campground, and found a fairy city. The prettiest little cottages, illuminated with kerosene lamps in great variety. Fascinating shops, a very stately hotel, with a band of music and large company. We supped on vanilla ice and cake. Shell ear-rings, 2 pairs, \$1.

July 12th, Sunday. Preached on the parable of the talents. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, etc". Said that self was the napkin in which the talent, if buried and laid away, became useless and unfruitful. The envelope of self

was at first silken, easy every way, then it hardened to iron, like a shirt of mail, then it became adamant, which only the sword of God's spirit can reach and break through. We love first ourselves, next our possessions. Christ had seen the woe lament over the moth-eaten garments and silver lost or stolen. He showed the treasure in heaven which is incorruptible. Misfortunes are talents, gifts, angels in disguise. If we improve them, we are enriched by them. Poverty is a talent, not usually so regarded.

Evening sermon, Is. 35th and 9th. The redeemed shall walk there". What redemption is, Christ's doctrine redeems, not his blood, meaning of the word. Captivity of Jews. Redemption of prisoners. God's angel of peace coming through the world, finding peace nowhere. God says: Go again, look nearer, see the homes and hearts in which the spirit of my Christ has entered. Angel goes again, finds peace springing up in many places. Isaiah's prophecy really to be filled by the triumph of true Christianity. The desert shall rejoice, etc. A most happy Sunday, fruitful to me, and, I will hope, to others. Full attendance, evening meeting much crowded.

July 14th, Monday. Up at 4:45. Left the dear mission house, to which I am much indebted for many precious memories. The missionary much worn with labor. His work is crowned before his eyes.

July 15th, Tuesday. Face to face with books and papers today. Oh, how to get and keep the latter straight! Received and read a splendid report of Manchester meeting from Mary Waddington. Wrote an official reply, signing as president of the American Branch.

July 16th, Wednesday. In town with Chevy, in again in the evening with Maud. Mrs. Dr. Wheeler's reception. John Wallace, brother of Horace, a most interesting talk with him. Had intended giving a party for Miss Carpenter, who should come tomorrow. Maud said Monday, but the daemon said Saturday. Mrs. Wheeler said so too. Judge O'Sullivan came out to a rather shabby dinner.

July 17th, Thursday. Expecting Miss Carpenter to arrive on New York boat. She did not come.

July 18th, Friday. Working very hard with all the others to have Miss Carpenter's party pleasant, and the house and supper in good order.

July 20th, Sunday. Sitting reading John, 12th, the entry into Jerusalem, two passages seem to me mis-translated, "the people that was with him bare witness that he called Lazarus, etc." 24th, "If a grain of wheat falling into the ground does not die, it remains alone." It seems to me a wonderful thing that we today should have power to look into the devout and transparent mind of Christ, luminous with spiritual knowledge and insight, to see there what this very world we live was to him. He judged its cares, vanities, and falsehoods for us, near nineteen hundred years ago, and solved its problems with divine insight and human foresight. We are not compelled to adopt his view, nor indeed can we value his thoughts, unless we think ourselves, but ah! how much are our lives impoverished if we leave him out of them!

July 23d, Wednesday. John 12:44 and remainder is a passage in which Jesus most clearly and decidedly speaks of himself as a human being, sent by a divine being. He puts himself out of sight. "Believe not on me but on him that sent me." V. 47 "If any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not, for I came not to judge the world but to save the world. How, in the face of this, can Christians be intolerant? They are in haste to judge the world, rather than to save it. What does save the world? Love, patience, and wisdom, not uncharity and condemnation.

Picnic at Paradise Rocks, the Bettas, Bacons, Higginson, Hazards, a pleasant meeting. Miss Carpenter gave us an account of a picnic in India to see the caves of Elephanta.

July 24th, Thursday. Up at 5:30 a.m. Miss Carpenter left at 6:30. Her visit has been a very interesting one to me and others. I must now return to my correspondence. Busy all day. Went ~~xxxxxxx~~ to a party at the house of my dear niece, Margaret Chanler, taking Maud, who looked beautifully. We were most cordially received and made at home. I sat next to Mrs. Cary, Alida ~~Sater~~, who was very pleasant and asked me to come and see her. Winthrop Chanler, master of the house, gave me at parting some beautiful hot house fruit, very kindly. Home and to bed at 1:15.

July 25th, Friday. Paying for yesterday's fatigue and last night's dissipation. Eyes very painful and sensitive. Julia arrived, with Miss Moulton and Mr. Reeves.

July 26th, Saturday. Beginning a sermon on John 13:55, the example given by Christ. Wrote about half of it.

July 27th, Sunday. Wrote perhaps the other half of sermon begun yesterday, which I shall probably deliver next Sunday in Newport.

July 28th, Monday. Began a letter in Italian to Gualberta Aloide Becasi, part of it private, the greater part for publication.

July 30th, Wednesday. Wrote editorial for Journal on Italian women, rather late for this week's issue. A quiet day, but mind rather dull and spleeny.

July 31st, Thursday. John 15:15, "Not servants, but friends." The true doctrine of Protestantism. I shall write a sermon on this text.

August 1st, Friday. Had to go to the Casino with Maud, paying subscription for the season, \$30. Had a pleasant talk with Mrs. Beckwith, the occasion quite meagre in social interest. Then a pleasant sail to Cananicut, with E. Blacklee, F. Hazard, Henry Wood and Maud. Then a surprise party at Mont Francis's, which was very pleasant, only a thunderstorm, just when we should have gone home, causing much delay and fatigue, but the brothers Francis, my cousins, are lovely, - true Christians by descent and discipline, living from the heart, not from the world. An interesting talk with Captain Honey about spiritualism and metaphysics in general.

August 2d, Saturday. A studious day to make up for yesterday's scatter brain.

August 3d, Sunday. Determine to preach next Sunday p.m. at Unitarian Church in Newport. "Yet a little while and ye shall not see me." Good for a sermon on bereavement. Will try to apply my theories of charity to personal vexations of my own. I am sincere in wishing to do this, and so believe I shall succeed in some measure. Should like to preach a sermon on idolatry, of formula and of fashion, taking as a text the old chapter in the prophets, or that text about the work of men's hands. Must now bring up my correspondence, which I have put by to write these two sermons.* *

August 10th, Sunday. Preached a sermon on Rest, from text "Come unto Me". A good attendance, and I think a pretty good occasion. I was able to do better than I sometimes can.

August 15th, Friday. Tiresome Casino in the morning. A letter from Mrs. Vaughan of the Temple.

August 16th, Saturday. Received a gratifying letter from Rev. S.E. Bengough, acknowledging my long letter sent to the Ladies' International Correspondence Association. Finished a long letter to Miss Ridley, London. Whites and Bottus came out and stayed to tea. Very pleasant talk.

August 17th, Sunday. My second sermon here, from text Luke 22:21, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat." Tried to illustrate the sifting and scattering tendency of the world. God sifts the wheat to save it, Satan to lose it. Did not do nearly so well as I had hoped. The audience seemed a dull one, but that may have been the effect of my sermon, or possibly of the rather relaxing weather. Still, I had some satisfaction of having made my effort honestly. Afterwards to Mrs. Wheeler's, then to the Parson Stevens's, where met the Russian minister. Asked him about Mme. Swetchine. She had to leave Russia, he said, because she left the Orthodox Church. He spoke of the Russian lady students at Zurich. Approved the action of the government. Hoped Don Carlos might succeed in Spain.

August 23d, Saturday. An afternoon party, which I intend for my last. A severe rain kept many away and threatened to keep all, but about fifty came, among others George Ripley, Octavius Frothingham, Dr. Gould of Rome, Mary and Charles Dorr. We had dancing and two hired musicians.

August 24th, Sunday. My last preaching in this little course. "I have overcome the world." Christ's victory. A very good attendance, among others George Ripley, Octavius Frothingham and Arthur Gilman. Had studied the subject a good deal, felt a little brain fatigue, but did better, people said, than before. Pleasant tea afterwards at the Whites', Cliff Cottage, No. 7.

September 7th, Sunday. Preached at South Portsmouth, afternoon and evening.

September 12th, Friday. My first quiet day in many. Sorted my papers and tried to get my work a little before me. Received a letter from C.B. Wilbour including a call for the Women's Congress, with numerous signatures, among which I gave mine with great reluctance, not hoping much from the Congress, unless this should be organized with much care and order, of which I do not feel at all sure. Letter from Dudley Campbell, saying that he has put my play Hippolytus into the hands of Buckstone, manager of the Haymarket Theatre. I do not hope anything from this, indeed I have many things more at heart, yet should be pleased to have the piece played and recognized, if possible.

September 13th, Saturday. Head ache and rather low spirits, because I don't quite see where to begin upon my work. Gave Maud a music lesson. Wrote some letters, one to Will J. Murphy, Little Rock, Arkansas, which has been due since February, 1872.

September 14th, Sunday. We had a reading of Miss Edgeworth, Rosanna, an excellent story of Irish peasant life of the better sort. Men: to write to some of the London ladies and others* * .

September 16th, Tuesday. Received despatch from Mrs. Wilbour to meet her tomorrow morning in Boston. Made all arrangements to go up to town by early train with dear Maud. To 3 Temple Place, where Mrs. Wilbour soon came, but only to say that she would be at liberty later. Wrote article for Woman's Journal, then to see Mrs. Wilbour, who only gossiped and told me nothing about the Congress. In afternoon came Lucy Stone and Mrs. Livermore. Found she had written to each of them asking them to treat particular subjects. To me she had not done this. Came to the conclusion that her congress is, as I feared, a masked movement. She could tell me nothing about officers, etc., but has it all out and dried in her own intention.

Serocis intends to engineer the Congress, or her president does. So, good bye, Mrs. O.B.W. If you are frank and flat-footed, I am no reader of natural language.

September 18th, Thursday. Visited Lyceum Bureau, where learned of the following engagements: West Newton, Nov. 12, \$50. Webster, no date, \$50. Bristol Oct. 23d, \$60.

September 19th, Friday. Received letter from Rev. C.H. Richards, pastor Madison, Wisconsin, asking leave to print my Battle Hymn in a book of Hymns of Praise. I wrote consenting, and sent him a copy of our reports, asking him to present them to some of his ladies.

September 22d, Monday. A visit from Mrs. Hemenway. We proposed a Grandmother's Club, of about half a dozen people for cheerful enjoyment. Mrs. De Blois was with her. Mrs. Hemenway said she had enjoyed my afternoon sermons.

September 25th, Thursday. A peaceful day. Had some study, interrupted by a visit from my old friend, Baron Osten Sacken, who walked out and stayed to dinner. We walked about in pursuit of insects and flowers, of which the first is his specialty. He told me of Holzendorff's pamphlets in Germany. Talked also about Renan's last book "L'Antiochiste."

September 26th, Friday. "And Saul was consenting into his death." A good text for a sermon of biographical illustration, showing what Saul was, and what Paul became. I began to feel a little better about the Congress, at least willing to go there in a friendly spirit and to help it, if possible.

Began to write my paper for the Women's Congress, or Association of Women. Went to an evening party at Mrs. E.T. Potter's, where met Mr. Samuel Cowal, who promises to help, another, year, my plan of a culture Club in Newport.

September 28th, Sunday. In afternoon heard Rev. Merrill at Union meeting. The want of simplicity in his prayer surprised me, a want which the sermon showed still more, being entirely high-falutin', and entirely unsuited to the comprehension of a rustic audience. I should suppose him to be infected with Algerism, and to mistake the copious and easy use of words for thought power. He is young and may learn better.

September 29th, Monday. Acts 9:6-16 "For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." I could preach from this of what all of us should suffer for Christ's sake.

Thought is a miracle in the presence of animality and of inanimate nature.

The greatest of these is charity. Paul has here entered into the very spirit of his divine Master, for this spirit which suffereth long and is kind is the very love of Christ and to God and man.

Wrote a letter to dear Mary Graves, whose case has become clear to me in the quiet of these latter days. (This may have alluded to her coming to feel that Miss Graves, with all her lovely spirit and great intelligence, was not fitted for preaching. L.E.R.)

October 1st, Wednesday. To Boston with dear Chav to attend Woman Suffrage Convention at Lawrence, an interesting meeting. I lost the morning séance but spoke in the afternoon and evening. Met Rev. Mr. Park, a Calvinist divine, who seemed to me to believe more in the outward ordinances of religion than in its inward experience. Came home in company with Mr. Backus, a Daily Advertiser reporter, with whom some pleasant conversation.

October 2d, Thursday. Home to Newport, expecting to go to Washington. Packed my trunk. Got half an hour of Greek. In afternoon got Chav's telegram, saying I need not go. Very glad. L. Derby came down with me (Lucy Derby, afterwards Mrs. Richard Fuller.)

October 3d, Friday. A quiet studious day. Worked at my paper.

October 4th, Saturday. Board meeting of N.E.W.S., and of W.L.C.M. at same place at 3:30. To Boston by 7:20 train, in good time to attend board meeting. Proposed Mary Graves to take poor Mrs. Smiley's place. Spoke of it first at the board, then to her. Lunched with Mary at Parker's.

October 5th, Sunday. A quiet studious day. In the afternoon visited the poor farm with J. and F. Found several of the old people gone, old Nancy who used to make curious patch work, old Benny, half witted. Elsteth, Henrietta and Harriet very glad to see me. Julia read them a psalm, then Elsteth and Harriet sang an interminable Methodist hymn, and I was moved to ask if they would like to have me pray with them. Then assented, and I can only say that my heart was lifted up by the sense of the universality of God's power and goodness, to which these forlorn ones could appeal as directly as the most powerful, rich or learned people.

October 9th, Thursday. Visited Cousin Catherine Turner, Miss Cunningham, Mrs. DeKoven. Met Mrs. DeBlois and told her that I was just coming to see her, which was true. Called also at Mrs. E.C. Potter's.

October 10th, Friday. I expect to go to New York to attend Woman Suffrage Convention and Woman's Congress. The summer seems to me to have been rich in good and interest, as I review it. Sweet studious days, pleasant intercourse with friends, the joy of preaching, and very much in all this the well-being of my dear family, children and grandchildren, their father and grandfather enjoying them with me. This is much to thank God for. So I say, "Nunc dimittis." Now let thy sweet summer go, oh Lord, for we have all seen thy goodness which is thy glory. Began to prepare for preaching in New York, the coming of the bridegroom.

October 11th, Saturday. Left by Wickford boat with L. Stone. Met Mrs. Blatchford, Kate, Hone, with whom we had much pleasant conversation. On board New London boat. Went into dining saloon, leaving my hand bag, in which, I think, I had put my diamond pins and pearl earrings. We asked a lady who stayed in the car to watch them.

October 12th, Sunday. Very tired. Locked in my bag for my jewelry, mentioned in last entry, and could not find it. Feared the lady left in the car might have taken them, but hoped I left them at home, as my departure was a very confused and hurried one. All this troubled me much, but I got out my notes and endeavored to fill my mind with my sermon. Went to Harlem by Third Ave. cars, arriving just in time. Was met by Rev. W.F. Clarke, who had been a little anxious about my arrival. He conducted the service, leaving only the sermon for me. I did as well as usual and enjoyed the occasion. After service visited the parsonage, but soon came home to dine. In afternoon wrote to Flossy, enclosing key of trunk and asking her to search for my jewelry. If I find it, I will never be so careless. One of the diamonds was my mother's, the rest Chev gave me as wedding gift. Heard today that poor M.F. Conway has shot at ex-senator Pomeroy.

October 13th, Monday. Busy all day, mostly with speech for Suffrage Convention but translated a little of Baur. In evening to Woman Suffrage Convention at Cooper Institute. Found my name not on the bill, and was told that I should speak at Brooklyn tomorrow evening. Thought this rather unwise. I have many friends in New York, and ten minutes from me would have put me into the occasion ~~xxx~~ as I could not feel to be under the circumstances. Saw Olive Johnson, who seemed to avoid recognizing me.

October 14th, Tuesday. Woman Suffrage Convention all day. To lunch with Mrs. Ford of Brooklyn W.S. who took active part in my 2d June celebration. She is not for Suffrage. At afternoon session Col. Higginson who presided told me I might

speak then instead of in the evening, if I chose. I was too much fatigued with attention, my head much confused. To tea at Brooklyn, B.E.W. Hone, where rested somewhat. Spoke in the evening, pretty well, but lost the preliminary meeting of the Congress, to my regret.

October 15th, Wednesday. Opening of the Women's Congress, at which all my misgivings were realized. A permanent Association was announced, with officers and constitution. I took exception, but was referred to the action of the preliminary meeting last night. I thought this insufficient to justify such a proceeding and maintained that I was a member of the Congress, but not of any association formed without due notice, which indeed was not given, nothing in the Call having implied that an Association was to be sprung in this manner upon the Congress. Mrs. Livermore president both of the Congress and Association, apologized for my captiousness - "These Boston women are so very exact." She is a Boston woman and I am a New Yorker. At last I read my paper on associations of women. Would not go on the platform. Peace meeting at Jacob Capron's(?) in the evening.

October 16th, Thursday. Stayed on the floor of the hall today, despite frequent invitations to go to the platform. Sparred with Mrs. Stanton, who excused infanticide on the ground that women did not want to bring moral monsters into the world, and said that these acts were regulated by natural law. I differed from her strongly, asserting that the moral law of man's being was paramount to the mechanical tendencies, quoted as natural laws, and that infanticide was usually a crime of gross selfishness, though under some circumstances, the struggle against it must be agonizing. Nature has a dark horror of the act, I think. In the evening, went up on the platform, very unwillingly. To lunch with Mrs. Haskell, Mmes. Stanton, Burleigh, Livermore, and Mary Eastman. Mrs. Mrs. Brock who was Miss Roberts' school when I went there. She used to sit by my sister Louisa.

October 17th, Friday. Congress all day. Lunch with Mrs. Ryder. Executive session in afternoon, very short. A hard fight, I all alone. Sustained my ground against the constitution and officering of the new Association. No committee, I said, had been charged by the Congress with the duty of preparing a Constitution. Mrs. Wilbour said she had written the Constitution.

October 18th, Saturday. Visited dear Flossy. Sent to Stuart's where bought gloves. Uncle R. very feeble and fractious today. I dined with him, his Annie and Clara Dodd being present. After dinner played and sang the Battle Hymn and Rally round the Flag. He ~~likes~~ loves music still, and always loved it. Took affectionate leave of him, probably for the last time. Went down to boat in 'bus, carrying some heavy bundles. Forget the situation of Murray Street, and got out too soon. Had rather a grievous posting down Broadway. Found Mmes. Wilson and Levering, much delightful talk, in which my tongue ran on so fast as to rob my ears. Should have been glad to hear more from them!

October 19th, Sunday. Home safely and in comfort.

October 20th, Monday. # * * Must pack papers, etc today. Fear I shall have little time to study in the months that are to come.

October 23d, Thursday. Lectured at Bristol, R.I.

October 25th, Saturday. Sitting quietly with Chev over the fire, after a game of whist with Julia and Paddock, a hack driver knocked at the door of our little back parlor, saying that a gentleman was waiting at the front door for admission. I opened the door and found Dr. Alex. Veicoff, who heard in Boston that we were here, and had come down to stay over Sunday. The floors of nearly every parlor and bedroom had been newly varnished. We had no spare bedding. One clean sheet was mustered. I spared what I could from my ill-provided bed, and we made the guest as comfortable as

we could. The bedding had been sent up to Boston. Hinc illae lacrymae.

October 26th, Sunday. Francis sullen, Breakfast ~~not~~ very good. House cold. Ordered beach wagon and drove ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ to Valley, where wandered with Dr. Veiockoff to the seas-shore. Got warm and had a good time. To visit the Rogers pair, whom we found at home, also George S. Hillard.

October 27th, Monday. Found an old letter to Mrs. Thorndike, which I sent with apology for my delay. Sent autograph to J.S. Schriver, Villason, Iowa. Wrote also to ask whether they have there, or can have a Woman's Club for Social Culture and mutual improvement. A violent storm. Cleared up and filed many papers. Wrote a long letter about Woman's Congress to K.N. Doggett of Chicago.

The visit of our Russian friend ended this morning. Though at first inconvenient, it has been very pleasant and full of ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ interesting communications on his part, concerning Russia and her immense empire and surroundings. He has obviously been prejudiced against us by statements made to him in the South, about negro rule, carpet bagging, etc.

October 28th, Tuesday. Home to South Boston. Found dear Maud, Laura, and Baby Alice well. Had a busy day, writing and beginning to unpack papers and books. A pleasant time in the afternoon, sitting and sewing with Laura and Maud, also a little of Baur. Some one has sent me a Golden Age with a dashing notice of the Woman's Congress, by Mrs. Stanton. As might be expected she slurs me with faint praise, but somewhat sustained my objections to proceedings already characterized in the same pages.

October 29th, Wednesday. Arranged a part of my Suffrage address for the Woman's Journal. Picked out letters and papers from the mass in my trunk. Had a little Greek, ~~ixxxx~~ New Testament. * *

October 30th, Thursday. To town to meet Maria S. Porter. Talk with her and Mrs. Lewis about the Woman's Congress and Sorosis. To printer's office to correct proof. Talked also with Mrs. Hooper, who will join N.E.W. Club. Gave Dr. Veiockoff letters to Aaron Powell. Very tired with talking, which yet important. George Jeffreys whom I met in the cars the night corner of Boylston and (?) Streets a good place for a Women's Club house.

October 31st, Friday. In town all the morning. At the girls' club, where met the Ex. Com. Then met H.B.B. Received a disappointing letter from Miss C.M. Johnston. Passed the afternoon mostly in answering this letter, begging her to form a nucleus of association and by all means to continue the paper which she will do, if possible.

November 1st, Saturday. Board meeting of N.E.W.C., very harmonious on the whole. We were very much troubled at hearing that the second Radical Club has invited V.C. Woodhull to speak to them at our rooms, which they hire for their regular meetings. K.G. Wales was appointed a committee to wait on Dr. Bartol and arrange that the meeting shall not take place in our rooms, peaceably if we can, forcibly, if we must. I brought up the subject of our club house, and a committee was formed of which I am one to meet and report about this new plan.

November 8th, Saturday. To Woman Suffrage meeting at Worcester, good meetings. Frisbie Hear made a capital speech for us. I made one which I fear was more fluent than weighty.

November 12th, Wednesday. Lecture at West Newton. Tea at Mrs. Moore's with the Severances. Sarah Bond and her husband came to see me, she very pleasant. The lecture was all that I could make it with so little time. Mrs. Wood sent me a lovely bouquet.

November 13th, Thursday. Got through some small businesses. Studied a very little. Received a short visit from Rev. J.R. Long of England. Dressed and went to dine at M.G.Dorr's, a pleasant occasion.. Returned early to meet Mr. Wright and daughter, to hear her voice, which I found a charming one.

November 14th, Friday. * * My first quiet day in many.

November 19th, Wednesday. Woman Suffrage Convention at Andover. I did my best but was little inspired by the audience, which seemed indifferent, although very well as to appearance. Spoke of the journeyings of the apostles.

November 25th, Tuesday. To Plymouth to attend Woman Suffrage Convention. Studied out a little speech for afternoon meeting. Spoke much better than at Andover, but without referring much to my notes.

November 26th, Wednesday. Saw Salvini's Othello, as wonderful as people say it is. The large theatre packed, and so quiet that you could have heard a pin drop. From the serene majesty of the opening scenes to the agony of the end, it was grand and astounding, even to us to whom the play is familiar. The Italian version seemed to me very fine, preserving all the literary points of the original. Indeed, it seemed as though I had always before heard the play through an English translation, so much did the Italian speech and action light it up.

November 27th, Thursday. Got a little Greek. Began a little poetical sketch which I intend to make the "history of an uneventful day", to show our grandchildren how their grandmothers lived.

November 28th, Friday. Met Salvini at the house of Rev. W.R. Alger. He is a striking and impressive person, of a most powerful physique, and of a temperament at once forcible and versatile. He was a blond in his youth with beautiful fair hair. Now, something over forty, he is somewhat bald, but not to disfigurement, has a clear, pale complexion, olive eyes, fine teeth, and fine figure, tall strong and lithe. His voice is musical and his manners cordial, natural and heightened. I made him promise to come to lunch on Sunday. Wrote to ask Longfellow to meet him.

November 29th, Saturday. Field at Saturday Morning Club, lecture on Charles Lamb. I invited him to meet Salvini. Wrote some notes and hurried off to see him in Hamlet. This part is not so good for him as Othello, yet he was wonderful in it, and made a very strong impression, almost hackneyed as they play is by frequent repetition.

November 30th, Sunday. Salvini came to luncheon here. I sent John Dee for him with the carriage. Of all invited, only the Whipples, Rev. J.F. Clarke, Dwight, Mrs. Alger and Abby and Lucy Derby came at first. While we were at table, Fields, Dr. Holmes and my Julia came in. The luncheon was very comfortable. I did all that I could to make it pleasant all round, but was much disappointed not to see Parsons (T.W.) and the Hunts. Had asked Lucy Stone and H.B. Blackwell, who gave me to understand that they would come, but did not. Now, I shall not ask them again, for this is not polite on such an occasion. * * In the evening, I went to speak at a Peace meeting at Shawmut Avenue Church, without any preparation. I spoke first, Garrison afterwards. I said I will stick to the letter of Paul's commands. I will not instruct, I will prophesy the new order and the coming of God's kingdom on earth. This was the keynote of my address, which was fluent enough. The great pulpit bouquet was given to me, and I wearily brought it home through the bitter cold.

December 3d, Lecture at Webster, Mass.

December 8th, Monday. Dear Uncle Richard died very quietly at a quarter before 3 p.m. His daughters and I were with him, also John Ward, Joseph Jenks (a cousin through the Greens, I think. L.E.R.) and Dr. Griswold. Mary Oliver, Hattie and Clara were there, and the good faithful black man nurse. Aunt Maria and Mrs. Partridge came in just as all was over. When Dr. G. felt of the artery and heart and said "He is gone," we all wept and Cousin Joseph said "Then shall the dust return, etc." We sat for some time in affectionate silence.

December 11th, Thursday. Uncle Richard's funeral, a quiet one, but on the whole satisfactory, and almost pleasant, he having lived out his life and dying surrounded by his children and other relatives, and the family gathering around his remains, wearing an aspect of cordiality and mutual goodwill. I put a sprig of white daphne in the folds of the drapery of dear Father's bust, and kissed the bust, feeling that it has taken all of these years to touch me his value, and the value of the moral and spiritual inheritance which I had from him, and could not wholly waste, with all the follies which check the better intentions of my life. I went to Greenwood and into the vault and saw the sacred names of the dear departed on the slabs which seal the deposit of their remains. It was all like a dream and a sad one. Elise Partridge was with us, John Ward and Rev. Joseph Jenks. She told me much about Henry, our dear cousin.

December 12th, Friday. (8 Bond Street.) I came down here to write the records of yesterday and today in this dear old house, whose thronging memories rise up to wring my heart in the prospect of its speedy dismantlement and the division of its dear contents. Here I came on my return from Europe in 1844, bringing my dear Julia, then an infant of six months. Uncle John had just bought it and fitted it up. Here I came to attend Sister Louisa's wedding, Uncle John being rather distant to me, supposing that I had favored the marriage. Here I brought dear Flossy, a baby of two months. Here I saw Annie's marriage. Here I saw dear Brother Marion for the last time. Here I came in my most faulty and unhappy period. Here, after my first publications, there to see my play acted at Wallack's, here when Death had taken my dearest Sammy from me. Uncle John was so kind and merciful at that time, and always except that once, when indeed he did not express displeasure, but I partly guessed it, and learned it more fully afterwards. God's blessing rest upon the memory of this hospitable and unstained house. It seems to me as if neither words nor tears could express the pain I feel in closing this account with my father's generation.

December 15th, Monday. Agassiz died at about ten o'clock last evening.

December 17th, Wednesday. Went to Agassiz's house, saw Lizzie, Sallie Cary, Pauline Shaw, and the remains of the man who leaves a great place empty in the present, but filled in the past. My interview with Lizzie was most interesting. Her mind reverted to the early acquaintance and courtship. Her feelings were ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ intense and wonderfully mingled. Grief for her loss and the world's, enthusiasm for the objects of his love and life, thankfulness that he did not survive his intellectual faculties, made up the sum of what she felt. She was agonized, but not wretched. I kissed the forehead of the dead friend and said goodbye.

December 18th, Thursday. Agassiz's funeral. Went out in carriage with J.S. Dwight. It was a wonderful assemblage of people, all the illustrations, social, scientific, political and literary, were there, Emerson, Vice-Pres. Wilson, - I cannot attempt to enumerate. Chapel hung with black, relieved with bunches of calla lilies and evergreens. Many flowers around the altar and pulpit, and the coffin was a mound of wreaths and flowers. Music lovely, last chorus in Bach's Passion, etc. Went to the grave which was all outlined with evergreens and sumptuously adorned with the costliest flowers. Brought home some ivy to plant. Threw some flowers into the grave. Waited till the slab of stone was laid over the coffin. Ah, me! A great void. A man with human faults, but almost lovable and admirable man.

December 25th, Thursday. Oh, the blessing of a quiet day!

December 27th, Saturday. A busy day, club at one p.m. Reception for Maria Mitchell. Cranch's(?) poem - Satan - philosophical, and with some fine pictures and passages, but on the whole wanting in vivid power and passion. Maria Mitchell was most charming.

January 4th, Sunday. A quiet and most balmy morning. Walked in the green-house, prepared my sermon for tonight, and so on. To church at 3:30 for communion service. Little Maria S.P. was there, very affectionate and sweet. Then to cars to Wakefield, thence to Salem by carriage, arriving very late. Went to house of Mr. Northey, got a hasty cup of tea. Then to church, where I took for my text, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

January 5th, Monday. Back from Salem by 10 a.m. At 11 my lesson (Greek) from Bishop Ferrette (Julius). Still on John 1st. Christ was a prince of the house of David, and ancintable as a king at any time. John was of the lineage of Aaron, also ancintable as high priest. Christ might have been king of Israel and John high priest, but for Herod and the Romans. Amnōs Theōū was Christ's petname in the household. John, his cousin, not having seen him since his childhood, on seeing him, exclaims, "Ide, oh amnōs tōū Theōū!" The Jews disliked the rule of Herod, a make-shift king imposed upon them by the Romans, disliked the rule of their priest-kings, the Macabees, etc., wished to see the two offices distinct, their king a true prince of David's line, the only true line, their high priest fulfilling only that office.

January 6th, Tuesday. I begin my screed for this year today, in a sort of melancholy of confusion, not knowing how I can possibly get through with the various requisitions made upon my time, thought, strength and sympathy. Usually, I feel, even in these moods, the nearness of divine help. Today it seems out of my consciousness, but is not on that account out of my belief. * *

January 11th, Sunday. Time to write a few words. The past week one dreadful hurry. Things look colorless when you whirl so past them. * * *

January 12th, Monday. (Mem; about lecture tickets, etc. No entry of any consequence until --)

January 27th, Tuesday. Finishing my report for today's Woman Suffrage Convention, I come to the reluctant conclusion that I am not at all able to labor as I did last year. The going back and forth to town exhausts my body and confuses my mind. I feel the loss of my grasp upon many things which have been of great interest to me. I must change my mode of life, have more help and live nearer the scene of my social labors, or else look at the alternatives of ceasing to work or ceasing to live.

8 p.m. went to Woman Suffrage Convention. Found J.F.C. absent, as I had anticipated, but I had not anticipated being called upon to preside, as I was. Had taken pains with my report, which was well received, especially the neurology. A little spat with Foster, who invited people at large to bring rotten eggs. I invited them rather to bring lilies and roses and the olive of peace. Had to preside also over evening meeting. Was to have gone with Mudge to Brockline assembly, but Julia went. I saw the meeting through. At the close only we learned that Boston school committee had voted not to receive the lady members. Blackwell at once improvised a resolution, requesting the ladies to persist and contest.

January 28th, Wednesday. Bishop Ferrette's lecture. Mohammed, Islam, very interesting, though he made me wince when he read from the Koran about the virgins in paradise and made some comments. Tomorrow must begin my new and most undesired task of editing comments upon Dr. Clarke's nauseous book. Will rest a little this afternoon.

January 29th, Thursday. Am to lecture at Weston. * * Read Proteus or the Secret of Success. Had a delightful visit, taking tea with Rev. E.H. Sears. Saw Mrs. Marshall, an old lady, who was at my mother's wedding reception, herself a relative of my husband's.

January 31st, Saturday. This month ending today seems the most hurried of my life. Women's Club, Saturday Club, philosophy group, Maud's music, ditto party, and all her dressing and gayety, besides writing for Journal, preparation for Woman Suffrage Convention, two lectures, Salem and Weston, both gratuitous, and the care of getting up and advertising Bishop Ferretts's lectures. And in all these things, I seem not to do, rather than to do, the dissipation of effort so calls me away from the quiet, studious sort of work which I love. This afternoon I began my editing of comments upon Dr. Clarke's book. This task has seemed to me impossible, but on nearer view does not look so formidable. My lessons from Bishop Ferrette have been delightful, but sometimes I have felt as if such a life as mine was of no value to the owner, and oftener than before prayer has not seemed to bring me comfort.

February 3d, Tuesday. * * Dear M.H. Graves came out in answer to my request to help me arrange the book, "Sex and Education".

A great snowstorm today. I to town with part of the new book. Saw Mr. Niles

February 4th, Wednesday. Bishop Ferretts's lecture, very forceful and interesting. Dined with the G.W. Waleses. Dear M.H.G. at work sorting my papers.

February 5th, Thursday. Wrote editorial. Attended Mass. Woman Suffrage Ex. Com. meeting. Promised Mr. Lothrop to visit Taunton, i.e. to form a woman's club.

February 6th, Friday. Began a new series of lessons with Bishop Ferrette

February 7th, Saturday. Board meeting at N.E.W.C. Group system to be introduced, a club photo album proposed. Autobiographical cut lines to be given at Club teas, in alphabetical order.

February 8th, Sunday. Was called at 3:30 a.m. in consequence of Chev's sudden and serious illness. Acute pain and threatening of pleurisy, which afterwards settled into a most painful affection of the urinary organs. Was at home all day. The Dresels were to have dined with us, but I had to send word that I could not receive them. Stayed up with Chev till 1:30

February 9th, Monday. Chev still ill, but better. Went to town in pm. Miss Hotchkiss lectured at N.E.W.C. "Primary Steps in Self-Government". The essay seemed to me pretentious, flimsy and superficial. It had this feature if a merely literary production, that it was made a vehicle for much rambling exhortation and the voicing of opinion which was entirely irrelevant to the subject. I remarked upon it rather harshly, I fear, at least, rather more critically than may have been quite pleasant, but I thought still worse of it than I said. Mrs. Cooke spoke of Suffrage as too coarse and low for woman to participate in. I asked why. She said it represented force. I said it represented peace and freedom. She said that the law of the land was the embodiment of force. I said of justice. The Club were mostly with me, I think. Miss Hotchkiss, who is a good girl at heart, has been spoiled by praise, I should judge, and led to undertake what she is not qualified to perform, being quite incompetent to give any comprehensive view of self government.

February 11th, Wednesday. Bishop Ferrette's last lecture. Women of the East, a very detailed and graphic description of them, followed by reasonings on early marriage and patriarchal life which we Westerners could not swallow.

February 13th, Friday. Legislative hearing on Woman Suffrage in Green Room at 10 a.m. I too busy to get there early, so lost Mmes. Stone and Cheney. Mrs. Lena Fay Pierce spoke against Suffrage and so gave us our best opening for discussion. She affirmed the physical and intellectual inferiority of women to men. Said that women should have representation, but should have a separate house of their own with power to vote on all that concerns women and children. Said that government represents physical force, women representing influence. I asked her if these same ignorant women whom she dreaded were to elect their women representatives. She said yes. I asked if the committee before which we were speaking represented the ignorant male members of the community, a question which she declined to answer. I took her up on several questions. Spoke of our movement in the line of Peace and progress, and did as well as I ever did in my life. A power not my own seemed to hold me up, that of the anxious earnest hearts before me, that of the truth upon me. I thank God for this occasion, for the good words of others (H.B.B. and Mary Eastman) and for what I was able to do. When I sat down, I asked myself, "Have I done well or ill?" The innervoice said, "Wait and see". When everyone seized me by the hand and thanked me then I knew.

February 14th, Saturday. Mrs. Rudersdorff's lecture to Saturday Morning Club. Greek lesson from Bishop Férette. Paid music for Maud's party, \$33. and gave Maud \$12. to pay for current finances. Afternoon at home. Translated from Baur, began Cicero's second against Verres.

February 15th, Sunday. Head dear J.F.C. with the usual pleasure, text, "Go to them which sell and buy for yourselves." We must really buy, i.e. work for all that we really possess, otherwise it is never really our own. Was discouraged about expenses, my funds being nearly out and Maud having a bill at her dressmaker's of \$105. besides other charges. This morning came a welcome letter from C.H. Ward (her man of business in New York, as well as cousin) enclosing cheque for \$2058.65. Very thankful am I and very desirous to spend this money better than I usually do. I determined to keep an account of my expenditures and especially of the money which Maud causes to run away so swiftly.

February 16th, Monday. Peace lecture at Neponsett.

February 18th, Wednesday. Hearing on Woman Suffrage re-opened in Representatives Hall. Mrs. Ware spoke at some length against Suffrage, bringing forward arguments that have been met and answered a hundred times. Her manner was good, though rather supercilious, and her assertion that she thought she represented a large majority of the intelligent women of Massachusetts very remarkable, considering that she could show no evidence whatever of any organized representation. The weight of her remarks rested chiefly on the danger of ignorant voting. Had the Suffrage ladies thought of this, etc.? She had astonishingly little to say. A propos of something, she looked round the hall and said, "I really don't see any of my acquaintance here except Mrs. Howe." This seemed impertinent. I took up her remarks. Said that I did not come there as the superior of my own sex nor as the inferior of the other. Thought the point of superiority difficult to settle, and that of ignorance. Some had knowledge of books, and others of life. In Mrs. Stowe's book, an obscure ignorant negro who could neither read nor write, was the wisest man of the community. "So I know not what obscure women of the people may be living in some lowly hut with God's divine wisdom in her heart."

February 19th, Thursday. Mrs. Pierce today made full statement of her objection to manhood Suffrage as she calls it for women, and of her plans for a woman's legislature. I had anticipated something more formidable. Her objections were already most familiar, and were poorly stated and supported. Her plan of a separate

legislature was against common sense. Mary Eastman took her up ably, so did Mrs. Pattison, a mechanic's wife, and a pretty little woman. A Mrs. Ross from Rhode Island read off a neat little speech against us. Mrs. Bowdrey, who abused us "like a drab" yesterday today had a decent speech written for her, but of no account. Mrs. Warner spoke, I should think, only to show herself, for she had nothing whatever to say. The closing half hour was given to Mr. Garrison and myself. I spoke ~~xx~~ first but was too tired to do very well, yet some things I was able to say. Mr. Garrison did grandly, as he always does. What a wonderful man he is! He breathed on Mrs. Pierce's card house and down it went. He said to her "You have no constituents." He met the argument that Suffrage, if given to the few would be forced upon the many by asking, whether male suffrage was objected to on the same ground, as but a small proportion of the male sex usually vote.

February 22d, Sunday. A quiet day. J.F.C. in morning, a little letter-writing in afternoon. Visits of Maud's beaux. Maud herself came and stayed all night.

February 23d, Monday. Sat to Warren, photographer, 289 Washington St. Luncheon at Parker's, then to hear Charles Kingsley's good lecture on the first discoverers of America. Then to poetical picnic at N.E.W.C. R.W. Emerson there, and W.L. Garrison. R.W.E. read some delightful poems. I read "My neighbor's Flowerbed" and "Sleep and Death". Julia a strong rough poem on Washington, M.S.P. a rhyme of the Boston School Committee, and a poem on Spring Flowers. Mrs. Cheney, translations of a sonnet by Michael Angelo and one by Vittoria Colonna, Miss Clapp a tribute to Emerson. **** A good full day.

February 24th, Tuesday. A quiet morning, only that dear Flossy and her sweet boy left for New York. To the depot with them, to town for a few minutes. Got very angry at the depot with a rough drunken Yankee who tried to drive us out of our place with his horses and wagon, in which latter was an Irishwoman with her children. I was mortified at my own loss of temper and determined in the future to be on my guard against this infirmity, so inconsistent with my Peace profession. In afternoon to hear Menard(?) on Alfred de Musset whom he calls the great poet of his day. Then to the Howes' to meet the literary group of Saturday Morning Club. * * * Dear Maud came home tonight to stay.

February 25th, Wednesday. Quiet morning. To town at 11:30 a.m. to meet Hungarian Committee at Unitarian Rooms * * *

February 28th, Saturday. Today it seemed almost certain that Chey and I should go in a few days to Santo Domingo. This came very suddenly into view. I had not thought of it seriously at all. Was much perplexed about leaving dear Maud. At Saturday Morning Club a short but good ~~xxxxxxxx~~ talk about the drama. Some new thoughts came to me, e.g. that the drama is the concentration of experience, an embodiment of history, a specialized and intensified picture of human life. Tried to start a conversation upon the old church drama and to include the drama is element in human character, but the girls in general did not much respond. Yet a good talk.

March 1st, Sunday. Of today I wish to record that waking early in painful perplexity about Maud, Santo Domingo, etc., and praying that the right way might open for me and for all of us, my prayer seemed answered by the very great comfort I had in hearing the prayer and sermon of Henry Powers of New York. The decided spiritual tone of the prayer made me feel that I must try to take this energetic attitude of moral ~~and~~ will and purpose, even if I fail in much that I seek to do.

March 5th. Very busy attending to business, Peace pamphlets and correspondence with Mary H. Graves. Making arrangements for Maud and things at home. Wrote editorial for paper, which took in to read at N.E.W.C. where arrived at one p.m. for lunch and reception in my honour.

Found quite a number assembled, a fine basket of flowers, from Mrs. Homage Chase and a bouquet from young Mr. Gill who came to speak with me. Bishop Ferrette was there, Eliza Howe and Piddock. I was much moved at parting with these dear friends, and my voice threatened to break at times. I read what I had written for the Woman's Journal, with a few words of farewell. A pretty little poem had been laid on the table, which Mrs. Moulton, I think, read. The meeting was not a long one, and very cordial and homelike. Mrs. Mosher sang Robin Adair, Franz's Farewell and my Battle Hymn. My dear Club! I love it as my family, of which indeed it is a part, "of whom the whole family of heaven and earth is named." May God bless and keep the dear Institution!

March 12th, Friday. The roughest of our rough days. Head wind and head sea, one perpetual pitch and tumble. Got a little reading, and had an occasional sing, but slept a good deal in my chair through heaviness of head.

March 13th, Saturday. The first delicious tropical day. The sea smooth as a mill pond and all an indescribable color. Mrs. Chauncey said it looked like the blue water on washing day, with suds upon it, and so it did, yet the blue was beautiful. Tomorrow we intend stopping at Turk's Island, which I have never seen.

March 14th, Saturday. Near Salt Keys. Have been on shore at Turk's Island this morning. Left in boat at 9:15 a.m. Black crew quite jolly. Captain and Mrs. Samuels and Fabens and Chauncey couples, Dr. Brown, Purser V.D. and Captain McCarthy. A pleasant row, rather sunny. My blue glasses very useful. No place to land but the beach, where the blacks carried us on shore like great babies. Bought some shell work. Walked through principal street. Saw on one building the sign, "Water for sale". A few carts near landing with extremely sunburnt mules and horses. Mr. Simmons' hotel - cup of tea with Chey and the others. Gambooge tree, Jerusalem thorn, acaout, salt heaps. Sea of a wonderful color. Bought sponges, at least Chey did. Met a Mr. Arthur who met us at Menekton Milne's at breakfast thirty years ago. I remember the occasion perfectly, but was not sure about the person, though I thought I could see his young face behind his old one. We hurried and worried somewhat about getting back to the Tybee, but needlessly. This p.m. the captain showed me the bottom of the sea, sixty feet deep, but visible through the blue transparency. The depth appeared quite incredible.

March 15th, Sunday. Anchored in Puerto Plata harbor this morning, saw with joy the majestic outlines of Mont Isabel once more ~~xxxxxx~~ and the pretty little town at its base. Would have attended Wesleyan service on shore, but it rained hard. Polenoy, captain of the port, came on board. I asked for his young son who waited upon us before with fruit, etc. He had gone to Europe for education. A pleasant quiet morning on board. After dinner went on shore with Chaunceys, Fabens and Samuels. Polenoy came to bring us with his boat. He took us to his house, where we saw his mahogany-colored wife and some of her ten children. Two girls are at school in Curacao. Took a good ramble round the town. Visited the new government house, which has one handsome reception room. People in general are much pleased with the new government, and the hope, at least, of better government has brisked up the little place. Went to Teller's garden, where I found my little friend, Mme. Julie, very pretty and charming, her baby grown out of arms and another about to arrive. Remembered my prayer on reaching this place before. I pray God now no less than then that I may do something to deserve this great pleasure of visiting the tropics.

March 16th, Monday. On shore with Samuels, Chaunceys, and Dr. Brown, to visit the Leynes family and estate. The gentlemen said, "We have a carriage for you, ladies," and presently led us up to one of the small carts dragged by a bullock, which are here used to transport the cargoes from the lighters to the shops and warehouses. Pieces of board had been laid across the rough vehicle, and upon these

four of us squatted. The way lay along the beach, the waves rolling in on our right. On our left the luxuriant vegetation. Arriving, found a house surrounded by a shaded veranda, the sugar works near by, and a fine grove of coconut trees wavy and feathery. After waiting a while, we were hospitably received by the host and hostess. She is a New Yorker, a pretty young woman, of good style, with a fine figure, with blond hair and skin, dressed simply in a lawn, with white ground and purple figure. They showed us the oand field, a very fine one, thirty years old, and still in full bearing, and gave us coconut water to drink, much better than what I have had in Santo Domingo. She seems to be a Romanist, but dislikes the archbishop, who, after a visit here at which she and other ladies sang in the choir, wrote to the priest of this place, forbidding any women to sing in its services. The Leynes sent us home in their volante.

Today I overheard one Irishman on board, saying to another that some employer said, "I don't want any one who is either weak or wise. Ignorance and main strength is what I want."

Leynes sells three dollars' worth of coconuts every day in the year.

March 18th, Wednesday. (At the head of this entry is written "Il Dottor Marco Aurelio Caccavelli, parroco di Samana Cay") On shore this morning. The first news we heard on arriving here was the Mrs. Price was dead. Mr. Price returned with me from Santo Domingo two years ago on his way home to bring back this young lady. We went to his house. I saw her first, lying still and sweet, her black eyes clearly visible through half closed lids, an almost smile on her face, which I shall not soon forget. While she smiled and slept, her husband wept. He took my hand quite earnestly. I wished much that I could have gone something to comfort him. But the first sacredness of sorrow is scarcely to be meddled with, unless need appears clear. We visited the hotel built by the Samana Bay Company, a barrack in a magnificent situation, and then walked through the woods and open country into the little town, visiting a bolio, where we took refuge from a tropical shower, and taking turns in riding a bull. Went to Col. Fabens' house, where found quite a good show of furniture and a piano, much injured by the climate, but upon which we made some tolerable music. The old priest came to F's to visit us and wrote his name above for me.

March 19th, Thursday. A dies non. We steamed out of Samana harbor at 3 a.m. We were no sooner outside than the steamer began to plunge and toss like a mad bull. Sleep was impossible, and the air resounded with the lamentations of sea sick people. I rose at 7:30 and dressed in extreme misery, and with great difficulty. Lay about all the morning, propped in a chair, stupified and dizzy. Went to dinner to please Chev, but ~~was~~ the very picture of discomfort. I will say here in great privacy that Chev swore all the time he was dressing, while I piteously prayed through my toilette. This recalled the old New York anecdote of Messrs. Phipps and Wilder, "You pray a great deal and I swear a great deal. Neither of us means much by it." I certainly meant more by my praying than Chev did by his swearing.

March 20th, Friday. In Santo Domingo as glad as a child. Have seen many of the dear familiar faces. Col. Abreu called, also Emilio Baez, to whom I gave a pretty inkstand I brought for him. To Auguste's hotel, where we got two pleasant rooms. Walked out with Emilio in the afternoon. Went to Garcia's and feebly bargained to give him fifty dollars for the gold necklace and emerald ring I fancied the last time I was here. The necklace is for Maud. Saw Francois to whom I gave an English Bible for himself, a Spanish one for his Bible Society, three Spanish and English Testaments, and a quantity of singing books. Promised to preach on Sunday evening.

March 21st, Saturday. Went this morning to pay for the jewelry and bring it home. Was sorry to have made so feebly a use of the money. Resolved never to do

so again, unless some new light should make it seem right. God will not have my mind occupied with such nonsense. Visited Cathedral. Now, at 2:30 have written my sermon for tomorrow evening. Old Mr. Hamilton, the black clergyman, came to see me about my preaching tomorrow. I gave him \$2.50

March 22d, Sunday. Up early and about. Studied my sermon over a good deal. Called at Pres. Gonzales' and carried my vases. Called at Gautiers', where our reception was most affectionate. Was pretty tired, and a little nervous about the evening, fearing that Chev might feel annoyed, as he on the former occasion. but all went well. The Jones and Stephens party came to the hotel to go with us, so did the Consul. Francois came to pilot us. I found the dear little church quite as it used to be. Not so full as I have seen it, but the notice had been short. Hamilton, the old minister, arrived when I did. I asked him about the service, and he said quite authoritatively, "Oh, I'll sing and pray and you preach." I said I should like to make the prayer after the sermon. He assented, and then hurried up into his pulpit, I sitting below as of old. His prayer was dreadful, noisy, and consisted mostly of scraps which he has heard and learned by heart from the church service, etc. Sound took the place of sense. Let us hope that he had the inward witness. My text was, "And you hath he quickened." Quickening of the spring, of the day, of the spirit. Our rude knocking at the door of heaven is prayer. God's soft whisper at the door of our hearts, "If you are willing, I will come in."

March 23d, Monday. I lay down last evening, rather discouraged about my sermon. There were many strangers at church, who did not understand English, and who came from curiosity, but this morning Hamilton told me that the people who did understand were much comforted. God grant that I may help these people still more, and do something to build up education among them.

March 24th, Tuesday. Up at 4:30 a.m. to visit William Reed's estancia, nine miles from town. Lovely place, but too lonely for us to live there. Cam home dreadfully tired. Visit from José Maria Gautier, to me a sad one. He seems still to care for Maud. I saw the pleasant side of this little romance, and my heart ached over its conclusion, while I do think a life here would have been a sort of death for Maud, or any girl of her antecedents. To Pajarita in afternoon with Emilie Ba ez to visit the Marles family. Fabens assured me that Marles was dead. Imagine my surprise when he came forward to meet me as vivacious as ever. My visit was delightful, and so was the freshness of the air along the river. Marles gave me three ripe guavas and a fruit called * * jagua. It is; I found this very disagreeable in flavor.

March 25th, Wednesday. Have just written article on kindergartens for one of the papers here. Went out early with Chev in the coche to see Fabens' estate at S. Carlos, called Silvain, a good situation, but barren looking, with scarcely any trees and verdure. While there, we heard of another estate and drove to see it. We found a luxuriant jungle of palm and fruit trees, with some vegetables. The place can be bought for very little money. I should like to enjoy it, but it would be very lonely for most people, and a little so for me. At home a good part of the day. In the afternoon came the ultimatum of the Gonzales government, a summary annulment of the Samana Bay privileges and concessions, a sort of coup d'état, and ejectment which shows me that Gonzales is a fool, intent upon making for the moment a popular impression, but with no real idea of political reasons or principles. In the evening went with Francois to the singing school. Judge Gross presided with a tuning fork. All sang out of tune, but they seemed to enjoy it, and as I looked out of the Bohia, a brilliant star reminded me of Bethlehem. My heart aches much over the death of the Samana Bay Company, yet in my secret mind I never saw how so motley an organization could pull together.

March 26th, Thursday. This was our last day in Santo Domingo city. I forget what we did, except that I went out early with Chev, and packed up for departure. The week here seemed long to look back upon, because of the many objects of interest, and the intense anxiety about the Samana matter. There was a public demonstration in the streets in honor of the annulment of the contract. A band of music paraded and guns were fired. The people rejoiced over this event, most unfortunate for them. The men of business and old heads, we were told, regretted it, but they were not consulted. Soon after 3 p.m. I went over with Mrs. Cannard and others to visit the French works over at Pajarita. The heat was intense. We found the settlement thrifty, but saw nothing of any interest. The place is arid. In the evening I went with ~~xxxx~~ Mr. Noël, professor of English, to say goodbye to the Gaudiers, who were very affectionate. I gave Julia a little reticule and belt, as a small wedding present. I also left my prettiest little head-dress with Ramona for Mme. Gaudier. Invited Ramona to come and study kindergarten methods.

March 27th, Friday. Up at 4:30. On board at 6 a.m. Forget to say yesterday that the poor black boy who used to come to help Felicite came to see me. A small negro * I gave him .75 and a little ring which seemed to please him. The day was rough, the Dominicans very sick, and very noisy. Opposite to my berth lay a woman with two naked babes crawling about her. All three looked like something in a menagerie. In the berth above her lay the father of the children, his real wife absent in Cuba, and this, his mistress, travelling with him openly. She was nursing the younger child, was in a family way with another. Poor degraded people! I went to bed very sick and miserable. The night was very rough.

March 28th, Saturday. Samana, and back and forth between the steamer and the shore, settling finally on the latter, and going to Price's house, which he vacates for us, and where we intend to stay. A quiet afternoon and evening. A scanty supper of tea and crackers with a little scrap of guava which I brought from Auguste's. I had suffered from distressing headache all the morning before. At 12 took acornite, and put mustard on my arm, which relieved me.

March 29th, Sunday. I write these words at 3:30 p.m. The dear old Tybee lying in the bay bound to leave at four. I have breakfasted and dined on board and have now taken affectionate leave of our cabin mates, though Chev hurried me so much that I could not find Captain Delancey and others of the ship's company. Mr. Chauncey gave me a kiss, and so did Captain Samuels. My heart feels very glad that we got along so well, and had so much pleasant intercourse together. I shall miss them very much, and they said they should miss me. I had some talk today with Mardena, an intelligent Santo Dominican, and with a Spaniard to whom he introduced me, a solid man from Barcelona. I have now climbed up to this little eyrie. God bless the dear old ship and all on board! I know all her ugly movements, and all her bad smells. But she has twice carried me safely on this voyage, and has brought much comfort and civilization to this island. 4:25 The dear old Tybee has steamed out of the harbor. At 4 punctually, as the captain promised, she departed. I ~~xxxx~~ watched her till she disappeared behind the little island, and waved the overskirt of my white and black dress, for a signal, which I fear no one saw. Goodbye and good luck, old friend. (Captain Samuels, mentioned above, was captain of the clipper Dreadnaught one of the most famous of the Yankee skippers. His story of his life "From the Forecastle to the Cabin" is known to all our children. L.E.R.)

March 30th, Monday. We are all alone in our eyrie. Went to town, arriving by 8 a.m., Chev on horseback, I in boat. I visited James, the black minister, and the Catholic priest, at whose house I saw the Nacional, with a short but shameful article on the Samana Bay business. At 8, the usual hour we ran up our flag on the custom house. Bobadillo, the new governor, sent to ask how soon he might take possession of the premises in the name of the Gonzales government. The Doctor wrote that he should continue at his post. I ought to say that the little Dominican

schooler of war, the Capetilla, arrived last evening after the departure of the Tybee which latter they apparently wished to dodge. The sorrow and disappointment of the people here is very great. They would gladly have made an armed assistance to the government officials, had we countenanced such a thing. Saw Mar---'s school, a dirty room, with a mud floor. Perhaps eighteen children, boys, ranged around on low seats with books. In one corner, a chair turned up side down, and the boys' hats hung upon its legs, etc. Near the entrance, a mother nursing a naked babe choking with whooping cough. Heard a reading lesson in Spanish.

March 31st, Tuesday. To town early to be present at the taking down of the Samana Bay Company's flag by the commission sent on board the Dominican war schooner. I went on the boat and found Chev in the custom house with the commission seated around and a good many of our people present. Chev read his protest which was strong and simple. Gross interpreted. Consul Conrad then began to read his own, but the Commission objected, on the ground that they had to deal with the representative of the Samana Bay Company only. We then went out of the building and the employees of the Company then marched up in their best clothes, their hats stuck full of roses, and stood in order on either side of the flag staff. The man ordered by the Commission lowered the flag. Just before, Chev got our people to stand in a circle round him and with much feeling made a lovely little address. The old Crusader never appeared nobler and better than on this occasion when his beautiful chivalry stood in ~~marked~~ the greatest contrast to the barbarism and ingratitude which dictated this act. My mind was full of cursing rather than blessing. Yet, finding myself presently alone with the superseded flag, I laid my hand upon it, and prayed that if I had power to bless anything, my prayers might bless the good effort which has been made here.

Went this morning to visit the old Doctress, Mme. de Morizi, a French or partly French woman, famous here for her treatment of fevers and other diseases. She is sixty-nine years old, cannot read, has never studied, and says she learned what she knows from the French doctors under the French régime. Uses magnesia, and le petit lait, and refreshing tisanes, and herbs, and quinine very sparingly. She has quite a family, one of her daughters is single and pious, and devotes herself to teaching and other good works. I think it was this one whom her mother introduced to me as an Italian. Her face is sweet, and her features fine. The Italian blood must be that of her father. It is very common here to find the children of one mother having various fathers. Alas! for the consequences of this laxity!

April 1st, Wednesday. I sit to write this at 1:20 p.m. in rather a desponding state of mind. The object of this journal is not to tell how good I am and how bad other people are * * * Memorials of a quiet life. Though I admire the excellent qualities of Mrs. Hare, I cannot endure the endless pages of her pietistic expression. It is impossible to read so much self-stating, self-defining goodness. I was up at 5:30 this morning to take early breakfast with Chev. To town rather late, and I rather cross. Now, I fancy I may get diphtheria, my throat feeling queer and stuffed. God help me if I were ill here of any such disease. I should have little hope of an available medical aid.

April 2d, Thursday. Up early but not to town. I have begun today a story for Shepherd and Gill. Decide to work at it every morning while I stay here. The two last nights I have dreamed constantly and have waked in the morning with a confused, heavy head. After my towel bath, I feel better. Chev was very sweet and companionable yesterday, and there is something very pathetic about him in these days of declining strength. He is much better in health than when we started. An endless visit from Rev. James, and Mrs. Copeland.

The blacks here say that the taking down of our flag was like the crucifixion of our Lord. We are assured that they would have offered forcible resistance if we would have authorized their so doing.

April 3d. Good Friday. Up bedtimes and to service at 10 a.m. Rev. James, very black, with a congregation in which pure black predominated. Men and women cleanly and decently dressed; some young girls with hats, but the negro handkerchief predominated. Sermon much better than poor Hamilton's talk, prayer also better than his. The confusion between God and Christ plainly expressed. "Oh, God, thou didst die for us," etc. Said, Christ drank the very drugs of earthly shame and disgrace. Said wrought for night. Of course much repetition, and mere sound, no connected thought. But ~~all~~ seemed in good faith, and the congregation joined heartily, and I was much comforted by the prayers. Two young men called upon us afterwards in behalf of the Samana Bay literary association, which dates from the beginning of the Company, has twelve members, occupies itself with study, meets three evenings in the week. We promised to visit them soon. My head is better today, but oh! I have lost my brown veil, a loss which cannot here be repaired. ~~Wrote~~ in the afternoon ~~xxx~~ a ride on horseback. Chev would go across the beach, which I did not like. Visited Jackson on the hillside. Saw his little arrangements for Sunday preaching. He wishes himself back in Kentucky.

April 4th, Saturday. Up early. Visited Mr. Burr, then to town. A glimpse of the little Catholic Church. The good old padre gabbled his prayers very fast, but interrupted them to offer me a seat. He seemed to use a rattle instead of a bell in the service. While waiting for the boat two men carried the figure of Judas to be hung and shot at in the plaza.

4.40 p.m. A lonely day. Have not seen Chev since dinner, 12 m. At least, have seen nothing of him. Have written on my story, studied Greek, read Baur, the Einleitung to his Dogmengeschichte, mended underclothing and nearly made a pair of cuffs. My eyes now are very tired and I feel a sensible vacuum, being here absolutely isolated, as I cannot leave Chev to go anywhere. The little steam launch started yesterday on her first trip to Almacén. She should return tomorrow p.m. We are much interested in her success.

April 5th, Sunday. Early by boat to Clara Bay. William carried me from boat to beach. Climbed to Widow Dicheimin's house, her husband killed in Luperón's fighting. Six children. "You need a school for them." "Oh," said she, "I have to keep the elder children to help me support the younger ones." We got some fresh guavas! Went to old Mrs. Kell's hut. "Mr. William, how can you bring the madam to see us without letting us know beforehand? Besides I am getting ready to go to meeting." Her small room contained a bed, a few shelves with china teapot and cups, a pine table and a wooden bench, nothing more. Her cooking arrangements were in another small compartment. Visited another house, found them also going to church. Returned to boat and went myself. An Easter sermon. Stayed to communion, but found little comfort. I wished to join the people in this acknowledgment of our common Christianity, but I missed the sweet spirituality and liberal thought of my own church. Yet this little church seemed much valued by the people, and I am glad they have the communion, which is the bond of union. Today completes our first solitary week here. It has had good and evil, but more good. For the first time I have lain down in the afternoon, in a perfect agony of fatigue.

April 6th, Monday. Up early. On horseback to town across beach. Chev, to break me in, dashed up a hillside. I had to follow but did not dare to ride down at which he was somewhat vexed for a time. Item, he would cross a rotten bridge, and got a fall, his horse's hind legs breaking through and presenting a very awkward situation. It is now 4:05 p.m. and I have written on story, studied Greek, read Baur, and read aloud in French to Chev. This is the most quiet life imaginable but I hope to turn it to good account both for rest and for literary work.

April 7th, Tuesday. Up early. Took endless walk and climb with Rosanna Copeland to visit her house and Mr. Holmshed's school. The day and the walk were very beautiful, but I was dreadfully heated and wearied. From her house I took the Bull and rode astride, safe, but uncomfortable, feeling a great strain on the pelvis. The schoolroom serves also for a chapel and is called Bethesda. It stands on a small plateau at the summit of high hills, and is beautifully placed, commanding on one side a deep and wild hollow magnificent with palms, mangoes, etc. I heard reading and spelling and some exercises with the small children, and made a little address. Then went to Rosanna Copeland's house, where a little dinner had been prepared, a clean white table-cloth and soup, chicken, rice, beans and delicious chocolate. After this they asked me to read and pray. I read a part of the chapter, "He that entereth into the sheepfold, etc." Prayed for Christ's sheep in this wilderness. It was a good moment. Meantime Chav had sent man and horse to bring me home, so I came. Shall feel this day's fatigue for some time. No study today, only a glance at my books. I hear with deep regret of Charles Sumner's death. A great loss. He has earned rest, and noble reputation.

April 8th, Wednesday. Rather unwell today from yesterday's fatigue. Up early, however, and to town where a long talk with the padre. Wrote long letters to my children and my sister Annie, a tolerable one to Mme. Léontas of Constant nople, acknowledging her letter and asking her to celebrate June 2d.

In fact, I was miserably unwell all this day and ~~was~~ think I narrowly escaped serious illness.

April 9th, Thursday. Took up my story again. Wrote a wedding letter to dear Harry, who is, I suppose, a happy bridegroom before this time. May he also be a happy husband, which is not so common.

To town on horseback in the morning. A quiet day with a long visit from Mrs. Roper, mother of Mrs. Copeland. Mrs. Copeland also came in. She talks much about the Lord, etc. I feel puzzled, and cannot take up the same strain. It would not be true in me. Yet I believe and desire to believe in God's infinite help and mercy, but I cannot talk in this way. She said that so sometimes she felt ~~xxxxxxx~~ that a spark went from her breath to Christ's wounded side. She can read and write a little and passes for having education.

April 10th Saturday. UP soon after 4:30 a.m. and on horseback with Mrs. Conard to Mme. Bagone's place. Arrived soon after 8, without assistance. Passed a restful day under the cocoa and mamee trees, and later under the mangoes. Had coffee and eggs fried in coconut oil for breakfast, with bread and fresh butter. For dinner a Dominican soup, and stew of chicken, rice cooked with coconut milk. A lovely walk along the shore. Pine-apples growing out of the sea sand, almost, at least very near it. Visited an old negress of 100 years, still erect and rather jimmey in her figure and appearance. She sews nicely, but is deaf, though not stone deaf. John Johnston's sick wife, a pretty negress, suffering much from pain in her arm, the cause said to be cold after confinement. On the way back had to be helped up the worst of the hills and down one dreadful passage. Tree forms of perfect beauty. The gleam and grandeur of the forest beyond expression. My enjoyment of it much lessened by fear. Had a foolish idea of death running in my head but knew it was foolish. Yet I knelt to thank God when I got home alive.

April 12th, Sunday. My first preaching at Samana. I had the same text as at Santo Domingo City, but another sermon. In this I dwelt upon the gradations of life from the first creation up to the Christian dispensation and spiritual quickening. How God first quickened the earth from the void, then vegetable life, then animal life, then man, then Christian doctrine and influence. Think I did pretty well. Prayed after sermon and for the lesson read most of the last chapter of Peter's second epistle. Mrs. Copeland came with all her children while I was studying out my sermon. She has annoyed me terribly by coming and sitting down in my house as if she never meant to go.

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I could not ask her to stay today, which she obviously expected. My heart ached a good deal to do what seemed inhospitable. I sat with her a while and then said that I was obliged to write, which indeed was true. I had nothing in the house to feed her fairly well. She brought five but has seven. I think her half mad with conceit, yet was sorry not to entertain her. My congregation interested me much.

April 13th, Monday. Up early. Wind from north, rising by 2 p.m. to a furious blow. Have written on story, read Baur, studied Greek grammar, hemmed a veil, and count the day with joy as one nearer home, if God permits me to get there. Am assured that my sermon of yesterday was liked. People have told me so today. Am not up to much effort, but quite well. Thermometer at about 80 Fahrenheit.

We could not go out with any comfort so stayed at home. Chev rather lonely and melancholy, and I at a loss to cheer him. As we sat at our little supper we heard a knock at the front door, and lo! Messrs. McCarthy and Bennett had come to pass the evening and play whist. This cheered the Doctor much, especially as he won three games out of four. But when the guests rose to go, the rain fell in torrents and we made a bed for them on the floor of our dining room. Francis was very grumpy and could hardly be forced to get up and help us. I made my own bed afterwards.

April 14th, Tuesday. Woke with a bad feeling in my head. The storm is violent, wind N.E. accompanied by severe rain. I climbed up to the hotel (an empty building) to walk on its piazza and get the air. My stomach is weak and troubled with flatulence for want, I think, of nourishing food. Can't write on story today. Have read a little in Mrs. Hare and have nearly finished the book. We had expected to start on our journey today, but the weather would make this impossible if everything were ready, which it is not.

April 15th, Wednesday. That a quieter day than the preceding, but still very windy. To town by boat and back again. The Alcalde James and his secretary to dinner at 6 p.m. We were quite lively and talkative. Had a soup and tortilla from the Casino. This little festivity quite cheered us up. The Doctor today almost gives up the journey to Santiago, feeling unable to undertake so much fatigue and exposure. It seems monotonous to look forward to three weeks more in this isolated place. I have never thought the plan a very wise one for Chev. It only seemed to me less risky than staying here.

April 16th, Thursday. The day passed much as usual except that we have not yet been to town (4:08) and that we have had unusual interruptions. Soon after our early dinner came McCarthy and Bennett. I had not had more than time to dress myself after this when the Conrads and the padre climbed the hill and made a good long call. The padre told us many witty sayings of the Roman Basquino and others. I have written on my story today and have read Baur and studied some Greek. Chev called me up in the night, a thing he has not done in a long time. He is complaining today. I feel more patient and satisfied than I should expect, under the circumstances. The great phrase of my consolation is "Thy will be done." But when I think of Maud, I cannot think at all. God grant me to see them all well again and be thankful enough for it.

April 17th, Friday. A studious day. Wrote on story, read Baur and Greek grammar. Waited about a good deal with Chev, who has been a little unwell today, and who is very tired of the continued turbulent weather. He has been very kind and affectionate to me, however, but finds Samana very tiresome, as I do, although I enjoy much of every day. Wasted some time in trying to make a water color sketch of the view opposite my window, but it was very bad, much worse than my pen and ink outlines, which are not good.

April 18th, Saturday. Almost a dies non, except for patience. (The doctor had been ill all night: she gives details.) Read some Baur and Greek grammar at his bedside this morning, but felt able to write nothing except this brief entry.

It is certainly good discipline for me to have to intermit my favorite pursuits for the busy idleness of an attendant. My life shows, I fear, a grave arreurance, in this particular.

April 19th, Sunday. Preparing for my afternoon preaching, which will be at Jackson's, if the weather allows any meeting there. Text, "Philip said unto him, Show us the Father." Subject, How Christ showed and shows the Father. Spiritual insight, the constant presence, etc. I begin to realize what a blessed rest the time here has been to Chev and to me. The very absence of amusement has been a good. It has been very long since I have had so much quiet work, of the sort that builds up. Nothing that I have written here or anywhere gives any idea of the beauty of this country. It is the very sylvan temple of God's majesty, indescribably rich and grand.

Went to Jackson's meeting under the trees. A numerous attendance, neatly and even tastefully dressed, mostly black, of course, but with some white people. Jackson, who looks like F.W. Bird turned black, was holding forth as I arrived. He seemed to me to be using words without much sense. My sermon was closely attended to. I tried to explain how Christ shows the Father and still shows him to Christendom. Prayed after sermon. Jackson afterwards read the hymn, not very correctly, and dismissed the assemblage.

April 20th, Monday. An American man of war has just come into the harbor and is lying anchored in full view from our windows. We do not know whether she comes on any special business or whether she merely drifted in in her ordinary course. I hope she comes to see justice done to the Samana Bay Company.

Chev not well today. Since the ship came, I have sung, "My Country, 'tis of thee," etc. The frigate (steam) Canandaigua comes here to coal and rest and has no errand for the Samana Bay Company. In the course of the afternoon, a number of her officers came over on horseback with Bennett and McCarthy. A handsome young man named Richmond was of their number. They galloped off down the steep hill track which has cost me so many frights. The Burrs and the consul came in the evening.

April 21st, Tuesday. Pownel came by 8:30 a.m., having been asked to superintend the making of a zigzag path in front of the house. He stayed to breakfast, which was at 11:30 and left before one. A pretty long pull. He is quite pleasant, and has good manners. We hear that he is at times intemperate, and I think that he is the author of an anonymous letter which Lucy Derby received soon after her visit to Santo Domingo. The letter warned her against Col. Abreu, but seemed to invite correspondence. I have only spoken of this to L. Derby and do not now mention it to Chev. Did some writing and study in the afternoon. Pownel showed me the game of backgammon, which I had forgotten, so Chev and I played all the evening. Mrs. Copeland came, and had heard that I was not pleased at her Sunday visit. I could only say that I had not the time at my command, being obliged to work upon my sermon.

April 22d, Wednesday. Am expecting the Canandaigua's boat to take us on board.

We made our visit, saw Captain Lowry, who received us very kindly. Gave us files of papers with all particulars of Sumner's death. My heart ached about this. He never seemed to me exactly a great man, but a great place is left empty by his death. Many dear and precious memories for all of us, and for his age and country, are twined and draped around him, and whether all that goes with him is Sumner or not, who can tell? "A very tender history" it is.

Have written on story, read Baur, and scratched a Greek exercise, besides mending Chev's white cotton underjacket.

April 23d, Thursday. Bennett and Purser Machette (Canandaigua) to breakfast at 7:30, good coffee, but not much to eat. They were very pleasant. Bennett was educated at Alfred Centre, but is not a Sabbatarian. Machette is Philadelphian,

partly Quaker. On horseback with Chev, who was very impatient. The road very slippery and muddy. My horse would go very slowly and stumbled a good deal. I am timid on horseback, and these hilly roads, but Chev's impatience makes riding with him one agony. He was so vexed today that he sent the Garcia horse home. Yet I made every effort to urge the horse on, yet he seemed to slip in the mud. Wrote a good deal on story, and have read Baur and written Greek exercise.

Dear little Mr. De Blois, so sweet and innocent, came in the evening, also Richmond, captain of marines, on horseback, and his speech confused with liquor.

April 24th, Friday. To town by 9 a.m. Got back and wrote a story, but badly. Studied Baur, also poorly. Fell in the red clay this morning, and smeared myself badly. Have just written some verses about the plan of Samina, also a Greek exercise, but I fear I shall never learn the verbs thoroughly. The Canandaigua left this morning, before seven, I think, or by that time. I watched out of sight. It took her some time.

April 25th, Saturday. To town on horseback. Did better with story, but fear it will not amount to much. Wrote chief outline of sermon for tomorrow. At four p.m. went to a fandango, given on the occasion of baptizing a new house. Found Mrs. C. dressing in a high-colored pink muslin, with white boots, flesh colored stockings, and much jewelry. We went to the party about 5. Women dropped in, dressed in colored muslins, blue the prevailing color. The dress was generally tasteful, considering the choice of material to be had here. Beads, of course, but not to any monstrous extent. Music came at 6, a large accordion and a notched gourd, which is scraped with iron. Men began to come and dancing became general. I danced one polka, with a colored man, a very good-looking one.

April 26th, Sunday. At work on sermon, Matt. 25:40, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren," I tried to show first, how this doctrine equalizes the opportunities of men for good and evil, since they can always do good, but neglect doing it, to others. Second, this great majesty of God which feels all good and evil done to its meanest creatures as done to itself. Third, this great championship and guardianship which God has to the feeble creatures of the earth. Fourth, an exhortation to be faithful in all human relations. I did not feel sure that my audience cared much about this sermon, but it cost me a good deal of work. My prayer afterwards seemed to touch some of them.

I had the Conards and Miss Simpson to breakfast at 12, and after the preaching, etc., I went to ride on horseback with Chev.

April 27th, Monday. Last night the first warm one. Up early and to Hansen's by boat, a pleasant row and pleasant visit. His little house arranged quite in cabin fashion, berths for his children, and the baby's bed on a shelf above the feet of his own and wife's. Coming back, we met the Yuna and got on board, going down to town in her. Hall to breakfast. A quiet studious morning. Did better on story. Rode on horseback. Tea and backgammon.

April 28th, Tuesday. Overslept this morning, not rising till 6:30. Chev had had a bad night. He was not able to go anywhere, so we have passed the day at home. Old Aunt Sally here to iron. In the afternoon I went up past the billiard room (an empty building) and she came out. I asked if she had been taking a nap. She said she had been praying and told me something of her story, which I may set down elsewhere. Chev was feeble all day, and longing to get away. I have done better than usual on story, and have had Baur and a little Greek.

April 29th, Wednesday. My usual quiet day, only I did not oversleep. Went to town by boat. Wrote on story, of which the first draught nearly finished. Read Baur and wrote little synopsis of his beginning on page Jan. 16 of this book.

The Hansen children visited me at 12. I gave them some pine apple. They were in their best clothes and looked very neat, though the boy, John, was barefoot. They want crocheted cotton, 13, mouth harmonica, colored glasses. Aunt Sally had burned two of Francis's shirts badly. I gave her money to buy one new one, which she brought and he would not have, saying he did not wish anyone to pay for an accident. This I thought rather gracious of him. I shall make it up to him in some way. When Francis found that two shirts were burned or scorched, he was very angry.

April 30th, Thursday. We were to have started early in Farrington's sloop for Savannah le Mar, but there was no wind. We were all packed, and I wished to make at least this little excursion. The sea breeze came late this day, but it did come at about 1 p.m. McCarthy, who had been invited, came over, and so did the sloop. Chevrus as is his custom, tried to get off, but finally yielded to our persuasions, and went. Item, he wished in the first instance to make the voyage, engaged the sloop, and invited McCarthy to go with us. Voyage short, but rough. Landing, we went to M. Gustave Gay, a St. Thomas Spanish Bretonman, speaking English, and other languages. He has the best house in the place, and urged us much to stay with him, which we concluded to do. His little wife, Floriana, was very hospitable, and worked to make us comfortable. We dined with them at 5:30 - fried fish, stewed ditto, and some roast plantains. Afterwards strayed through the village, which consists of bohies, all built just in the grassy street, grass very rich. A pretty place and pretty views. We tried whist in the evening, but I was unusually tired, so only one game. I slept (not much) on a cot with blanket laid over it, and Chev in his ~~magician~~ hung bed, donkey, dogs, cats, cocks, babies and mosquitoes.

May 1st, Friday. Chev was impatient to return, so we left Savannah le Mar by 9 a.m. Before leaving I made a sketch of Marsulina's bohio, nearly opposite Gay's house, in India ink. This created quite a sensation in the little street, and a number of women and several men crossing the street to see what I was about. Floriana let me dress in her room this morning and greatly admired all my clothes. I gave her my dear tomato pin cushion, a little canvas and some wools and a needle, and one of our Chinese lanterns. This was the day for the election of a judge, and we heard a drum beat to call the voters together. We visited the judge, who remembered Chev three years ago at Cherra. Our voyage was tedious, but not unprosperous. Chev complained much of the wind. We did not get to our own house till 2 p.m.

May 2d, Saturday. Early to La Guada by boat, where I picked one beautiful fern. Home and to work, resuming the letters commenced for the Woman's Journal on the 14th ult. At about 12 m. a vessel came in sight, looking like a U.S. man-of-war. William said, "Canandaigua". We were yet at dinner when Anderson the pilot came with a message for Chev to come on board immediately. Chev dressed and went, saying to me, "Do I look as if I had any pluck left?" "Yes, plenty," I said. He has been and returned and brings word that he has come by government orders to see the Americans righted, so our flag is to be reinstated tomorrow morning, peaceably if we can. There is no chance of any fighting. I feel much puzzled. It seems right that we should be reinstated, yet the military form of proceeding is very repugnant to me, and I do hope and pray that all may pass ~~placably~~ quietly and without the least danger of bloodshed. Richmond came back from the Canandaigua with Chev. I now perceive that he does not speak very clearly, and think I was mistaken before in supposing that he had been drinking.

May 3d, Sunday. A broken Sabbath, literally, a day of most sad disappointment. The Captain of the Canandaigua sent us word last night that it was "all right". He was to land a force at 11 a.m. and reinstate our flag above the custom-house. We went across to town and waited, but no boat came, nor note, nor message. Chev was of course much troubled, and we all made rather a foolish figure. I was to have spoken at Jackson's meeting, and ought to have done so. But Chev was so much

✓ This undoubtedly means the captain of the Canandaigua

discomfited by disappointment that I could not leave him. Home to dinner at 12:30 and to town again, after dinner where we received a note from the Captain informally sent, saying he had forgotten yesterday that this was Sunday, Lord's day, etc., and promising to study out the Samana difficulty. So it seems as if he had strangely fooled us. His conduct throughout was singular. He told the pilot and all the men yesterday that he would put the flag up today, his sending the pilot for Chev was as strange as the rest. I am much grieved to miss Jackson's meeting, I thought this afternoon to have gone straight about my own and Mr Master's business, leaving these other things to take care of themselves.

May 4th, Monday. To La Guada e rly by boat with Chev, then to town. No good news, nothing to counterbalance yesterday's fiasco. The Dominican government here ~~xxxxxxx~~ appears prepared to make war à outrance upon such friends of the Samana Bay Company as they dare annoy. The governor went to Marsias's restaurant to ask whether some of our people had not been drinking to the health of the Company, and threatening pursuit should they do it again. Visit from Officer Bissler, who thought unfavorably of the proposed restitution of the flag, and had probably advised the Captain against it. I left the room precipitately, unwilling to hear him talk about it. This p.m. came Messrs. De Blois and Marchete, who very plainly say that the Captain was drunk on Saturday, and did not know what he was about. They agree with us that having begun, it would have been better to go on than to retreat, which in the present instance involves Dominican persecution of all who sympathize with us. This would comprise nearly the whole population of the peninsula. Governor sent yesterday for 1000 men, only six came. Studied Baur and Greek, but much interrupted. Almost no dinner. McCarthy came and had heard that the Captain was going on shore this afternoon to apologize to the Governor. This would put the last touch to our disgrace.

May 5th, Tuesday. Mrs. Jackson came yesterday, and I found that they were glad I did not come, as the excitement of the flag and the funeral kept people in town. I gathered that there was no meeting, so my pain of conscience may cease. The captain of the Canandaigua did call upon the governor and did virtually apologize, or as the consul said, explain his conduct. The consul advised this, which seems a mean and silly act. An officer of the Canandaigua, Haskins, made us a visit this morning. We met him in town and with him a messenger from the Captain asking Chev to send the captain copies of his own letters or the letters themselves. Chev had an altercation with Hall about the Yuna. Scrawled two little poems in triplets last night, which have just copied. Read Baur and Studied somewhat, but the afternoon seemed a little long. Rode at 5:30 p.m., going to Burr's on horseback for the first time. Chev would not let Hall make this, his last trip in the Yuna, without an insurance against accident which Hall could not furnish. I regretted this.

May 6th, Wednesday. On horseback at 7 a.m. Mr McCarthy says that people in town are blaming Dr. Howe for having been ever hasty in the matter already described tending the flag. The captain denies having made a promise in writing to haul down the Dominican flag and raise that of the company. This is true, but he made a promise to do so in the presence of several witnesses, on board his own ship, and Dr. Howe has a letter in which he says he has authority to take possession of the peninsula of Samana, and even of the whole island of Santo Domingo. In another letter, received Sunday p.m., the captain speaks of his rash promise.

5 p.m. The day has been very warm. I have been in the house ever since my morning ride. Have read among other things a sad article on our currency by Henry U. Peck of Brockline. Much perspiration and biting by infinitesimal flies or gnats. Officer Haskins of the Canandaigua and Hall of the Yuna our only visitors. I made an effort today and dressed in white, visited the James family just before sunset. Played whist with two dummies in the evening. My head excited and queer.

May 7th, Thursday. Up by 5 a.m. and on horseback with Chev to see the fern trees on Mme. Bargon's road. We found two very beautiful ones. Last night my head troubled me much. It ran upon Maud and I felt sure some thing amiss had happened to her. I went to bed, and two fireflies kept flying about my head, of which one made extraordinary circlings, such as I have not seen them make. "Now," I said, "this is poor, waltzing Maud." Never again may I thus forsake her, until she forsakes me in happy marriage. 3:20 p.m. A ship entering the harbor and a gun fired. Can it be the Tybee? God grant it may bring good news, whatever it is.

The steamer was a German man-of-war, which only looked in, to learn whether the Dominican statu-quo continued, in consequence, we heard, of the rumors about last Sunday's matter reaching the capital. Significant, this. At night, my head was very bad, a tight, strained feeling at the base of the brain, and an excitable condition, which sleep relieved.

May 8th, Friday. Up at 5 a.m., but the weather too rainy for a ride. At a little before 8 went to visit Lais, daughter of the old French woman doctor, of whose piety I hear a good deal from Aunt Sally. She is a sweet looking woman, perhaps thirty years old or more, a slight, simple and very modest. She devotes her days to teaching a small school, which I found very neat, clean and orderly, for these parts. She has communicated something of her own refinement to her pupils, who are not allowed to run about the streets, she says. Each one of the girls was drest with evident care and an attempt at good taste. She is a devout Catholic. She needs some canvas and worsteds for embroidery, and some elementary French and Spanish books. Aunt Sally says that Lais was dead, and came to life, and so her mother gave her to the Lord. Steamer Arco arrived before 9 a.m. Left soon after 11. Chev engaged our passages. We breakfasted with the Conrads at 11:30. The Gays of Savannah le Mar were there, and the padre. We learn that the Tybee did not leave New York till May 5th. So all hope of communicating with her is lost for the present. At 3 p.m. De Blois, Hobart Bercian, and one other officer came to make a visit. Bercian belongs to Washington, D.C. and is charming. At 4 p.m. went down the Bay in the Yuna.

May 9th, Saturday. The last day of our last week in Samana. We intend leaving tomorrow by English steamer for St. Thomas. The days of Greek and Baur are over for the present. God knows when I shall have so much restful leisure again. My rides on horseback too are ended for the present, though I may mount once more today, or tomorrow. All these pleasures have been mixed with pains, my fear on horseback, Chev's impatience, Francis's wilfulness. But far more than all, my anxiety about the dearest dear ones at home. The ~~affairs~~ affairs of the Company too have given me many sad thoughts. But in spite of all this, the time has been a blessed one. I have improved in mind and body, if not in estate, have had sweet leisure for thought and study, opportunity to preach the gospel (three times) and most invigorating air and exercise. Over the door of the little parlor here hangs a motto: "God bless our home". I think indeed He has blessed this little home, though at first when I looked at the motto, I always thought of my own home. I am expecting to noon-breakfast, the Gays of Savannah le Mar, the padre and Mrs. Conrad. Breakfast very pleasant. Gave Mrs. Gay my beautiful travelling mirror. Mrs. Jackson's and Mrs. Copeland's farewells, blessings and flowers. The James woman to say good by, with flowers. Aunt Sally's grandchildren: "If it be de Master's will." Yuna to Mrs. Bargon's.

May 10th, Sunday. The last of beautiful Samana for the present. I am nearly packed, and hoping to preach at the church this morning, a farewell sermon. "Our earthly tabernacle and the house of God." The steamer's coming and departure may prevent me, but I hope not. I did go to the church, but found Bro. Hollinshead established in pulpit. I was invited to make a brief address before sermon, and did so, but could only unfold a very little of my theme. After H's sermon, Vanderhorst prayed, in a fierce and muscular manner, quite astonishing in so quiet a man. After

each petition, he said, "Ah! Lord bless us, ah! individually and collectively, ah!" The congregation became rather noisy in responsive exclamations. Afterwards, had many affectionate leave-takings, from men and women, including Father Jackson, and the Hansen children. Hurried home, the steamer had arrived, Chev was wild with worry and excitement. We got on board, with help of the steam tug. Were off by 2 p.m., I think, and I was soon feeling sickish, yet came to 5 o'clock dinner. To bed early.

May 11th, Monday. Really sick for a little this morning, but soon in smooth water. Stopped at Aguadilla and went on shore. One consul here represents the United States, Great Britain, and other powers. Saw the public school for boys, bright looking children. The poor ones don't pay. In the consul's place saw advertisement of Pittsburgh ploughs- heart went right back to Harry. We are now opposite to Mayaguez, a pretty sea-port, quite large, compared with what we have lately seen. May go on shore, but are not sure. We did not go. Chev had a consignment of money which should have been delivered here, but which he forgot until too late.

May 12th, Tuesday. At Ponce early this morning. Met Mr. Davidson, father of Edith D. Took a carriage and drove to the town, about two miles from the port. Saw the outside of a new Episcopal church, in which services are held in English and in Spanish. Also of a good sized hotel, which is called excellent, and of a creditable looking theatre. Saw a tree, brought from Africa originally, with splendid scarlet flowers, also a date palm. Now, at 3:30 p.m. we are just leaving Arrecife, a place beautifully situated between the mountains and the sea, formerly famous for sugar. A long drought has greatly injured the canes. In twelve months no rain. Have read Baur today, concerning *Origine de principes*.

May 13th, Wednesday. At San Juan, capital of Puerto Rico. Went in a boat like to a crazy old gondola with the engineer and Miss Pereira. A curious town, European in aspect, strongly fortified. Bought a few mangoes for Miss Simpson. Saw the Cathedral, where they were singing vespers. Hilly streets, shops, home to dinner late.

May 14th, Thursday. At St. Thomas early. On shore, leaving Miss Simpson on board. A town built at the foot of three high hills, color red and white. Tea at Commercial Hotel, weak, rather dear. Chev went to have his hair cut. As soon as he was gone I saw on the wall of the breakfast room a notice that our steamer would fire a gun at 11 and sail at 12. It was at this time nearly 11. Miss S. was on board the Arco, the doctor gone off. He came back soon, and we were much worried about Miss Simpson, but Bassens of Samana, colored, took a boat and brought her while we were still very anxious. She came on board soon after us. Two savages in a boat with coati and and conch shells, another boat with corals. Despite the hurry, we did not sail till 2 p.m.. No money nor time on shore to make purchases. A bad stateroom, far aft, but large. Much foreboding of misery. Whist at night with M. De Costa of Barbados, and M. Morel. Made acquaintance with Mrs. Ayres of Buenos Ayres, a pretty woman coming home with her husband and two children.

May 15th, Friday. Pretty smooth, a fair wind. Read Baur and Greek. Mrs. Ayres mercifully helped Miss Simpson to get up and dress. She knows Mary Gould and told me of the sad death by drowning of two of her little girls at a picnic. The nurse also was drowned. Baur and Greek, whist in the evening.

May 20th, Wednesday. Arrived in New York before 11 a.m., D.C.A tedious morning. Many leave-takings, very cordial. Chev soon left us at the custom house shed where I stayed with poor Miss Simpson till 2 p.m., waiting first to have the luggage examined and marked, and then for a carriage. She was much exhausted. I took her to the Stoughton boat, checked her trunk, etc., and gave her in charge of the officer. Then to the Westminster hotel, hoping to find Chev. He not being

there, starving as I was, I flew to Flossy's. "Are they all alive?" I cried when I saw her. "Yes, all well." No bad news, except that Maddie Chanler has lost her eldest daughter, by scarlet fever. Back to hotel, where found Chev ordering dinner, to which we did ample justice. To Flossy's again after dinner, and a happy hour with her. Dear Sammy knew me at once. Back to hotel before 7, and to bed for an hour or so, perfectly worn out with my cold and the general fatigue. Flossy and David came in the evening, so I got up. Tribune reporter also came, and Chev showed him some documents about the Samana matter.

May 21st, Thursday. Saw dear Flossy again this morning, and Mary Ward, very sunshiny and cheery. Wrote to dear Sammy. Took 10 a.m. train for Boston. In cars ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ met Mrs. Mortimer Lynn, who was a Miss Taylor, and used to live in Bond Street, New York, when I lived there. We had a pleasant talk. Arrived at about 5:30 p.m. Julia waiting for us. We found at the house the Saturday Morning Club, enjoying its long promised entertainment, dramatic, musical and literary and culinary. The proceedings were ended before our arrival, but some of the guests were still there. Dearest Maud ran out to meet us in her theatrical costume. She had been one of the actors. Laura has had anxiety about baby, and fatigue, but looks pretty well. My cold very bad, a quiet evening, but my portmanteau with clothes and papers missing.

May 22d, Friday. Early to town to find portmanteau, which I did find at depot. Then to 20 Bromfield St, then to Woman's Journal and Club. Unpacked several trunks, played four-handed with Maud, have now been reading my letters. Quite a general and generous response to my appeals about the Peace ~~xxxxxxx~~ pamphlet. \$40. have been received.

May 23d, Saturday. At home mostly reading letters. Had some Baur and Gælk.

May 24th, Sunday. This was the dear pastor's return and mine also, Whitsunday also. After a beautiful statement of this as the festival of inspiration, J.F.C. gave a valuable and interesting account of his experience in South Carolina where what we hear of negro domination and plunder seems to be too true. He thinks this will work its own cure, and the respectable blacks and whites will unite against the rascals. The colored people by his account are very industrious and prosperous, and many deprecate the conduct of the state representatives.

My heart sinks whenever Chev says that he will never go to Samana again. "There are my young barbarians all at play."

I shrink from the work and confusion of Anniversary Week. God help me through it.

May 25th, Monday. To meeting of women's mutual benefit association, just started under the auspices of Mrs. Ballou, aided by members of our Club. Then to conference of Woman Suffrage Association. Then to Club for a few minutes, heard part of E.P. Whipple's essay on Jean of Arc, which seemed to me to amount to little more than smooth writing and rhetorical statement. Home, intending to return to preside at the W.S. Convention at 7:30 p.m., but it rained terribly, and Chev and the others kept me at home, where we played whist.

May 26th, Tuesday. All day at W.S. Convention, i.e. from 10:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., from 2:30 to 6 p.m. and from 7:30 to 10:10 p.m. I was very weary, said a few words at opening, presided all day long, made a short address in the evening. Home by 11 p.m. Found Chev sitting up. The Convention was better than that of last year, the Fosters less violent, though sufficiently abusive. We missed Mrs. Campbell. Garrison was too long, and Lucy Stone's report more rambling than it should have been. On the whole, a good meeting.

✓ May 27th, Wednesday. My birthday, fifty-five years old. Still face to face with the mercies of God in health and sanity, enjoying all true pleasures more than ever, and weaned from some false ones. XI feel a great lassitude, probably from my cold and yesterday's fatigue. I have not worked this year as I did the year before yet I have worked a good deal too, and perhaps have tried more to fulfill the duty nearest at hand. I am now puzzled about June 2d. It does not seem to me as if I could work to get up anything here. There seems to be no one to help me, and I confess that the peace ideal seems to elude me, when I try to think about it.

I thank God for my continued life, health and comfort. The last of my father's and mother's generation have passed away, this year, Uncle Richard Ward in December, and Uncle Frank Cutler this spring. Bro' Sam and I are now nearest the darkness. I ask to see Maud happily married and Sarana free before I go. Suffrage too I would fain enjoy. "Thy will be done," is the true prayer.

They and J. left for Washington, D.C. this morning at 10.

May 28th, Thursday. To town to meet Mrs. Strickland of Stoughton about a lecture next autumn, then to K.G. Wells's luncheon, very fine, then to Shawmut Ave. Church to speak concerning peace. Several were moved at what I said, especially Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Folsom. An old Quakeress kissed me. Am worrying about a hall for my peace festival. Can't decide between Wesleyan, Mechanics' and Freeman Place.

May 29th, Friday. Maud to Grantville, I to town to meet Mrs. Bruce., Gustine, and Abell at 10. M.G. did not come. Mrs. Bruce will speak, will see about music and send printed circulars to Universalist ministers. Dr. Abell (fem.) will make endeavor about flags and flowers, and New Church ministers. Called on Mrs. Governor Bagley. Got a bonnet. Wrote introduction for tomorrow's anniversary, and notices of Peace meeting for papers.

Hired Mechanics' Hall, \$25. Wrote and printed circulars of Woman's Peace Festival. Charlotte Whipple's in the evening, a pleasant gathering.

May 30th, Saturday. Club anniversary, Freeman Place Chapel. A good attendance. My introductory brief. The ~~ixdix~~ reports splendid, showing such modest, quiet labor as must tell in the long run upon the ignorance and frivolity of general society. Lunch afterwards.

May 31st, Sunday. To church, but first left circulars at Shawmut Ave. Universalist Church, and afterwards at Berkeley St. Church. Dined with J.M. Wales, a pleasant time. Very little leisure this day. Miss Goddard promises to see about flowers for Tuesday.

June 1st, Monday. Busy as possible, working for Peace Day. Engaged pianist, Weston. Left circulars at various places. In afternoon met Miss Goddard at hall, with Bowden. Went to Williams and Everett's for Sumner's bust. Wrote outline of remarks for next day. Asked T. Reeves to give me some cornets for tomorrow. He promised a quartette. In the forenoon a pleasant talk with Mrs. Livermore. Mrs. Wilbur went abroad very suddenly, and secretly, with her husband, who was compromised in the New York Ring. My forebodings about the organization of the Woman's Congress fully realizing themselves. Accounts overdrawn, no system, Miss Fletcher, the secretary in bad odor. Why would they not believe me? I knew the thing, as organized last fall, would not hold water.

June 2d, Tuesday. An anxious heart about my poor little festival. Up early and to town, having done my hair very badly, not having time for hair dressing or to get my bonnet, which needs alteration. It did not matter. The hall looked beautifully. Attendance perhaps a shade better than last year. Mrs. Bruce opened with prayer. I followed with remarks. Then music, a solo, not very good, but with appropriate words. Then Rev. James B. Miles, then a quartette of cornets, most beautiful. Then Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Livermore, E.P. Peabody, then Miss Wright's song, and the Peace duet from Judas Maccabaeus by Misses Payne and Dabney. Then Lucy Stone,

Mrs. Cheney, Rev. Mr. Tilden. Then a beautiful tenor song: "Nazareth", then a cornet trio, then farewell till next year. I distributed pamphlets of last year's day, and sent most of the flowers to Chelsea, where Mrs. Nicolas had an evening celebration. I ought to have attended, but could not, Maud needing me elsewhere. It grieved me much to stay away, and I could not feel that it was right, but on the other hand, Maud could not spare me. Took her to W. Cabot's, Harvard Union, Cypress St., Brookline, then to Mrs. Moulton's concert for the Mill River sufferers.

June 3d, Wednesday. Maud's party, quite pleasant, but a number of young girls disappointed her, and there were not quite enough.

June 4th, Thursday. To Newport this afternoon with dear Maud. Captain Perkins and young Backwith on board. Both wanted to sit next to Maud, but Backwith managed to do it. Arrived safe at Miss Anthony's, where our room was ready. We ran round to see Sam and Harriet Francis.

June 5th, Friday. To Oak Glen at 10 a.m., Maud driving me in a buggy. After some delay got the keys of our house and went in. Maud ordered some things to be done about the grounds. We drove home, and I took Maud down to cars. Her fare \$2. Bought some false hair, \$2.25. A scarf at Findenstadt's, \$1, etc. Met Chev on board boat as per agreement. Bed early, rather rough, a fog, delayed until 10 a.m. in reaching New York. Chev took a carriage and I flew to see Flossy and Sam, who were well, then by car to Jersey City Ferry, fare .10, to Philadelphia, \$3.25. A solitary journey, but very quick. Then to Swarthmore. Mr. Magill met me at the cars, and his wife gave me a warm welcome. I arrived tired and starving. Read lecture on Secret of Success, but did not feel that I touched anyone, though on the whole the young people seemed attentive.

June 7th, Sunday. Pleasant, quiet, solid Swarthmore. Here I am, in Quaker surroundings, whose restful simplicity is most congenial to me. I feel here the earnest desire for genuine growth and culture which founds a slow but sure success. I am confirmed in my division of human energies. Ambitious people climb, but faithful people build. The Magills and others are building here. Mrs. Sarah Jackson, a friend, and one of the managers is here, slightly deaf, but very pleasant. She tells me of her successful efforts to remedy certain defects in the plan of the building which came near being carried into execution. She knows E.P. Peabody, her excellence of spirit and defects of form and execution. At 11 a.m. attended meeting in the College hall. Various of the undergraduates of the different classes recited texts of Scripture. I spoke at some length of Peace, as bequeathed by Christ to his followers in doctrine. Twofold, trust in God, reliance on his assistance in all things, not on the arm of flesh, then, the sense of our neighbor's equal human rights.

June 8th, Monday. Up betimes. Hurried away from Swarthmore to meet Chev or to find his telegram at Continental in Philadelphia. Waited all day in the hotel reception room, and in the streets, dinner at 2 p.m. \$1.50. Finally telegraphed to Brevoort House, answer from Chev that he is not well and will probably come on tomorrow. Then sent for my trunk, which cost fifty cents to transfer to the hotel. I now took a room at the latter. In the afternoon tried to find Alfred H. Love and John K. Wildman, both absent. W.'s clerk, boards with Dr. Child and took me there. I saw him and his wife, and had a pleasant chat. Learned that the Brown sisters were both married and in Europe. Had pleasant talk with a lady waiting like me for a friend who did not arrive. Quieted a squalling baby, tired with its day of travelling. When I was in bed came a telegram from Chev saying he could not go to Washington. I sat up worrying about this, thought I would take the midnight car to New York and bring him, but was so very tired, so went back to bed.

June 9th, Tuesday. In Philadelphia, waiting to take 12 m. train to Washington. Telegraphed to Chev. Answer came, saying that he was unwell and asking me to take train in time for the Newport boat. I on the contrary took the 12:30 train for Washington, my heart relenting, but my mind intent on seeing the President about Samana. I had previously visited Wildman's office and found him there. A pleasant chat. He promised me help for my next year's peace pamphlet. At Wilmington got out to find something to eat. Met Mrs. S.T. Hooper and friends, going to Hampton, also Fabens, devouring a custard. He much chagrined at learning Chev's failure to come, said we might as well go back, etc. But we sat and had a good talk. I had only one change of dress with me in a shawl bundle, told him he must help to establish me at the hotel, where absence of baggage is suspicious. After dinner carriage to White House. Admitted at once. President and Mrs. G. very cordial. Mrs. General Ramsay, a Morris of New York, niece to Mrs. St. ut of New York. Knows the Mailliards, and McAllisters. Told Mrs. G. I wanted to talk to the President about Samana. She asked me to come to lunch next day at 2 p.m.

June 10th, Wednesday. Kept quiet so as to be *compos mentis* at White House. Had my head dressed by Abby Something, costing \$1. Went at 2 p.m. Waited a little while, but the President soon came, and I talked to him pretty fully about Samana. He somewhat explained his views, thought we could have an U.S. protectorate over the island. I told him of the progress Samana had made under the S.B. Company, little as the latter had done, of Gonzales' reception of us, of St. John's visit in the English man-of-war not long before our coming, of the Canandaigua, and the captain, not telling very much about the latter, of the situation of our friends at Samana after the exhibition they had unwarily made of their true sympathies, of the beauty and richness of the country, and so on. Talked with Mrs. G. of her daughter's marriage and her father's death. Find her neither illiterate nor literary, but with a reasonable ordinary education, she seems warmhearted and natural. I find that I like her better every time I see her. Her son Jesse, a youth of perhaps fourteen years, talked to me intelligently about Santo Domingo. Should have gone to New York this night, had not Maria Quackenbush persuaded me to stay and go with her to see Secretary Robeson next day. Bro' Sam visited me in the morning.

June 11th, Thursday. Bro. Sam lent me two books, *Memoirs of Cherley*, who was a musical critic when I visited London in 1843, and *Sacred Anthology*, a collection of moral and devotional utterances made by Madame D. Conway. At 12 went with Maria and F.E. Hove to see Sec. Robeson in behalf of her unfortunate husband, courtmartialled and dismissed for intemperance. She plead hard for him, and wept. The secretary much moved. I had a moment in which to tell him how important it is that the Canandaigua should remain at Samana. Secretary suggested our going to the President, which we did. A very short interview, in which he promised to look over the testimony. M. asks only to have dismissal changed into suspension for five or six years, promotion of his subordinates not to wait for his restoration. After this to Capitol, where finance bill was up. Sad to miss Sumner's presence in the Senate. Jones of Nevada spoke about inflation, and called gold the money of God's ordaining. Boutwell also spoke against, and another whose name I could not learn. Morton made some interruptions in favor of the other side, so did others. Maria dined with us (Fabens and me) Bro' Sam came to sparkle and say farewell. Left for New York by 9 p.m. train. Bro' Sam gave me my sleeping compartment, which very comfortable. Met Mr. Twitchell.

June 12th, Friday. Arriving early in Jersey City, took horse cars to Summit Avenue. A wet disagreeable morning, but I had promised to visit Sister Hanaford (Phoebe) A long way to her house, but a warm welcome when I got there. Went in and washed, breakfasted, and had a long interval to talk about Soreosis and women's matters generally. Nelly Miles's mother there, a pleasant plain woman. The house very comfortable and well furnished. We spoke of organizing an association of women preachers. H. suggested that I should be its president. She crossed to New York with me. Watcock Ave. C. car to Central Depot, a long journey. I found my trunk

sent from Philadelphia, and had it reshekked for Boston. Flew to see Flossy. Saw some one get out of a carriage who looked like Salvini, but hurried past, being very warm and in haste, my hair much disordered with travel, and my gloves lost or mislaid. Regretted this bitterly afterward. It would have been a real pleasure to have shaken hands with him, even if I did look a little travel worn and stained. Flossy and Sam well, she lent me \$10. for my journey, a solitary one, but terminating comfortably. John Dee met me at the depot. Home with hearty joy, though I did wish I could have stayed to see Salvini's Gladiator in New York. But home seemed to call me.

1880.

(Note. This winter was spent by J. W. H. and M. H. at Benedict Chambers, Boston. No entry till -

January 18th. Today for the first time I managed to make an entry in this blank volume. I shall write up the preceding days as I can remember them, but my new year of journalizing properly begins today, and as usual my heart desires that some special good may come to me and mine during the year which this month begins. My sixty years begin to weigh upon me. My spirits flag, and I often dread the fatigue of meeting with many people. My natural inertia causes me to delay indefinitely some pieces of work which I feel to be very important to me, such as the writing up of my notes of travel and the settling of my financial matters. I long for some hours of complete isolation every day, during which I might unfold books, papers, etc., without fear of interruption. I have much to enjoy, much to be thankful for, and very much to regret in my past mistakes and failures to do the right thing. God help me to resolve and do my best without losing all power in the discouraging retrospect of so much that has been honestly erroneous, and of some things that may have been wilfully wrong. God bless and help also my dear children and children's children. With these prayers I will begin my new record.

Sunday, January 25th. Have had a most busy and crowded week. No time to record anything. Constant interruptions, which though of friendly and pleasant character hinder work or even desultory reading.

(Note. On Wednesday, January 28th, J. W. H. started on a lecturing tour, going first apparently to Ilion, New York, then to Oneida, where she went to a dingy, unpleasant hotel. She notes that in a shop window she saw a real miniature piano-forte, with sounding board, iron frame, etc., sound very poor.)

"At 4 P. M. took train for Morrisville. A young girl helped me with my packages and told me some things about ~~Oneida~~ the Oneida community which is about three miles from the town of Oneida. Lovely scenery between Oneida and Morrisville. Reaching latter place found that we must drive two miles in an open wagon. The evening was mild, fortunately. Lecture on "Egypt."

(She next took train for Earlville and drove thence to New Berlin, a long drive of fifteen miles.)

"Mr. Barkley insisted upon loaning me a pair of woolen stockings to wear over my stockings. Started after dinner in a phaeton with two horses and hot bricks at my feet. The drive was sixteen miles in length, very hilly and picturesque. Reached New Berlin soon after 5 P. M. Think I must have been at least three hours on the road. Found a good room prepared for me, heated fearfully hot with an iron air-tight stove. Landlord waited on me with a cigar in his mouth. I resented this at first, but found him otherwise very civil. Lecture, "Men's Women and Women's Women" very well received. Fee, \$40. Spoke with several ladies afterward, and an old clergyman. All seemed to have been pleased.

(The next day she started for Norwich.)

"Had the company of a Mrs. Humphrey, who lives in Sydney, a refined and interesting woman. She had thought of trying to start a little club among her women neighbors. I encouraged her to make the attempt, and shall probably hear from her. I parted from her at Berlin station, where

I had to wait a short time! Saw here a very good looking young man whom I had seen at the hotel at New Berlin. Found that he is a reporter for an Albany paper; Champlin is his name. He told me that he had some unpleasant tasks. Was often sent to follow murder cases and interview condemned criminals in their cells, also required to describe executions. He reports proceedings in the Albany legislature. Said that Hunt's frescoes in the new State House were "elegant pieces." He sketches, has a great love for drawing and of nature, and told me "what genius I have I get from my mother." To Syracuse by train soon after seven. Throat sore all day, probably in consequence of the long drive of the day before.

Sunday, February 1st. A very stormy Sunday. Have passed the whole day so far, 4 P.M., in the hotel, mostly in my room.***** What should I have done today without my books? Have read a good deal in Herodotus and in Miss Fletcher's Kismet. Dreamed all night of a very intimate visit to Queen Victoria. I introduced blind Mr. Smith to her.

(Nothing further about this trip.)

Monday, February 16th. Read my lecture on Representation to the Chestnut Street Club. I had chosen this paper thinking the theme a timely one, and was only agreeably disappointed by finding the paper better received than I had ventured to hope. Visits with Maud in the afternoon and Mrs. Eliot's reception. Club tea in the evening. A busy day.

Wednesday, February 18th. Hearing on Suffrage before a joint committee of the legislature. I read my paper, though I had not intended to read but to give it from remembrance. I had not, however, had time to get it very fully in my mind. Various persons thanked me for it. Poor ----- showed either ill-will or bad manners by saying to everyone who praised me, "Oh! but you ought to praise Lucy Stone," or words to that effect. In the afternoon to see Sarah Clarke; precious Dante book, which with her explanations we greatly enjoyed.

Friday, February 20th. Saw Romeo and Juliet, beautifully performed at the Globe by Miss Neilson and a very competent Romeo, who played the somewhat ungrateful part very nobly.

Saturday, February 21st. Discussion on the Indian question at Saturday Morning Club. Mrs. ----- to luncheon, which broke up my afternoon, but done a little Greek and wrote one or two important letters. In the evening to Cambridge, where spent the evening with Mrs. Thorpe and Mr. and Mrs. Ole Bull. He was very vivacious and entertaining, and played delightfully. Mrs. Spooner talked with Maud about her religious views. She is a ritualist, approves of confession, and believes in absolution on the ground of Christ's words, "~~Whosoever~~ Whose soever sins ye remit on earth, they are remitted." I argued that these words mean that Christ had taught his disciples a new doctrine, by which views of sin and of morality were necessarily to be much modified. He meant that they should have faith in the doctrine and believe that its right and wrong were of the abiding sort.

Sunday, February 22nd. To hear J. F. C., who preached a sermon upon Emphasis of Life and Religion, i.e., the importance of emphasizing the right points in intellectual emphasis, the power of seizing and presenting the capital issue of a case unencumbered by those secondary features. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury he said, showed the same power in his sermons, that of presenting a single

religious thought with entire clearness, and in its most important aspect. This sermon struck me as so helpful in its character that I wished, as I told the dear minister, that I could have heard it fourteen years ago. I do not think that my mind is wanting in this power of emphasis, but think that in its moral and religious application I have often been very deficient.

Sunday, February 29th. Here beginneth another week, likely to be as much crowded and interrupted as those which have preceeded it. The last day of a winter of uncomparable mildness and beauty; I remember no such winter in Boston in my time.

Monday, March 15th. I begin this week greatly fatigued and almost hopeless of answering worthily the endless claims made upon my time and brains. Stayed at home in the morning and so lost Mr. Everett's lecture at the Chestnut Street Club. Got a little rest -- not much. To Club tea about 6.30 P. M., where had to make all the fun. Then to Rev. Joseph Cook's symposium where T. W. H. (Higginson) should have read the essay, and L. S. (Lucy Stone) should have lead the debate. On arriving we learned that H. cannot be present, illness in his family being the cause. L. S., as we knew, was ill and absent. I was obliged to open the evenings proceedings by some remarks, and was followed by M. F. Eastman, who did very well. J. E. Sewall did well for us. Coffin spoke well, H. B. B. finely. We had the honors of the evening.

Sunday, March 21st. A delightful sermon from J. F. C. explaining the theology of Dr. Channing. As the pleasures of calm, high thought unveiled themselves to my mind in listening to this sermon, I inwardly prayed that I might have a little interval free from care and interruption in order to take up again the studies which I have loved so well and so long.

Thought of a sermon on the Judas element in the Press.

Thursday, March 23rd. The Booths' to luncheon. A delightful occasion. The other guests were Dr. Bellows, Lizzie Agassiz, the C. C. Perkins' and the J. T. Fields'. A number of persons came afterwards to our reception. In the evening to see Booth in Hamlet. The performance had lost none of its charm for me. On the contrary, I thought it in some respects improved; it seemed inspired throughout.

Friday, April 2nd. Have read over and burned some old letters, preserving two slips which I will gum upon the opposite page. (She neglected to do so, and the letters have not been found.) The longest was written by dear Chev to a man against whom he had just cause for complaint, but whom he treated with great nobleness.

I copy here from one of my own letters, written when Sammy was a baby, something that I wrote about ----- and sent to him in a long and affectionate letter: "He has terrible faults of character, is often unjust in his likes and dislikes, arbitrary, cruel, with little mastery over his passions, incapable of enduring criticism or of profiting by it. He is much led by flattery, and prizes above all a certain obsequiousness which always implies a want of character in those who show it. I know that there are rotten hearts that he will cherish to the grave, and sincere ones whose affection would be little regarded by him. With all this, he is yet un des hommes du bon Dieu. I have told all his faults in these few lines, but if I should begin to speak of his perfections, many pages would not suffice."

These lines must have been written nearly twenty years ago.

I copy them in order to impress upon my mind the injustice which I fear I must often have done to the person of whom they speak. It would be vain to keep such reminiscences for self torture; I keep them for the sad instruction which at this distance of time they convey.

Saturday, April 3rd. Out early in order a floral ornament for Mr. Derby's funeral; thence to Board meeting, which I left just before 12 M. to go to the funeral at Trinity, a beautiful church. Then back, in strange contrast, to make fun for the Club reception given to Maria Mitchell. Here some of the old set seconded me bravely, and the occasion was considered brilliant.

Monday, April 5th. Much fatigue. Club in afternoon. Mr. Ernst gave an address upon the Function of Literature. This was quite valuable and suggestive, but marred by over-statements and the German conceit; Prepotenzer (?) expresses the thing better. In the evening to the celebration of J. F. C.'s seventieth birthday, which was most interesting. Charles Allen presided. Rev. H. W. Foote brought from Chapel the record book containing the record of J. F. C.'s baptism. Dr. Holmes read a genial poem. Ref. Wm. H. Channing gave some reminiscences of his boyhood,--they were Latin scholars together. I read a poem which had cost me some labor, and at the close of which I gave the dear minister a beautiful wreath, the poem having spoken of one.

Wednesday, April 7th. To Newport for Channing celebration. Left by 8 A. M. train. Had six minutes in depot to get a cup of coffee, and took with me a little bread and butter.***** Arrived late, went at once to the Academy of Music. Postmaster Coggeshall took me to the platform, where I sat near Mr. Emerson. Rev. Bellows had begun his discourse on Channing, which was exhaustive, and, as it lasted two hours and a half, exhausting. The longest part, devoted to the setting forth of Channing's religious opinions and intellectual features, was somewhat dry and dogmatic in tone, and still interesting, being written with great care and study. The latter part was more cordial and attractive. Hymns were sung at intervals between carious parts of this long composition. To lunch at the Lieber House, where met the Emersons', father and daughter, and the Bellows', father and son. The Doctor was, of course, much fatigued with his long performance, but soon recovered and was quite playful at table. We lost the laying of the corner stone of the new Channing Memorial Church, and so went at once to the Academy, where we heard C. T. Brook's poem on Laying the Cornerstone, and Rev. W. H. Channing's eulogium upon his uncle, whose life he compared to a beautiful temple. Cannot remember what else we had, but there was quite an interval between this meeting and that of the evening so I got a little quiet time, and still retouched my poem, which was to come in the evening. Alcott was at tea, and soon after we went again to the Hall, which we again found very full of people. The exercises were more interesting than those of the morning and afternoon. E. E. Hale made a good speech; Gov. Van Zandt presided with a very good grace; The letter read were very interesting; Mrs. Lowe (?) had a poem; I read mine with a few prefatory remarks; E. P. P. (Peabody) attempted to give some reminiscences of Dr. Channing, but eandered and was not heard. A great day.

Saturday, April 17th. Busy. Discussion on the future of Art at the Saturday Morning Club. In the afternoon to South Boston with Mary Graves to sort old manuscripts and letters. In the evening to the tableaux at Mrs. Richard's (Mrs. W. B.), Maud making two of the best. "Das Mädchen aus der Fremde" and the Duchess of Devonshire.

Sunday, April 18th. A delightful sermon from J. F. C. on the "Three That Bear Witness on Earth, the Spirit, the Water, and the Blood." His interpretation of this passage was, that the Spirit was the new spirit and disposition manifested by the followers of Christ; the Water was not the symbolical washing of baptism, but the substantial resolution to stand and confess what may be an unpopular or dangerous creed; the Blood was self sacrifice wherever demanded. I heard all this very gladly, and felt emboldened (?) for a new kindling of religious energy in my languid heart.

Friday, April 23rd. Today I feel so tired that nothing interests me. The life of constant interruption which I have led of late makes it very difficult to take up the thread of study or to follow any continuous thought. I must plunge into quiet or else lose sight of much that is most precious to me.

Saturday, April 24th. Very busy. Went to see Miss Neilson in "As You Like It". Her acting very good and the piece beautifully given. Jacques very good, and Orlando (Compton) excellent.

Sunday, April 25th. Wrote various letters, mostly on other people's business. Begin to feel as if I might really get out of the snarl of my correspondence. One letter was to Mary Anderson, condoling with her on the death of her mother, my neighbor for more than twenty-five years. Always substantially kind, though plain and downright in speech. Mrs. A. was a woman of uncommon character and energy, very fond of reading and a great lover of music. Adamowski dined and played delightfully.

Thursday, April 29th. My party for Adamowski. A very hurried day. Had to go to South Boston in order to see Bradford and commission him to sell my land. Our party was very small, Maud having been very urgent that I should not invite more than twenty. Of these twenty, as always happens, some five failed to come, so that we might as well have had their places filled by others. Adamowski did not make his appearance, and it was nine o'clock before we discovered him dodging about in the hall and trying to get away unseen. He had come in a frock coat, and seeing the others in dress coats was unwilling to show himself. Osgood sang, and so did Mrs. Rogers. John K. Paine played, and at last our nervous little friend was brought in with his violin and played delightfully.

Sunday, May 9th. In view of leaving town on the morrow, thought I could not go to church. Went out for the air and remembered the commemoration of Theodore Parker's death at the Parker Memorial Hall. Went and heard a delightful discourse from Mr. Chadwick. A busy day. Got my trunk ready and made all necessary arrangements. Translated a letter of Gautier's for H. B. B. In the evening to hear Handel's Solomon, which is very fine in some parts and somewhat formal and tedious in others.

Monday, May 10th. Started in good time for Apolton. Had a little talk with parties in the Pullman, which only availed me as far as Whiteriver Junction. The rest of the day quite alone. Read a little part of Madcap Violet, which seems to me much strained both as to value and character. Arrived at Apolton at 9 P. M. Dear Harry was

waiting for me with a buggy and drove me up the steep path to his little hillside cottage, which I call "Howe's eyrie." Found the mistress of the house already with a cordial reception, supper, etc. My first visit in my son's house.

Friday, May 14th. Rode to Sherbrooke. Very cold. Got a hog brick to keep me alive on the way home. An English gentleman to dinner, Mr. Gammell (?). Walked and sat with Fanny, and in the evening told much of what I saw in Rome for herself and dear Harry's entertainment. Got a little Greek and Kant, and got on a little bit in "Is Life Worht Living?".

Sunday

~~Saturday~~, May 23rd. A breathless week, the last. Heard a beautiful sermon from Robert Collier this morning. Answered a letter from E. B. Stoddard, of Massachusetts Board of Education, asking me to deliver an address at the graduation of the Worcester School.

Monday, May 24th. Had a busy day. Mrs. Rogers paper on Adulteration of Foods, etc., very good. Suffrage meeting good. Mrs. Livermore not so happy as usual, I thought, but received. Wendell Phillips rather severe upon the women. "What is the church now doing? It is all picnics. Every church now has a Mistress of the Revels." This was just, perhaps, but the church gets up very innocent amusements.

Tuesday, May 25th. Wesleyan Hall, 2 P. M. Ladies' Unitarian meeting. I went and made a brief address, asking the women present to bring their brains as well as their money into the service of the Unitarian Association. Then to the Women's Suffrage meeting, where Mr. Hinckley withstood H. B. B. with no sufficient ground. I took part against him. In the evening read the about the Woman question in Europe, and remarked Viva Voce upon the state of things in Germany and in Italy, and upon the connection of this question with Rome. J. F. C. Made a very helpful speech and Mr. Eastman spoke last.

Wednesday, May 26th. On going to the Journal office today, found Mrs. Livermore in conclave with Mr. Hinckley and Messrs. Foge and Brooks. She invited me to join them, and at once began sounding the praises of the National Women's Suffrage Association, and to say that we ought to join ourselves with them.

Thursday, May 27th. Moral Education Association, subject Parentage. My birthday. Dear Julia had left a present for me. Dear Maud sent me a good letter containing the gift of a pretty handkerchief. I fulfilled my engagement mentioned just above. In the evening took the open horse-car to South Boston with Porter, saw the great crowd at the Point where the band now begins to play for the season. Was delightfully refreshed. This was my sixty-first birthday. I passed it quite without any of my immediate family, to my sorrow, all of my children being away.

Tuesday, June 1st. Very busy all day, partly in preparing for tomorrow's meeting, partly in getting ready to leave town. Maud away most of the day at Edith Greenow's wedding. She looked as handsome as possible in a white cashmere dress with a jacket of white satin with steel buttons, and a very fresh and becoming hat.

Wednesday, June 2nd. I was thankful to wake up with no symptom of headache. Had much small business and was very anxious about my Peace Festival. Dressed in my best and went in good time. Miss Goddard had dressed the rooms beautifully with flags, and many flowers. Dear Mrs. Sewall had brought the finest of these. Mary Graves had arrived from No. Reading to help me. We devised hastily an order of exercises, which was as follows: Reading of Scripture, M. H. G.; prayer by myself; I made the opening address. I was surprised to see F. W. Bird and Sanborn. They had come supposing the occasion to be a reception. Mrs. Mosher, Miss Rogers and I sang the *anthem* trio from Elijah. Mary Graves then read a very important statement from a magazine concerning the consumption of nitrogen in war, first in the manufacture of salt-petre and then in other ways, withdrawing from the amount a material necessary for nutrition. She added some figures of her own. Mrs. Diaz spoke, much from the point of view of education and early influence. Selma Borg made quite a fervent speech. I forgot to say that Mr. Farman(?), of Harvard College, made quite a stirring speech after Mary Graves, in which he characterized the tone of the college in regard to women as "low and unworthy." Alice Fletcher spoke of the military contempt for labor and the laboring classes. From the earliest times women were the representatives of peace and labor; now productive agencies were rising in the social scale, giving honor to the worker. The elevation of woman and of labor are concomitant with the world's pacification. Miss Goddard was moved to compose a few good lines which she read. Mrs. Mosher sang a peace song, music her own. Miss Hall made a few remarks. The meeting was very cordial and helpful, and we determined hereafter to hold quarterly meetings and to try to and understand our work. To Newport by 6 P. M. train.

Sunday, June 6th. A day of purest country rest. Had some Greek and a little Kant. Got on with Sewall's diary. In the afternoon made a visit of condolence to the Andersons.

Sunday, June 20th. (J. W. H. inserts here in her journal a copy of answer to Goddard, of the Daily Advertiser.

"Dear Mr. Goddard: The reply which I sent to the Advertiser office on Monday last has, I hope, made it evident that I did not intend the accusation which an editorial writer in your paper called upon me to substantiate. That writer, in his desire to put me flatly in the wrong, interposed into my meaning a figure which had never been there namely that of some unknown person offering your paper a bribe in order that a certain article should appear in its columns. Various parties who have written to thank me for what I did say, have recognized the fact that no such bribe was spoken of or hinted at by me. The opinion that the newspaper press, of which I speak in the most general terms, is largely influenced by money considerations, is too generally held to be fixed as a libellous utterance upon me. The opinion that the tone of your journal is not always altogether that of a representative protestant journal is one which may be expressed without offence. I am quite sure that in my reading of the lecture I did not bring these two opinions into such a relation as to make the one illustrative of the other in the way you suppose. The writer in your paper, whom I cannot suppose to have been yourself, has had much to do, I think, with the wide circulation of the paragraph sent me in your letter, and was himself the first to give my words the extra and untruthful interpretation of which it may be difficult to divest them. I have tried to do this in my answer by a simple, honest explanation. In the heat and disorder of composition a paragraph may easily be put where a revising

perusal would not have it. I ~~spunk~~ spoke of the Advertiser under the head of the press, but did not mean to speak of it as "salaried." Had I been writing for the press, I should probably have taken care to make my two propositions as distant in my expression as though they were in my thoughts. Yours truly."

Sunday, June 27th. Bellows' fine sermon on "Sentiment in Religion and in Life," with the story of Mary's box of ointment for the text. He overstated the matter of sentiment, whose cases, when uncorrected by judgment, have been disastrous to the human race.

Friday, July 23rd. Very busy all day. Rainy weather. In the evening I had a mock meeting, with burlesque papers, etc. I lectured on Ism - Is-not-m, on Assm-spasm, plasm; Maud on Frump-hood.

Saturday, July 24th. Working hard, as usual. Marionettes at home in the evening. Laura had written the text. Maud was Julius Caesar; Flossie, Cassius; Daisy, Brutus.

Wednesday, July 28th. Read my lecture on Modern Society in the Friend's Chapel at Concord before a large audience. Dear sister L. (Mrs. Terry) came over from Pine Bank with an English friend of Lilly Cleveland's, a Miss Whitehead. The Traveller's reporter took my manuscript the moment I had finished reading it in order to get his report off in time for the evening paper. The manuscript was not ready for the press, and I begged him to give only a general report. My lecture was really received with enthusiasm, and the comments of Mrs. Alcott and W. H. Channing were quite enough to turn a sober head.

Saturday, August 27th. Worked till 12.30 P. M., then dressed and went with Maud to Mrs. Kernochen's reception, where Miss Read sang finely. Then to the Keene's to see Uncle Sam. He took my carriage and presently sent it out home, keeping us to drive in Mr. Keene's drag, go to polo, and dine. I was much disturbed, fearing to find myself quite unable to finish my address (for Sunday Evening Women's ~~Stnk~~ Meeting, Universalist Church). The drive on the drag was delightful; polo seemed rather insipid. The dinner was elegant and very pleasant. After it I played and sang some melodies of my youth, Uncle Sam and Mr. Keene joining in.

Sunday, August 28th. Uncle Sam and A. Mailliard at 11 A. M. I had my breakfast early. We gave them a nice meal, well served, and I enjoyed their visit exceedingly, but was uneasy about my preparation for the evening. They left soon after 2 P. M. and at 3 P. M. I sat down and worked as hard as it was possible for me to do, finishing just in time to take a cup of tea and change my dress. The evening was very unpleasant as to weather. The attendance at church only moderate. Rev. Schermerhorn conducted the services and called me up to the pulpit after Scripture reading, etc. I had not had as much time as I wanted, but had done my level best with what I had; the paper was listened to with interest. Mrs. Livermore followed me, speaking, as she always does, to the great acceptance of the audience. She spoke so long as to leave no room for the Friend, Elizabeth Comstock, which is to be regretted.

Wednesday, September 8th. (On Wednesday, Sept, 8th, J. W. H. went to New York and Saratoga, accompanied by M. H. E. They arrived at Saratoga on the 9th, J. W. H. "extremely weary.")

"F. G. Sanborn met us at the cars and took us to the hall. We found it an emense caravansery. ***** ~~am~~ not well -- fearing for tomorrow.

Thursday, September 9th. (The next day she was far from well)
 "Head very queer and unsteady. I despair to be able to understand my own paper, as upon reading it I could not fix my thoughts upon any part of it. Consulted Gilman, who gave me a quinine pill, two grains, and (T. Sterry) who gave me some whisky. This braced me up somewhat.***** Went with Sanborn to the hall, and, thanks to the quinine, was able to read for more than an hour in a clear tone so as to be easily heard. The lecture was very well received. Several persons expressed the pleasure with which they had heard it. Professor Wayland, of Yale, was now introduced to me and seemed to like Maud, whom he carried off to see the springs. I to the hotel to pack up. A fearful headache now overcame me. We left for New York via Albany boat at about 7 P. M. Sanborn and went with us to the cars. Once safely on board I sank down in a chair and Maud bathed and rubbed my aching head. A good nap relieved my pain. We were comfortable aboard the boat. I had not been at Saratoga for fifty-three years. It was then the height of American fashion, but of course on a very small scale compared with its present dimensions.

Saturday, September 11th. Arrived early in New York. Carriage to Brevoort House and breakfast. Presently came Uncle Sam and we agreed to visit Long Branch with him. So we all went down together, passing dear Grandpa Ward's old farm house on the way. Found the new watering place a strip of white sand between the sea and the marshes. A fine hotel. The glare of the sun on the white sand gave me great pain,*****

Sunday, September 12th. A young man in the cars just before we left New York recognized Uncle Sam and asked to be introduced to his ladies in order to be of service to them on the journey. He was a naval officer, Ward, from Connecticut. We found him very kind. I slept on board the car as the weary sleep. A pleasant sale on the Holius. Maud talked with Mr. Ward and found that he had just lost his child, a fine boy, about the age of my darling Sammy. He was full of the distress of this bereavement,***** So we drove home in all comfort. My eyes are still affected by the dreadful glare of yesterday.

Tuesday, September 14th. Thought myself quite ill when I woke. Got up, however, and found that I was not ill, only very languid. Could not take my bath nor make my bed. Got to work, however, and wrote letters to Laura and dear Flossie. A severe, stormy day. Was busy and on foot. Read a little Greek and got on in "Les Rois en Exil."

Friday, September 24th. Adamowski came this afternoon, full of his operetta. I ~~heard~~ hard at work upon my sermon for Sunday.

Monday, October 4th. ✓ I have felt today a special hope and impulse in the direction of useful labor. I have in mind at present two sermons, one on Christ's saying about building the tombs of the prophets, of which the lesson would be the importance of learning from the living teacher and honoring him instead of merely worshipping reputation, whether living or dead. The second would be

upon the "Still, small voice," which is the voice of God; its contrast to the violence of passion and the fury of fanaticism. I would also, if I could, continue my subject of warning to Americans, as conveyed in my Concord and Saratoga lectures. I must also have a paper for the Women's Congress.

I distrust and dislike pious records in diaries, but I will say that this rift of the clouds (spiritual) gave me occasion to pray bravely that I might carry out these undertakings to a good end.

12.15 P. M. Beginning at 10.10 I have written the substance of the first sermon.

Wednesday, October 6th. Woke confused and discouraged. Lay thinking of a number and variety of things, all of them important, at which I have got to work all this month after my summer of hard work, but I have prayed God to help me with all of these, and indeed I have need.

Friday, October 8th. To town in the morning to buy various things for Maud's party tonight.***** Wrote in the afternoon, then worked with a will at getting things ready for the evening. The house looked charmingly, the weather very fine. About twenty-two persons came, all young except Mrs. Wheeler. We had small tables, with chocolate, tea, oysters, sweets and cake. After this I played a waltz, then Mrs. Little sang. Adamowski played the Raff Cavatina, I accompanying. Mrs. Little sang again. I played Lancers and polka and Virginia reel. Mulled wine was served at half past ten, and all departed. Adamowski took leave of me with many expressions of ~~gratitude~~. I have enjoyed his visit greatly.

(Note. The pages between October 12th and 27th have been torn out, not by L. E. R. There are few entries, and none of importance until Friday, December 21st.)

Friday, December 31st. To lunch with Mrs. Pierson, #191 Commonwealth Avenue, 2 P. M., which I accomplished with fear and trembling on account of the bitter cold and frost. Met Sarah Russell, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. George Gardner, and Mrs. Theodore Lyman. A delightful occasion. Dear Sister L. went to the opera in the evening. B. C. P. came and stayed with us till they came home. We had wine and finished D. D.'s nice cake, and saw the old year out with hand shaking and kissing.

Saturday, January 1st, 1881. I stop for a moment to review the year just passed. It has been a very busy one. In its first five months I had much running work to do, meetings, club business, anniversary week was very busy. I had to speak at the anniversary of the Educational and Industrial Union; at the Suffrage and Club anniversary; on June 2nd had a peace meeting, which is recorded on the date. Left that afternoon for Newport, where I had several heavy tasks to fulfill. Wrote first my Worcester address, delivered May 30th; next my lecture on Modern Society, for the School of Philosophy at Concord, Mass, delivered in August; and after that a lecture for the Social and Science, at Saratoga, delivered in September. Along with this I made a careful study and review of Sewall's diary, and wrote a paper for the Memorial History of Boston, which was not accepted, the ground having been pretty thoroughly gone over by the writers for the volume. This was my one failure so far as I know.

I have now been lame for twelve weeks in consequence of a bad fall which I had on October 17th. I am still on crutches with my

left knee in a splint. Have had much valuable leisure in consequence of this, but have suffered much inconvenience and privation of preaching, social intercourse, etc. Very little pain since the first ten days. Farewell, Old Year! Thank the Heavenly Father for many joys, comforts and opportunities.

Saturday, January 1st, 1881. Work already undertaken for the present year. Miss J. L. Gilder wishes me to write for her Monthly (Critic?) a paper of 1500 words, either on George Elliot or on the question whether the personality of an artist can be separated from her or his art. Terms, \$15.00, to be ready on January 22nd or February 5th. Perry Mason, of the Youth's Companion, asks me to write a paper on Santo Domingo, and one on the war and my battle hymn. Jennie Anderson Froisette, of the Anti Polygamy Standard, Salt Lake City, Utah, asks for a paper of some kind, possibly an appeal to women, to be finished by March 1st, 1881. I have two lectures promised to the Concord Congress, of which one is already begun.

Thursday, January 6th. Today I make my first entry in this record of the new year. Beginning as usual with good wishes for my dear people, and for the work which I would gladly accomplish during the ensuing twelve months. Hoping against hope, I shall try to do better than I did last year, though the impediment of my lameness causes me to lose much time.

Was busy part of this day with a charade for the evening; word, "amiable", aim-I-able? R. B. Apthorp, in the second syllable, represented Monsieur De Lesseps; I, Madame Ratazzi, with a blond wig which really made me look about thirty years old. Dear Laura was charming in the first syllable with Munzig, and Russell Sullivan helped us finely in the giving of the whole word. We had about twenty friends, and all passed off pleasantly.

Friday, January 7th. Busy as usual in a somewhat muddled way.

Saturday, January 8th. Dr. Beach took off the splint and found me knee very much better, but ordered me to keep very quiet for a week to come.

Sunday, January 9th. Churchless as usual. Worked upon my tiresome libretto. Mowaki came in P. M. to ask me to send for Stevenson to help us get the work in stage order, which I promised to do. Wrote to thank M. E. W. S. (Mrs. John Sherwood) for her friendly notice of my book in New York Graphic.

Saturday, January 22nd. Finished my article on Lord Beaconsfield's Endemium.

Monday, January 22nd. Busy re-writing my lecture on Paris for the Concord Lyceum. I always felt its great defect to be in the collocation and arrangement of the parts, so it without mercy.

Wednesday, January 26th. Busy most of the day with my lecture. Had a visit from H. P. B., who advised me to keep still and go nowhere until my lameness shall be much better. Took 4.30 P. M. train for Concord, Massachusetts. Maud would go with me, which grieved me, as she thereby lost a brilliant ball. F. B. Sanborn helped me into the cars, where Mr. Blanchard soon joined us. We went to Mr. Cheney's, where we found Frank Barlow, a little older, but quite unchanged as to character, etc. He has the endearing coquetry of a woman. Dear Mr. Emerson and Mrs. came to my lecture. Mr. E. said that he liked it. The audience was very attentive throughout. Stepped once only on my lame foot in getting into the sleigh. A pleasant cosé over the wood fire with the Cheney's and F. C. B., who kissed me for goodnight wit

a charming impertinence.

Friday, January 28th. Busy all day with my address for Women's Suffrage meeting in the evening. H. B. B. came to help me. Got through quite comfortably. When I entered with my crutches the audience applauded quite generally. Pannin, a Russian, made an interesting speech relating to the condition of women in Russia. Wendell Phillips made the concluding speech of the evening. He was less brilliant than usual, and kept referring to what I had said. I thanked him for this afterwards, and he said that my speech had spoiled his own; that I had taken up the very points upon which he had intended to dwell.

Saturday, January 29th. Busy in the morning. In re-reading Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" I find the transcendental esthetic the transcendental logic.

In the afternoon to hear Berlioz' Damnation of Faust. Very original and powerful, perhaps somewhat unnatural in the interest of its various parts. In the evening to Adamowski's concert, which was very exquisite. The attendance was large and highly also quite appreciative, all but -----, who sat sniffing in the gallery like his mother's son. This very unkind remark almost makes me blush for myself, even in the privacy of my diary. Wm. Apthorp came running after me to greet me after the concert, which seemed very affectionate of him.

Tuesday, February 8th. Must today begin to remodel my operetta, which I loathe to do, partly because the task is difficult, partly because the value of the work seems almost nil while the labor is considerable. Made a pretty good beginning.

Thursday, February 10th. Wrote notice of Mowski's concert for Transcript, which took the most part of my mornings work. To drive with Daisy (Terry) in the afternoon. Aunty and Maud dined out and D. & I passed the evening tete-a-tete very pleasantly, she reading to me Shelley's essay on the Future Life (Schelling?) and Swinburne's essay on Coleridge.

Friday, February 11th. Lecture at Groton, Mass. Dear Sister called by telegraph to Jane Campbell, who is probably dying. As I went down the steps to the carriage one of my crutches slipped and the careless hackman on my right let me fall, Frank catching me, but not until I had given my knee a severe wrench which gave me great pain. I suffered much in my travel but got through, Frank helping me very much. Stayed at a "family public house," the only public house in the place. The Hoar sisters were very kind to me. My knee seemed much inflamed and kept me awake much of the night. My lecture on "Polite Society" was well received. Mrs. Boutwell greeted me after the lecture and a number of others. The good people of the house brought me their new ledger, that my name might be the first recorded in it.

Saturday, February 12th. Dinner of Merchant's Club. Edward Atkinson invites me. Got back by early train, 7.50 A. M., feeling poorly. Did not let Maud know of my hurt. Went to the dinner mentioned above, which was at the Vendome. Found a much greater gathering than I had anticipated, no fewer than 140, about as many women as men. Was taken in to dinner by the President, Mr. Fitts. Robert Collier had the place on my right. He was delightful as ever.

The dinner dragged very much, owing to the delay between the courses. E. E. Hale sat near me and talked with me from time to time. Of course my speech afflicted me. I got through it, however, but had to lose the other speeches, the hour being so late and the night so inclement, very rainy.

Jane Campbell died early this morning --- sister of Thomas Crawford, a happy deliverance for her poor suffering soul. R. I. P.

Monday, February 14th. To see Olivette at the Park. A most shallow opera.

Wednesday, ~~Feb. 15th~~ ^{Feb. 16th}. Women's Industrial and Educational Union. Meeting at 7.30 P. M. to receive Dr. Clisby's resignation and to recognize Mrs. Diaz as the new president. I to speak.

Instead of this, I was obliged to go to the Women's Suffrage Reception of members of the legislature at Mrs. Tudor's. The occasion was a very good one. Many of the Reps. were there and most of these, I should think, were introduced to me. Maud and Daisy beautifully dressed, also Lilla (Burbank) and our friend Miss Strong brought a little color into sombre picture afforded by black clothes, worn mostly by ladies as well as gentlemen.

✓ Thursday, February 17th. We had a musical party this evening, a very good one. Mrs. Doria Rogers, Landy, 'Mowska, Davis, Terry, -- about thirty-five persons, I think. The occasion was much enjoyed.

Friday, February 18th. Dr. Beach came in this afternoon and took off my splint. Found the knee much better, though I still find it very painful at times. Gave me leave to bear a little weight upon it.

Sunday, February 20th. Very lame this morning. No courage to try to go out. Have been busy with Kant's and Miss Cobbe's new book, "Duties of Women", which I am reviewing for the Christian Register. Uncle Sam came out about noon and took Frank (Marion) Crawford out with him to visit Longfellow.

Friday, February 25th. Dr. ~~Hearn~~ ^{Hedge} and the Algiers to dine. Much good talk. Dr. H. said that the power of a beautiful face is the most ^{power} power in the world. He quoted from Emerson's ode to beauty, and at our request read the whole of it.

Monday, February 28th. Have written one or two letters and have read a good deal, but on the whole have been lazy, though not idle. A cloud seems to lift itself from that part of my mind which concerns, or should concern itself, with spiritual things. Sometimes a strong un-willed seizes me in this direction. I feel in myself no capacity to comprehend any feature of the unseen world. My belief in it does not change, but my imagination refuses to act upon the basis of the "things not seen."

Saturday, March 5th. Longfellow to dine.

Wednesday, March 9th. ^{year} Midnight conference of A. A. W. at 229 West 23rd St., New York, 10 A. M. A horrible rainy day, but I was in time for our morningmeeting. ***** Busy all day with the conference.

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Thursday, March 10th. Breakfasted in my room. Went to Uncle Sam's rooms. Uncle Sam showed me some of his rare books, which I enjoyed looking at with him. He kindly paid my bill at the Brevoort and went with me to the 4 P. M. train, which brought me to Boston a little before midnight.

Sunday, March 13th. Have had a glimpse of prayer today, and asked that this week's work may be done with energy and with system. Girls this morning begging me to read them some essay of mine. I found my essay on "Polarity" which I read them some twenty-six pages. They found it interesting.

Sunday, March 27th. Have now before me to send an to the Youth's Companion; also a paper on Greece; to write reminiscences of Carlyle for the Critic. Am thinking this morning of my sermon for this afternoon at the Women's Union, subject, "How to Live Well."

Went to my meeting. Found a great crowd of women. I was late by mistake, to my great annoyance, and their greater, I fear. I felt none of my usual life. Felt positively feeble, but did my utmost and did not do badly, yet not so well as I wished.

Monday, March 28th. Sister Hunter and son. Schuman's Faust. Considered a great work; to me wanting in dramatic grouping. Much anti-climax in it, to my mind. Parts of it are certainly beautiful, but it does not compare in interest with the Messiah, or with the Hymn of Praise, "St. Paul and Elijah."

Wednesday, March 30th. In the evening to the ever pleasing Hasty-Pudding Theatrical Play, a burlesque of Victor Hugo's Notre Dame de Paris, with many saucy interjections. The fun and spirits of the young men were very contagious, and must have cheered all present who needed cheering, among whom were myself and B. C. B.

Thursday, April 7th. Must make a plan about my Peace Festival. Will write to Potter, of New Bedford. Will soon write to friends in Europe.

Finished Carlyle's Reminiscences today. Perhaps nothing that he has left shows more clearly what he was, and was not. A loyal, fervent, witty, keen man, with 2.

His characterizations of individuals are keenly hit off with graphic humor. But he could make sad mistakes, and could not find them out, as in the case of what he calls our "beautiful Nigger agony"!!

Friday, April 15, 1881.

Heard the divine Passion music -- one of the great things of the world.

Tuesday, April 19.

My literary party. Dr. Holmes read two poems, Howell's, and chapter from their "Wedding Journey". J. F. C. recited a translation and a poem. I read the verses about the Silver and Golden Stars and the legend of the Flies.

Friday, April 22.

Horace Binney, Adams, Johns and Ludlow from Harvard, all young men of promise and of merit.

Sunday, April 24.

Took M. Gerard (Secretary of the French Legation) to hear J. F. C.'s sermon on Temperance. Excellent discourse; M. G. much pleased. Wrote various letters. After church took a little solitary walk with my crutches. Went as far as James T. Fields' house to ask after him.

Monday, April 25.

James T. Fields died last evening, very suddenly.

Saturday, April 30.

I have been agonizing for more than a week past over my notice of Mrs. Lamson's life of Laura Bridgman. It has occupied nearly all of my working time every day. The ungraciousness of finding fault with this book which is so little worthy of the subject, the dread of being ungenerous to Mrs. L- and others, the necessity of doing justice to dear Chev, have compassed me behind and before, and laid their hands upon me. After all this work I have scarcely succeeded at all to my mind, which sort defense without offence.

Sunday, May 1.

Engagements for May not set down in order, but as I find the letters which speak of them:

Moral Education Assos., Meonian.

Wednesday, 25. "Training the young in the essentials of modesty and reverence." Topic chosen by myself.

May 24. School Suffrage Assos., Wesleyan Hall.

Sunday, May 1.

Had a chill last night at bed time, and a fever fit afterwards. Felt miserably when first awoke, but got up and determined to keep my engagements in Cambridge.

I went out to the Cambridge Club, having had chills and fever all the night before. Read my lecture on Paris, which was well received, and followed by a good discussion with plenty of difference

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of opinion. Evening at home; another chill and fever.

Wednesday, May 4.

Mrs. Wesselhoeft, 1 P. M. I not well enough to go. Corrected proof of my article for Critic. Wrote out end of speech for Michael. Received visits.

Tuesday, May 10.

I must record my despair at the reappearance of my Operetta. Mouski came today in great excitement to say that it will be given in July and must be remodelled. I am full of other and much better work. This miserable feathering will break my back.

Thursday, May 26.

Ladies Physiological Association, where also spoke five speeches in four days, (the others before Suffrage Convention). Maud far from well at bed time. I very uneasy.

Friday, May 27.

Awoke full of anxiety about Maud. / Soon after 7 A. M. arrived Uncle Sam with my dear sister Annie Mailliard from California; the whole intended as a birthday surprise. My sister is very little changed; always a most tender, sensitive woman. Sister Louisa didn't know of this and came at 11 A. M. to bring me greetings and gifts, with Mr. Terry, Daisy and Uncle Sam. When Sister Annie appeared, Sister Louisa almost fainted with delight and astonishment. I feared all this might be too much for dear Maud, but she holds out bravely and seems really rather better than worse.

Thursday, June 2.

My Peace Festival which I had much dreaded, fearing a failure; was to me and others delightful. We decorated not only the club parlors, but also the street door. I went over not knowing what I should say and perhaps did better than I sometimes do with much preparation. Mrs. McKay's paper on the Abbe St. Pierre was delightful, and so were Mr. Ernst's remarks upon Kant's Theory of Enduring Peace. The suggestion was made that some conversations should be held on the subject of peace, during the coming winter. Mrs. Diaz and Mrs. McKay differed much about the poetry and heroism of war, which Mrs. Diaz would banish from literature, and especially from works used in the education of the young.

Sunday, June 5.

Too much exhausted to go to church even for which Sunday's sermon and services.

Tuesday, June 7.

Busy all day. To Gardiner with dear Laura by 6 P. M. boat.

Wednesday, June 8.

Arrived early. Dear little Alice and Rose were on the wharf waiting for their mother. Harry brought a carriage and we all went to the house where I found my sweet little namesake much grown and improved. A day of sweet rest with Laura and the children.

Friday, June 10.

Arrived from Gardiner at 6 A. M. To Inst. where got a bath and breakfast. Did some packing and putting away but was much hurried. Took a carriage and drove to Auntie's. * * * Came out to Newport with Annie by 3:40 train. Arrived at home very tired and dull. I think I never came here with so little anticipation of pleasure. Maud's journey to California will leave me very lonely.

Saturday, June 11.

Dear sister Annie came out to see us. She took a most tender leave of me. I hope we shall meet again. Maud full of her journey. Have copied and corrected the Congress Call, which I wrote in odd moments of last week.

Monday, June 20.

Dear Flossy suffering at 6 A. M. about all day. Her child, a fine boy, born at 3 P. M. We are all very happy and thankful. It was touching to see the surprise and joy of the little children when they were admitted to a sight of their new relative. There was something reverent in the aspect of the little creatures, as if they partly felt the mystery of this new life which they could not understand. Some one told them that it came from Heaven. Harry, four years old, said: "No, it didn't come from Heaven for it hasn't any wings."

Wednesday, June 22.

Fichte's line of distinction between concept, begriff and idee, is to me very suggestive. He means by begriff, our mental conception of a truth, and by idee, the truth itself. This distinction is useful because it keeps in mind the fact that our conception is always imperfect, more or less, while the idea is something which we approximate but do not attain. In lecture eighth of his course on the "Fundamental traits of the Present Age," he dares to call the orthodox system of atonement, et cetera, a thaumaturgical device, which, in his day, was a bold assertion.

(No entry of any consequence until:)

Tuesday, August 30.

My first performance at the Casino Theatre (La Poudre aux yeux, J. W. H. took the part of one of the parents). It went off very successfully and I was much applauded as were most of the others. Supper afterwards at Mrs. Hunt's where I had to appear

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in "plain clothes", having been unable to accomplish evening dress after the play.

Sunday, September 18.

Preached in Tiverton today. Text: "The Fashion of this World passeth away." Subject: Fashion, an intense but transient power; in contradistinction, the eternal things of God.

Sunday, Sept. 25.

Spent much of this day in composing a poem in commemoration of President Garfield's death. Spared no pains with this and succeeded better than I had expected.

Monday, Sept. 26.

The President's funeral. Services held in most cities of the United States, I should judge. Solemn services also in London and in Liverpool.

Sunday, October 2.

My dear brother Henry died many years ago at this day of the year. I am almost sure that this took place in 1840.

Wednesday, October 5.

To read "Ethics of Culture" before the Providence Woman's Club. Had a truly delightful visit. Today was extremely cold, a sudden change from the day before. Mrs. Goddard received me most hospitably and turned out to be a very genial and intelligent woman, appreciative of realities and not caring for shams. Her husband is a nephew of the "Goddards" so dear to my father and Auntie Francis. The Club Meeting was very pleasant and Mrs. Goddard had a late dinner, served with elegance, at which Prof. Gamell and Miss Doyle were guests.

Saturday, October 15.

I have at last bitten well into Schelling, who interests me much. His vindications of National Empiricism, seems to me pretty closely reasoned and fine. Very striking is the way in which he shows that we can only know character (individual), and even God himself, through experience.

Friday, Nov. 4.

Maud and Loullie left for Boston about an hour ago, so here I am alone in the house, with one woman and my man Frank. Here ends the season which has been fruitful for me in business and in great pleasure. My dear Flossy and her children passed three months with me and here her dear baby was born. Here I have written three weary lectures this summer, my Garfield poem and endless letters, besides opening address for the Congress at Buffalo. I am low in fun, anxious, tired, thankful, too, for much.

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Monday, Jan. 9, 1882.

I pray God today that I may be able to give that attention to my business affairs which is necessary for the security of those who are to survive me. My absent habit of mind leads me to mislay important letters and papers, and to many sins of this kind.

Saturday, Jan. 14.

I have tried this week to do the things I ought to do for other people. I have written a communication for Mrs. Ole Bull's memorial volume, prepared a paper which I read at the Woman's Suffrage Convention and made an address at the School Suffrage anniversary meeting.

Sunday, Jan. 29.

Frank (Crawford) had met Oscar Wilde the evening before at Dr. Chadwick's; said that he expressed a desire to make my acquaintance. Wrote before I went to church to invite him to lunch. He accepted and Maud and Frank, or rather Marion, flew about to get together friends and viands. Returning from a lifting and delightful sermon of J. F. C's, I met Maud at the door. She cried: "Oscar is coming", and chid me for going off and leaving them to put things through. He came and was delightful, simple and sincere and very clever. Mrs. Jack Gardner, Mme. Braggiotti and Julia completed our lunch party. Perhaps ten or twelve friends came to lunch. We had what I might call "a lovely toss-up", i.e. a social dish quickly compounded and tossed up like an omelet.

Saturday, Mar. 4.

To Saturday Morning Club with Mrs. Sherwood; very busy; then with her to Blind Asylum in a carriage. Drove up to front entrance and alighted, when the gale took me off my feet and threw me down, spraining my left knee so badly as to render me quite helpless. I managed to hobble into the Inst. and to get through Julia's lunch, after which I was driven home. Sent for Dr. Beach and was convicted of a bad sprain, and sentenced to six weeks of (solitary) confinement. Ice in a rubber bag was ordered for the knee, (to be continued).

Sunday, Mar. 5.

In bed all day.

Monday, Mar. 6.

On the lounge; able to work.

Wednesday, March 8.

Day of mid-year conference of A. A. W. Business meeting at the N. E. W. C. where I, of course, could not be present. Afternoon meeting was in my room. On the whole satisfactory.

Thursday, March 8.

Proposed to Dr. Hedge that we should interchange a series of letters in which I should propound and he should pronounce upon various vexed questions in religious philosophy.

Friday, Mar. 24.

Longfellow died at about 3:30 P. M. today. He will be missed and deservedly lamented. The last of dear Chev's old set, nicknamed by Mary Dwight, as the "Mutual Admiration Society." On hearing of this event, I put off my reception for the Zuni chiefs, which should have been on Monday, when the funeral will probably take place.

Sunday, March 26.

Dear Bro.' Sam came on very unexpectedly to me to attend the funeral service held at the Longfellow mansion for relatives and intimates. I also was bidden to this, but thought it impossible for me to go, lame as I am. Sent word out to J. R. A. to come in, and went in my place with Uncle Sam. The dear old fellow dined with us. I got down stairs with great difficulty and fatigue. We had a delightful evening with him, but he would go back to New York by night train.

Monday, Mar. 27.

I am happy today because I have succeeded, after several efforts, in understanding Schelling's curiously elaborated theory of the fall of man, wrath of God, redemption, and so on.

Thursday, Mar. 30.

Today the Zuni chiefs and Mr. Cushing, their interpreter and adopted son, came to luncheon at 1:45. There were twelve Indian chiefs in full Indian dress. Reception afterwards.

Saturday, April 1.

Today Edward (Everett) Hale brought me a parting memento of the Zunies -- the basket with which they had dipped up the water from the "ocean of Sunrise". Mr. Cushing sent this. E. E. H. also spoke about five hymns which should be written corresponding to the five great hymns of the Catholic mass. He asked me to write one of these and I promised to try.

Sunday, April 16.

Splint off today. Waited for Dr. Beach so could not go to church. Had an interesting talk with the Doctor on the Immortality of the Soul, in which he is a believer.

Sunday, April 23.

A delightful church going. Sermon on the Chinese question; very deep, broad and Christian, from J. F. C.

My want of faith in myself lessens the value of my efforts. I have some times felt the bounds of my capacity too little. Per-

haps I now feel them too much.

The dear minister's prayer gave me as it almost always does, strength for the coming year. He prayed that the church and minister of Christ might rise out of the letter, into the spirit of the master God grant me to work with new courage, this new week. Have sermons for next Sunday at Keene; should like to preach about earthen vessel human frailty and how to preserve the treasures entrusted to them.

The anniversary of my wedding day, thirty-nine years ago. Ah! had'st thou known in this thy day the things that belong unto thy peace!

Thursday, April 27.

Made today a good start in writing about Margaret Fuller. This night at 8:50 P. M. died Ralph Waldo Emerson, i. e. all of him that could die. I think of him as a father gone -- father of so much beauty, of so much of modern thought.

Sunday, May 7.

To church, going out for the first time without a crutch, using only my cane.

J. F. C.'s sermon was about Emerson, and was very interesting and delicately appreciative. I think that he exaggerated Emerson's solid and practical effect in the promotion of modern liberalism. The change was in the air and was to come. It was in many minds quite independently of Mr. Emerson. He was the foremost literary man of his day in America, philosopher, poet, reformer, all in one. But he did not make his age, which was an age of great men and of great things.

Sunday, May 14.

Had a sudden thought in church, of a minister preaching in a pulpit and a friend waiting without to carry him off to Hell. Made some verses out of this.

Sunday, May 21.

Heard the dear Robert Collyer preach. In front of me sat Theodore Tilton, grown older and stouter since I had seen him. Sermon on Elijah. After service I spoke with R. C. who said to me: "Seeing you is just like seeing one of my own sisters."

Monday, May 22.

Returned from my delightful visit in New York. Must now work at various things. First must find out the order of things in anniversary week and arrange for the Convention of Women Ministers. Then must see about my Peace Meeting. Must get ready for the Suffrage anniversary and dinner. Mem. to have a poem ready for the Youths Companion, before June 1st.

Saturday, May 27.

This day completes my sixty-third year. Dear Maud returned from New York in the morning, bringing Marion with her. I had

letters from dear Flossy, dear Laura, flowers from Loullie and from Lilla Burbank; a pretty thimble, drinking cup from dear Dudie; Maud brought pretty glasses for oil and vinegar for my present, and Uncle Sam, who should have come, is to send a lamp for our Newport parlor — Maud's parlor.

Sunday, May 28.

Whit Sunday — the beginning of my sixty-fourth year. God grant me this year to do only what is worth doing and to desire only what is worth desiring.

My prayer for the day was to worship God, our Father and untiring benefactor in spirit and in truth. For me my work for Thursday, though far along with the chapel, is engaged. Notices arranged for; all parties I think written to. Mrs. Bisbee is to speak for ten minutes upon the development of character instead of creed as primary hope of religious training. Mrs. James will read a short paper on the True Priesthood.

Work for this week: Short speech at the Snelling festival at Inst. tomorrow.

Same for Monday evening Suffrage meeting.

Must send poem to Youth's Companion and to Mr. Hamersley — same poem will do.

Must be ready for the Suffrage dinner on Wednesday.

For the Woman Ministers Convention on Thursday; for the Home of Intemperate Women on Friday. Peace Meeting then if at all Club on Saturday; report, address and luncheon.

At 3:30 P. M. I attended a beautiful communion service at the Church of the Disciples, Rev. Mr. Furness officiating. He read part of a sermon upon the last supper and was truly apostolic and delightful. This is Whit Sunday and good St. Goddard had arranged the floral decorations which were very brilliant but not extensive as usual. I do hope and pray for a fresh out-pouring this year. While I listened to Dr. Furness, two points grew clear to me; one was, that I would hold my Peace Meeting, if I should hold it alone as a priest sometimes serves his mass. The second was, that I could preach from the text: "As ye have borne the image of the earthy, so shall ye bear the image of the heavenly," and this sermon I think I could preach to the prisoners, as I once tried to do years ago when dear Chev found the idea so intolerable that I had to give it up. I am twenty years older now and the Woman Ministry is a recognized fact.

Still Sunday afternoon. I am now full of courage for this week's heavy work.

Monday, May 29.

I awoke this morning dizzy, feeble and wretched in spite of yesterday's bravery. Had to take some Chartreuse, in order to eat any breakfast, a thing which I have rarely done in all my life. Now it is about 1 P. M. have been to my office and feel better.

Could make no prayer except that in mercy I might be enabled to do my work.

Went to the Inst. to assist at the Snelling festivity; made a little speech ending with four lines which I must copy for Mr. S. Tea with Julia and in the later evening to Woman's Suffrage Convention. To bed much better but pretty tired.

Tuesday, May 30.

Alas ! alas ! dear Prof. Rogers dropped dead today after some lecture or exercise at the Institute of Technology. I have just written to his sorrowing wife, expressing my sympathy for her and my grateful recollections of him. How he has helped me in the Town and Country Club ! Without his aid and that of his wife, I doubt whether I could have started it at all. He was always Vice President as I was President. I cannot think how I can do without him.

To Woman's Suffrage Convention where staid all the morning. In the afternoon did what I could to prepare for my speech at the closing meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Association. Went to this in the evening, spoke at the end after Mrs. Taggart and Mrs. Livermore. People were tired, having heard enough. Thought I would not attempt to speak against exactly such circumstances.

Wednesday, May 31.

Lucy Stone and Mrs. Taggart to lunch; had a pleasant, familiar chat with them. Rested a little and went to the Woman's banquet where I had to preside, T. W. H. being ill. The toasts and speaking began at 6:30, and continued, as well as I can remember, until nearly 10 P. M. I wore my best cap and my long black silk, Paris made, and I can truly say I did as well as I could. The occasion, save for a little crowding, was very pleasant, the spirit harmonious and excellent. I had helped arrange the order of the toasts so that they might not come helter-skelter, but with a certain sequence. The speeches, mostly by women, were very good. H. B. B. a Rev. whose name I forget, and Fred Hinkley, called Rev., were the men speakers. Was glad to get through and to hear I have given satisfaction.

Wednesday, June 7. Newport.

My first day in this dear old place full of memories, most of them delightful, except that they are of things and persons existing only in recollection.

Dear Maud came at about 7:30 P. M. very tired but very sweet.

Friday, July 21.

To town by early train. A most busy day in which I barely found time to eat a hasty morsel at Julia's. Then took 4:30 train for Concord, Mass. To my surprise the Sanborns had me to stay with them, which was a great pleasure. I felt very diffident about the merits of my lecture, and was somewhat surprised at the cordial reception which it met with. We had a discussion afterwards upon my question: "Why must we have ugly idols ?"

Saturday, July 22.

Commemoration of Mr. Emerson at Concord Town Hall. Several portraits of him and very effective floral decorations; no music. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Holland; introductory remarks by F. B. Sanborn in which he quoted a good part of a poem by W. E. Channing; R. W. I it's theme. Then came an unmercifully long paper by Dr. Bartol much of which was interesting and some of which was irrelevant.

He insisted upon Mr. Emerson having been an evolutionist, and unfolded a good deal of his own table-cloth along with this mortuary napkin. His manner was simply detestible, varying a monotonous and indistinct delivery by an occasional onslaught of vehemence which seemed like a charge of cavalry interrupting a sleepy review of foot soldiers.

Mr. Alcott contributed an occasional poem. A man named Benton had sent a paper from Chicago or St. Louis, which was read by one Rev. Jones, whom I only knew a little in Indianapolis. I contributed some reminiscences.

Sunday, July 23.

Home last night; dead with fatigue this day. In the afternoon took all the babies and their mother to the Valley, where we had a restful interlude.

(Rehearsals almost every day this week, briefly recorded).

Saturday, July 29.

Had a studious and quiet day. Was in good time for the performance (at the Casino). The house was crowded with "swells" and everything went well. My part, though a short one, was a decided success. Granville Snelling as Bulstrode was admirably ridiculous.

(No entry until:)

Monday Sept. 18.

Left Newport to attend Saratoga Convention, being appointed a delegate from the Channing Memorial Church, with its pastor, Rev. C. W. Wendte. A long day's journey in which I renewed acquaintance with Mrs. Ogden nee Waddington, whom I had known in my youth. Left Newport by 7:30 A. M. train, arriving in Saratoga by about 8 P. M.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.

All the morning at the Convention. Dr. Page Hopps from Leicester, England, seemed rather puckery and quarrelsome. Dr. Carpenter's remarks on the relation of religion to science, were delightful. In the afternoon staid in my room to cut down my article for the North American Review. A storm in the evening. Music in the hotel parlors.

Monday, Sept. 25.

I heard on this day of the death of sweet Daisy Cheney, and two days later wrote the following letter to her mother:

My dear Mrs. Cheney:

I need not tell you that I share in the grief which so many loving friends must feel for you, in these days of darkness and bereavement. How gladly would we all of us rise up to help you, if we could; but this combat of the soul with deadly sorrow is a single-handed one, so far as human help is concerned. I do believe that God's sweet angels are with us when we contend against the extreme of calamity, and you have one of these newly crowned

to minister to you in a new way.

My eyes fill with tears when I think of your sweet maid taken from you in her bloom, lovely Iphigeneia, a sacrifice to the war which mixes the conditions of life with those of death. You gave her tender and noble nurture, to which she nobly responded. You parted from her all the heights of a mutual affection and esteem, rare even between mother and child. Dear Mrs. Cheney, do let the thought of how your grief would grieve her, help you to pass beyond the bitterness of this present privation, until peace and hope shall bring us near to the Immortals.

Praying that God would comfort you, and sorrowing that the world has lost so fair and radiant a presence, I am always,

Yours with great regard,

Julia W. Howe.

I have copied this letter which was written "currente calama" because it was a heart-letter. I shall rarely feel another's grief as I feel Mrs. Cheney's loss in this instance.

Friday, Oct. 13.

Take 7 A. M. train, to go to my dear Laura. A sad day -- a feast of tears. Laura wonderfully calm and brave, though suffering intensely, as I could see. The Baby, in the old cradle which has rocked four generations of Ward descent, was a most touching object. Her little cheeks were still round and full, her illness (rapid cholera infantum) having lasted but a few hours. By and by came the little white casket, in which Laura and Henry laid the dear one.

Monday, Oct. 30.

Central Falls. Came in town prepared to go to this place but found an urgent telegram from Uncle Sam, begging me to come to him without delay, so I telegraphed to Rev. O. S. Nutter at Central Falls and took the mid-day train for New York. The Van Alen children amused me very much. The General, their grandfather, was with them. Uncle Sam and Jerry met me at the cars and took me to the Brevoort. We were driven thither; we passed the Park Theatre all ablaze. Mrs. Langtry was to have made her début there this very evening. I rested a little and Uncle Sam took me down to John Sutherland's where we came too late for dinner, but found Marion, Boocock, and two newspaper men. * * *

Sunday, Nov. 5.

To the Poor House and to Jacob Chase's with Joseph Coggeshall; a sort of official visitation. Old Elsteth, whom I remember these many years, died a few weeks ago. One of the pauper women who has been there a long time, told me that Elsteth cried out that she was going to Heaven, and that she gave her as a last gift, a red handkerchief. Mrs. Ann Brown, who I saw here last year, died recently. Her relatives are people in good position and ought to have provided for her in her declining years. They came, in force, to her funeral and had a very nice coffin for her. Took her body away for burial. Such meanness needs no comment.

Jacob was glad to see me. Asked after Maud and doubted whether she was as handsome as I was when he first saw me (thirty or more

years ago). His wife said to me in those days: "Jacob thinks thee's the only good looking woman there is in these parts." She was herself a handsome woman and a very sweet one. I wish I had known I was so good-looking.

Wednesday, Nov. 8.

Cousin Nancy Greene, my father's cousin, enters today upon her 99th year. I called to see her, going first to town to buy her some little gift. I chose a cup, saucer and plate of very pretty china, with a small pitcher, nearly matching. Had a very interesting talk with her. She was nicely dressed in black, with a fresh cap and lilac ribbon, and a little silk neckerchief. For her this was quite an unusual toilette. I wished her a good year to come, but she said: "Why should I want to live another year? I can do nothing." I suggested that she should dictate her reminiscences to the girl who waits upon her and who writes she says, a good hand

Friday, Nov. 10.

Took 2:55 P. M. train for Providence and Central Falls, which last place I reached without let or hindrance. Found Rev. C. S. Nutter waiting for me. He took me to his parsonage, where his little wife received me very kindly. The lecture on Paris was at 8 P. M. in his (Methodist) church. The audience was good as to numbers and excellent in appearance and behavior. Gov. Littlefield was present. Mrs. Hartshorn and Mrs. Mason had driven down from Providence to attend my lecture. They carried me off to sleep at Mrs. H's. I consented to this on account of the desirableness of being in Providence in time for the early train next morning. Mrs. Hartshorn gave me her own room, for which I was very sorry.

Saturday, Nov. 11.

Arrived in Newport at 10 A. M. Frank came in and I went to see the Turner sisters and Dr. Henry's family, and called on the liebers. These were all friendly visits, and I enjoyed them, partly because all of the parties seemed so glad to see me. I went also to see the old Seventh Day Baptist Church in which my great-grandfather, Gov. Samuel Ward, used to attend service. I remember that my own Aunt Ann Ward once spoke of having visited this church. I think it was the last time she ever staid with us in Newport. She said: "And I sat in the old Gov. Ward pew." I don't think there was any service held there at that time. She probably got someone who had the key of the church, to open it for her.

Monday, Nov. 13.

Up from Newport after a most thankworthy summer, full of delightful work, delightful calm, friendly, family and social joys and comforts, deo sit gratias. Took early train with Marion; did what I could to pick up papers et cetera at the house, which needs a thorough cleaning. Went to N. E. W. C. at 3:30 where took part in the discussion. Then with Mrs. Smith to East Boston where took tea and read "Men's women and women's women" to the E. B. W. C. Discussion followed, after which a Mrs. Jewett's carriage and pair drove me home. My bed was not made, I having only half of one old

*Reminiscences for
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sheet and some blankets, the bedding not having as yet got here. Slept very thankfully all the same, being as tired as I should think as possible.

Tuesday, Nov. 14.

To Mrs. Water's reception for Mrs. Murphy. Met B. C. P. there and was very distant to him, which was scarcely the best thing to do. I have been much hurt at his neglect of us and changed manners last year, but am rather sorry I showed my displeasure in this way.

Maud from Newport this evening, and a telegram from Uncle Sam.

* * *

Wednesday, Nov. 15.

This day received a letter from our dear relative, telling us of his sudden and private departure, by the advice of counsel. He sent us checks for various matters and took leave of us most affectionately. This was a blow and we felt it very much. * * *

(No entry of any consequence until Sunday, Dec. 24.)

Sunday, Dec. 24.

Lovely Christmas sermon from J. F. C. Spoke at the Home for Intemperate Women at 6 P. M. The audience scarcely interesting or interested, I thought. I did my best. Text: "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth are named." Subject: The Christian family; God, its father, all mankind brothers and sisters. Told them about my visit to Bethlehem and Gethsemane, and also about the Virgin's fig tree near Cairo. Afterwards went to the Oratorio or Christmas Messiah. Felt more sure than ever that no music so beautiful as this has ever been written.

Saturday, Dec. 30.

A fatiguing day. To Saturday Morning Club where had a reasonably good discussion upon the advisability of continuing the present extravagant style of Christmas, birthday and wedding gifts. Then to N. E. W. C. where was a reception and lunch for Maria Mitchell. A crowd more than was comfortable for the rooms. M. M. charmingly modest as ever. Those who spoke praised her more, me thought, than was comfortable for so shy a person. I presided and did my best to make the best of the occasion, but felt the confusion of the crowd more than usual.

Prof. Dyer (Greek at Harvard), W. T. Harris, Ernst, Brooke Herford, all spoke. Alice Blackwell had some verses, humorous, yet very honoring with all. Mrs. Sewall spoke pleasantly. It was voted to have been a good time. To concert in the evening. Very tired. Latterly the loud orchestral music wearies me.

Sunday, Dec. 31.

The last day of this year which my young people, Maud and

Marion are preparing to celebrate by a late supper and frolic, to which I do not feel much inclination. I may confide to this page, that I feel much more worn just now than usual with cares and anxieties. My dear brother is not here to help and comfort me. My income will be much less than usual on account of the delay in reinvesting Uncle John's money. My expenses are necessarily much in excess of what I can afford, and I don't see where or how I can thus reduce them. I feel at times a great weariness and want of hope and of energy. On the other hand, I have very much to be thankful for. I pray God that the coming year may be a good one for me and mine. My three personal desires are now and always the happy marriage of my daughter Maud, the ability to pay all my debts and a clear road for the education of my grand-children. I shall also be glad of recognition enough to make me feel that my life has not been altogether wasted.

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Sunday, January 28. A peaceful day at Vassar Coll. Attended service in the Chapel - a hard, dry sermon upon penitence. In p.m. met the teachers & read some poems, to wit, all of the Egyptian ones, and the poem on the vestal dug up in Rome.

At bed time last night I had a thought of ghosts. I spoke of this to M. M. today. She told me that Mr. Matthew Vassar's body had been laid in this room, & those of various persons since, which, had I known, I had been less comfortable than I was. Old Vassar table 1813.

Sunday, February 18. To church, where heard the dear minister. Young Salvini & Ventura to luncheon, also Lizzie Boott & Mrs. Jack. Salvini is beautiful to look at, having a finely chiselled Greek head. He is frank, cordial & intelligent, & speaks very appreciatingly of his parts, especially of Romeo.

At 6 p.m. to Intemp. Women's Home, where spoke from the text "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Spoke of the wilderness of ~~XXXXXX~~ Judaea & of the great prophet John Baptist. His words are the beginning of the new dispensation. The sense of sin inseparable from human life. Ancient ideas of sacrifice & atonement. Why does the new gospel begin with this bitter word of repentance? That was nothing new, but the reason given for repentance was new: "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." John was prophet enough to know that the mission of Jesus would change the face of the world. The kingdom which he announced was the rule of a divine father. I spoke of unruly children who must be admonished that their dear parents were at hand, & so led to set their conduct in order. Spoke of the nearness of this friendly kingdom of heaven, & of the present help of God.

(No further entries for the entire year, except two in February and one in early April, which are mere notes of appointments and bills.)

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Monday, January 14. Bought this Diary on this day, hoping that its convenience and good looks may induce me to write in it more frequently than I have done in the books of late years.

Paper and Discussion at the Club concerning Greek & German, which should be dropped in modern education, if either. I took the ground that both are needful for a complete education. I thought the Greek language the most important for its influence on style & the use of words, the German most important for philosophy & criticism.

To the theatre with George Haines, to see Goodwin's take off of Irving.

Got Milton on Divorce from the Athenaeum, & proceeded to read in & mark from it. Looked at Schleiermacher's letters, but could not find anything about his divorce and remarriage.

Tuesday, January 15. The catarrh in my head troubles me so much that I determine to stay indoors today, which I always do reluctantly. Have worked hard much of the day at my lecture on Divorce. Have corrected a chapter for Maud and given her a singing lesson.

Thursday, January 17. Lost an hour looking for my glasses.

Tuesday, January 29. Remonstrants' Hearing at the State House against Suffrage. Many Beacon St. ladies present. Frank Parkman had read his speech before I came in. Mrs. K. G. Wells was the next speaker. Her address, which she read, was shallow, flimsy, and opprobrious to her sex. Her voice and manner discordant and violent. She affirmed that women ought not to vote until they should be perfect in wisdom, immaculate in purity, incorruptible in character. I wished to ask her if men were supposed to have attained this excellence. Thornton Lothrop rudely said: No, Mrs. Howe. You may not ask a question.

Saturday, February 2. Heard today of Wendall Phillips' serious illness.

Sunday, February 3. Wendall Phillips is dead.

I went to church in A.M. and heard dear J. F. C. Came home, and found that a man had been here from the Boston Globe, wishing me to write something for tomorrow morning's issue, about Wendall Phillips. This I did. A busy day was this, for I had also to speak at the Meeting in memory of Cheshub Chunder Sen, to be held at Parker Memorial Hall. I was late at the meeting, but lost only Mr. Potter's speech. Heard T. W. H. and Mrs. Cheney. H. spoke at length of Phillips, and said too much about his later mistakes, I thought, saying nothing about his suffrage work, of which I took care to speak, when it was my turn. Several persons, wounded by what Higginson had said, thanked me for my words, which treated only, very briefly, of W. P.'s splendid services to Humanity.

Friday, February 8. Finished copying my Address for this eve. just before the Herald's messenger came to ask for it, promising to return not only the printed slip, but also the mss. Entertained

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company all the p.m. Just before dinner Mrs. Porter came to tell me that the meeting tonight is not the one at which I shall like best to speak, as it is got up by the Labor Reformers principally. The Anti-Slavery people are to have one later, at which they wish me to speak. Having given my word, and my speech being in print, I resolve to go, quand même. The carriage came for me, before 7 p.m. The mss. was not returned to me.

Saturday, February 9. My speech was exceedingly well received. My voice was well heard, and applause was frequent. I was very glad that I had come to this, the People's meeting, and had been able to be heard in Faneuil Hall, the place of all others where the People should commemorate Wendall Phillips. My task was to speak of his services to the Cause of Woman. Others spoke of him in connection with Labor Reform, Anti Slavery, Ireland, and Temperance.

This day, Saturday, was very stormy and disagreeable. I heard John Fiske's fine lecture upon André and Arnold. Was very tired all day, after the effort of the night before.

Tuesday, February 12. Hearing at State House, Com. ^{of} Probate, etc. on the petition of Julia Ward Howe and others that the laws concerning married women may be amended, in three respects. S. E. Sewall was really the mover of this petition, and I headed the signatures at his request. We had prepared three separate bills, one, providing that women shall have equal right with the father in their children, especially in determining their residence and their education. A second, ruling that on the wife's death, the husband, who now gets all her real estate, may have one half, and the children the other, and that the widow shall have the same right to half the husband's real estate after his death. A third bill was devised to enable husband and wife to contract valid money obligations toward each other.

Sunday, February 24. Have been reading and burning dear Chev's letters written in 1849-50, and some of my own.

Friday, March 7. Very busy running about. Took my beautiful Rubens engraving to Porter, who will have it framed. Just before my reception, turned my knee in trying to go upstairs very quickly - fell, and was faint with pain, but soon felt better - the knee, however, was badly wrenched. Received various visitors, and then sent for Beach, who did not arrive before 10 p.m. He ordered entire disuse of the knee and leg for some days - hoped it would not be a serious lameness.

Monday, March 24. Meeting of the Cheerful Mendicants at our house. The number smaller than we had expected, several who accepted having failed to come. I opened proceedings by reading a Report or Manifesto stating the objects of the Assoc. Followed a charade, Mend I can't. Mend - a gypsy scene, Susie Hale, and Maud. Eye, Barrett Wendall and Wheelwright, Bridegroom gives himself a black eye on the morning of his wedding. Cant, some Irish nonsense, very good, by Harold Williams. Whole word, some doggerel writ by me for this occasion.

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Tuesday, March 25. Getting ready for Buffalo. Maud very rampant, but packed my valise with kind grumpiness. Maud went with me to the cars, where she was vexed not to see Miss May, who was soon found in the parlor car. A pleasant journey.

Wednesday, March 26. Arrived soon after 7 A.M. Mrs. Mixer, my intended hostess, met me with a carriage, and with a hospitable welcome. She took Miss May and Blatchford to their hotel, and me to her house. I soon found that she was the mother of the well-beloved young girl who was lost in the Ashtabula catastrophe.

Congress meet 9 a.m. and p.m. with a charming luncheon between, given by the Buffalo members of A. A. W. Mrs. Sewall put herself forward continually, and was plausible ~~and~~ but unacceptable. She brought an invitation signed by various Indianapolis ladies for the Congress to meet there, and pledged the payment of all expenses such as hall and printing, entertainment of officers, speakers, and members. We finally voted to go there, no other invitation having been received. Had an after talk with Dr. Bedell of Chicago. We are all much opposed to Mrs. Sewall.

Thursday, March 27. Meeting at the new Women's Union, at which I spoke first, and then A. W. M., Dr. Bedell, Mrw. Bristol, Miss Willard, and Mrs. Bagg. In p.m. picked out the pages of my lecture on Longfellow and Emerson. A long closeting with Mrs. M'Crea. Mrs. Wolcott, for Mrs. McKay and against Mrs. Sewall. Then, talk with Miss Lapham. Then, my lecture, which was well received - a reception followed, in the parlors of the Univ. Church. After my lecture I heard with dismay of the injury done to my Newport place by the breaking of Norman's dam. Was very much troubled about this.

Friday, March 28. A pleasant day of leisure. Drove with Mrs. Mixer, called on Mrs. Brayley. At 4.30 p.m. took train for Boston. Much disturbed all the way by the thought of the Newport matter.

Saturday, March 29. Arrived in safety and comfort, and found that Norman will pay the damage to my estate without litigation.

Sunday, March 30. Wrote to Dudley Campbell, asking him to send me the mss. of Hippolytus, which he has kept for years. Wrote to Hovey, telling him what Harry had done, and what Norman had promised.

Wednesday, April 2. Have promised to see E. L. Pierce between 11 and 1 p.m. A letter from Ella C. Lapham, sect. A. A. W. informs me of the result of Mrs. M'Crea's inquiries at Indianapolis, and shows me quite a division of feeling among ladies in that city, Mrs. McKay and her friends decidedly hoping that we will not come, as Mrs. Sewall will be sure to organize a numerous party in her interest.

Maud to Newport. Stormy day. Pierce came and staid nearly two hours. We talked over the old Boston, the beginning and progress of Chas. Sumner's unpopularity, etc.

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Friday, April 4. Began article on the Woman Question for the Manhattan Magazine.

In the latter part of the 18th century a Christian missionary, Chinese but disguised as a Portuguese, penetrated into the Corea and was much aided in his work by the courageous piety of Colomba Kang, wife of one of the lesser nobles. She and the missionary suffered torture and death.

Merchants, not diplomatists, are the true apostles of civilization. London 4ly Rev.

Questions for A. A. W. How far does the business of this country fulfil the conditions of honest and honorable traffic? What is the ideal of a mercantile aristocracy?

Saturday, April 5. Met Mmes. Wolcott, Cheney, and May to talk over the Indianapolis embroglio. Have written Mrs. Sayles, what expresses our views:

"We seem to see daylight in one direction, viz: in that of the propriety of declining an invitation which is clearly given in a partisan interest, and which, if accepted, would tend to embitter feeling, and to widen the breach already existing between the followers of Mrs. Sewall and the friends of Mrs. McKay. What has come to our knowledge since the Conference at Buffalo clearly makes a reconsideration of our vote necessary.

Sunday, April 6. To church without crutches and by Horse-cars, D.G.! A beautiful Palm Sunday sermon from J. F. C. This text in the Scripture lesson struck me as good for a sermon. Jeremiah 31st 34th. "For they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord." The same sentence, with its context, is quoted in Hebrews, 8th.

Subject. The democracy of xty. As I thought of this, I felt as never before the grandeur and novelty of Christ's having shown that the office of the Messiah, as he conceived it, was to lift up the lowly, and reclaim the erring and apparently worthless. Of course, I have heard this all my life, and have thought of it a good deal. What I saw today was the startling contrast between this view and the general ideas not of the Jews of old only, but of Christians today.

Monday, April 7. General Armstrong called last evening. He spoke of the Negroes as individually quick witted and capable, but powerless in association and deficient in organising power. This struck me as the natural consequence of their long subjection to despotic power. The exigencies of slavery quickened their individual perceptions, and sharpened their wits, but left them little opportunity for concerted action. This statement appears to me to touch one of the deepest truths concerning freedom and despotism. Freedom allows men to learn how to cooperate widely and strongly for ends of mutual good. Despotism heightens personal consciousness through fear or danger, but itself fears nothing so much as association among men, which it first prohibits, and in time renders impossible. This may give me the keynote for my Framingham Address.

Wednesday, April 9. Conversation Club at Mrs. Whitman's. My first attendance. Question. Have Women more moral force than men? A good talk, with no irreconcilable differences of opinions, though with very distinct shades of faith and disbelief.

In p.m. to Julia's Club. Alger read a carefully written and exhaustive paper upon the Mind, its character and modes of action, announcing, however, no title. His statement was interesting and enlarging, only a certain absolutism of intention seemed to deliver it as a gospel, not to be discussed, but to be accepted or rejected. Ernst talked violently in commendation of it. I had some controversy with him for his arbitrary and sweeping statements, one of which was that metaphysicians are all agreed upon every point of importance.

Friday, April 11. A theme to write about came into my mind today: "The attitude of the mind in philosophic study."

Extract from a letter: "Where you are weak, you should be willing to be helped. You are weak in blinding your own eyes, first, to the moral elements of an action, and secondly, to its consequences."

Saturday, April 12. To luncheon with Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger, who sent her carriage for me, and sent me back to town also. Met Mrs. Lord, Low Olmstead, Mrs. Emerson, Romans, Whitman, Misses Sever and Woolsay. A delightful entertainment, in a superb house. The granddaughters are to see it, some day, at least, the play soon.

Sunday, April 13. A delightful Easter. Dear J. F. C. obviously under a great pressure of grief concerning the death of his dear grandchild, and namesake. I felt this sensibly, but was much uplifted by the sermon, on Christ's resurrection, which treated much and convincingly of immortality. To communion in the p.m. I felt this day that, in ~~many~~ my difficulties with the anti-suffragists the general spread of Christian feeling gives me ground to stand upon. The charity of Christendom will not persist in aluminating the suffragists, nor will its sense of justice long refuse to admit their claims.

Monday, April 14. I woke, heavy with uncertainties, and with much thought of my own shortcomings, past and present. I may say, what I rarely record, that an earnest prayer helped me very much, and set me on my feet, to walk and work another day.

Thursday, April 17. 10.30 A.M., W.I.U. 194 Washington st.

Heard today from one old friend the death of another. Saml Eliot was in the horse car and told me that Tom Appleton had died of pneumonia in N.Y. The last time I spoke with him was in one of these very cars. He asked me if I had been to the funeral, meaning that of Wendall Phillips. I said, yes. I was sure that he had been much impressed by it. I saw him once more, in Commonwealth Av. on a bitter day. He walked feebly and was much bent. I did not stop to speak with him, which I now regret. He was very friendly to me, yet the sight of me seemed to rouse some curious vein of combativeness in him. He had many precious qualities, and had high views of character, although he was sometimes unjust in his judgments of other people, particularly of the come outer reformers.

Saturday, April 19. To dine with Mrs. Harry Williams at 6.30, No. 1, Trinity Bl.

A beautiful day. To Sat. Morning Club, thence, to get some flowers to take to T. G. A.'s house. Went there, and saw him, lying placid in his coffin, robed in soft white cashmere, with his palette and brushes folded in his hands. Around him were portraits of him both in youth and in later life. Saw Nathan, who gave me some particulars of his illness, which was scarcely more than three days in length, and not painful, at least, apparently not. Then to the funeral, which was touching and impressive. Brooke Herford's prayer and address both admirable. Music subdued and soft, very sweet. I saw with Fanny Owen Perkins, who was very friendly. All agree that much of the old Boston is gone with T. G. A.

Sunday, April 20. My usual worry and depression at waking. Thought sadly of errors and shortcomings. At church, a penitential psalm helped me much, and the sermon more. I felt assured that, whatever may be my fate beyond this life, I should always seek, love, and rejoice in the good. Thus, even in hell, one might share by sympathy the heavenly victory.

Wednesday, April 23. My wedding day, forty one years ago. A day which gives me many sad things to think of.

Friday, April 25. A closing afternoon reception, for which I sent a good many invitations, giving some also informally. It was numerously attended, and was very gay and pleasant, though Maud was greatly missed.

Saturday, April 26. I went to hear Sam Eliot speak on school suffrage, and made my cold worse.

Sunday, April 27. Stayed at home, corrected Maud's proof, and made a draft of a letter to the Ind. ladies. Cold worse. Have just written Miss May that it was increased by Dr. Eliot's "low temperature and damp sympathy" yesterday.

Sunday, May 4. If money represents power, power also represents money, in so far as money represents value. Value to the race is not in present consumption and enjoyment, except in so far as these are essential to life and well-being, but in intelligent service. The power to serve one's fellow creatures, and to prepare useful conditions for the coming generations is capable of being symbolised by money. I should rate it at a high figure.

Monday, May 5. I begin in great infirmity of spirit a week which brings before me many tasks. First, I must proceed in the matter of Norman's injury to my estate, either to a suit or a settlement by arbitration, unless I can previously come to an understanding with N.

Second, I must try to send my letter to Indianapolis - this worry is as bad, or worse than the other.

I must also make an inventory of the goods to be left in my house, about to be leased to the Bonneys.

Have written Sister Maud, must write Sister Annie and Jack Elliott. Should finish my article on the W. Q. for the Manhattan. Back to yesterday's page.

Wednesday, May 7. was very dismal in the morning, so dear Maud forced me to go down town with her. We went to hunt for a bonnet, which I found, and then to see Stetson's paintings, which were delightful. We bought two small water colors, very cheap. Maud's cost \$10. and mine \$15.

Received a good remittance from David.

Friday, May 16. Miss Elizabeth Peabody's 80th birthday. I went to see her, and found her surrounded by floral gifts, her room almost a bower. She received friends all day, informally, among them, seven of her early pupils, and one old playmate of her own age, her companion before she was ten years of age.

Saturday, May 17. N.E.W. Club celebration of Miss Peabody's birthday. Tables laid for 60 in our parlors. Miss P. was very serene. She brought some of her flowers, and some beautiful ones were sent to the rooms for her. I bought her a pretty cup and saucer, and hurriedly got together four lines for her, which I recited, at the close of my address, for I presided at table, and called up Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Sewall, Miss Clapp, Mr. Cushing, Dr. Zach, Eva Channing, May Goddard, and Mrs. Spalding, also Miss H. L. Brown.

Sunday, May 18. Heard J.F.C. in the morning. Looked over dear Maud's last proofs. Presided at a W. I. meeting in Mr. Savage's church. Made a little opening speech, which nobody, I think, cared much about. The meeting was a good one.

Monday, May 19. 2.45 p.m. 16 Bromfield St. Club tea. This week will call upon Mrs. Sprague, 229 Com. Av. and Mrs. Williams, Trinity Pl. Rev. F. M. Hinckley called to ask me to preside at the Free Relig. Fest. on May 30th. All this is now settled otherwise. A telegram arrived at 12.30 with this message: Samuel Ward expired peacefully. May 19th.

Nothing could have been more unexpected than this blow. Dear Bro' Sam had long since been pronounced out of danger, and we supposed him to be slowly convalescent. Latterly, we have heard of him as feeble, and have felt renewed anxiety, but were entirely unprepared for his death.

I ran to cancel one or two engagements, and wrote to Sister L.

Tuesday, May 20. Tuesday 5 to 8 p.m. Hotel Vendome. Carriage to be sent. This was also countermanded. I have passed the forenoon in writing an obituary of dear Bro' Sam, hastened thereto by a very heartless and disgusting notice in the Daily Advertiser.

Dark days of nothingness these, today and yesterday. Nothing to do but be patient, and explore the past.

Wednesday, May 21. Woke early, and went out to get the air. Wrote to dear Flossy, from whom I had an affectionate letter. Her Sammy cried long after he went to bed, remembering his dear Uncle's kindness to him.

A sympathetic visit from Winthrop Chanler.

Had a sitting all alone with dear Uncle Sam's picture, this afternoon. I thought it might be the time of his funeral. I read the beautiful 90th psalm, and a number of his bright, sweet Lyrics.

Morris Byrne writes me that he has Uncle Sam's will. I have written David to call and see him about it.

Friday, May 23. Very wretched at waking, with doubts and worries, with thoughts of dear U.S. and of my own sad shortcomings toward those whom I have had most reason to love. Decide to go to N.Y. to see about dear U.S.'s papers and effects. Received a circular signed by Sewall, McKay, Jordan and Hufford, and one more, all promising to cooperate for the success of the Congress. This removes our greatest difficulty, and we shall in all probability be glad to go to Indianapolis. Consultation to be held at the Club, at 3 p.m., this day week. I have seen Miss May, who takes this much as I do. At her suggestion, have written to Martha McKay, asking for a private assurance that the circular is bona fide, and not a sham.

Saturday, May 24. Have been notified that I am to speak or supply a speaker at 14 Boylston St. on March 15th and two Sundays thereafter, in 1885, if I live so long.

To Newport by boat train.

Tuesday, May 27. My birthday - sixty-five years old. On this day, four years ago dear Brother Sam came early to my (hired) house, bringing my sister, Annie Mailliard, whom he had brought across the continent at his expense, to give me this surprise and pleasure. He was delightful beyond measure. Sister Louisa was staying in Brimmer St. very near me, and presently, we were all four together, all the survivors of our dear father's and mother's family. Dear Bro. S. gave me a beautiful copy of the revised N.T. which I have read a good deal since that time. We had a happy day, but I was so anxious about Maud, who was very unwell, that I could not quite come up to the level of the occasion. Dear Brother Sam's death has brought me well in sight of the further shore. May I be ready, when it is my turn to cross. Luther Terry also gave me a revised N.T. a very good one.

Wednesday, May 28. Yesterday we did open dear Bro' Sam's Will, which was read by Byrne in presence of W. Chanler, David and myself. It gave one fourth of his estate to me, one fourth to Sister Annie, the remaining half to Sister Louisa. This because he had done more for us in his lifetime than for her, i.e., in the way of money gifts. In the p.m. I saw Boocock, named Executor. He feared there was no property to administer upon. Went to dear Flossy's and staid all Tuesday night. This, Wed. morn, came up to town. Saw Boocock again, bought Flossy a small diamond stud, very brilliant and pretty, which sent by D. Saw Harry and his daughter and tried to get some of Bro' Sam's leavings from the Tillinghasts, who have them in their keeping.

Monday, June 2. Dreadfully busy. Went to Club rooms at 3 p.m. where we held our woman's Peace Festival, without public notice. Many beautiful flowers adorned the rooms. We had some good addresses, a poem from K. T. Woods, music from Miss Paine of our church. It was considered a restful and delightful occasion.

Tuesday, June 17. Black with depression. Longing to give up the fight, and retire as a veteran.

Went to So. Boston to put away papers. Returning late, found Davidson, Prince, and Dickie to dine. Some brilliant talk from D. who saw the Terrys and dear Bro' Sam in Rome, the latter just before his ill-rated southern journey. Reports Daisy less interesting since her change to Romanism.

Wednesday, June 18. Valorous Wolcott tones me up.

Saturday, June 28. To Mrs. Wolcott, sending Miss May's letter.

"It is just one of those little kindnesses of which his life was so full. There is no doubt, as you say, that his later years were his best! The wine of life ripened itself, and the sediment and grosser parts were quietly deposited. He was a Bohemian, and a rare one, and inexact in all matters excepting mathematics! He was readily sympathetic, and did in Rome as Romans did, and kept time and tune to a great variety of instruments. But the kind good heart always beat truly, and the array of good deeds to his credit in the great book of account is delightful to think of."

Sen. Bayard to Wm. B. Duncan, about dear Bro' Sam.

Monday, June 30. Wrote last pages of my essay for Framingham. Tried hard to compose a poem for the Newport festival of Reunion, July 4th. No flogging would make it go. Wrote a poem which, I well knew, wouldn't answer. In the evening, with little effort, the right thing came to me. Sent Edward in for dear Maud, who did not come.

Tuesday, July 1. Awoke today puzzled and distracted by every uncertainty. No pond, no barn, no carriage, no Maud to help me. Determined to hold on to my wits.

This p.m. came a tolerable letter from Norman, which is a step towards getting out of my trouble. Have copied the little poem for the Newport Reunion.

Maud came down by boat, very weak. Edward Bacon went up, just in time to bring her down.

Wednesday, July 2. Maud's coming has lit up the house like an electric light, though she is on her back. I see everything with hope now.

Thursday, July 3. B.&A Station 11.5. Framingham Centre.

To Normal School. The Biennial Reunion of graduates. I to make the address. Miss Hyde received me very cordially. I enjoyed hearing letters read from graduates in distant parts, South Africa, Turkey, and China, all doing missionary work. Luncheon in the lovely grove. My address afterwards, which was very well received. Sat afterwards in Miss Hyde's parlor and read "A Shadow of Dante" by Rontri. To dear Julia's, to sleep. Saw Braddie, who says we must look over the schedule of the lots before the Auction.

Saturday, July 5. A day of much fatigue, following another. I took the early train for Boston, in a pouring rain. Somehow, managed to get down the hill at P. Grove, without getting very wet. Journey up, after Weir, was somewhat enlivened by a ~~brass~~ brass band, led by one Nordini, a wood carver and cornetist, with whom I made acquaintance. Presently, to my consternation, they all took their instruments, even to the drums, and began to play, in the car, "per far un poco di musica, passando per la campagna," as

Nordini said. The noise was deafening, but the geniality of the men great. Arriving, went to Board Meeting of N.E.W.C. Dear Julia soon came to find me, and we went to 241 Beacon St., where I hastily gathered most of the things I had intended to bring down to Newport. J. and I got a bite at Prov. Depot, and I hurried to meet Mmes. Wolcott, Cheney, and May at Club rooms, to consult about Congress matters. We decided for Baltimore, and I am to write to all the persons mentioned in Mrs. Bowen's letter as likely to help us if we go there. Dear Jule helped me afterwards to carry my things to Depot, and took leave of me very affectionately. Boat pleasant with music. Good supper, home all right.

Sunday, July 6. In such peace as they only have who have been forced to go into turmoil for the sake of necessary results, and have mercifully come out of it. The little p.m. Conference at the Club, yesterday, made me feel assured that the Congress will yet come out all right. Then, I found, on getting home, a kind letter from E. Tweedy, approving my letter to Norman. So, my sense of utter insufficiency which has been so painful of late is greatly lifted, and I seem not to have done so badly as I feared. My call for Congress was approved by the Conference, and last of the new comforts, the ~~new~~ long expected carriage had come at last, and I rode home in it. I had a spasm of praise, this morning, and have written some verses which are more like a poem than anything I have done in some months, if I except the Newport song. This, however, has much more thought in it, the other being mostly music.

Thursday, July 10. Suffered from chill, fever and diarrhea in the night. Ought to have staid in bed, but got up to entertain Mrs. de Kay at breakfast. Had to go into town to sign a law paper. Felt worse for this, and after dinner was forced by pain and weariness to go to bed, where I lay, very suffering and ill.

Saturday, July 12. Fever gone this morning. Dr. gave me leave to get up, and to eat solid food, if I should wish it. So have been hanging about all day, good for very little.

This attack warns me not to overdo so much as I have lately done, and also not to be wholly unprepared for a more serious illness.

In p.m. wrote to Niles about sending Maud's book to Miss Shaw and M.H.G. for review, and drew cheques for H? Williams (Drake present) and Notman Photo Co.

Sunday, July 20. To Channing Memorial Church, where I thought of a text for my next sermon: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath appointed me to preach the gospel to the poor."

Christ twice quotes this, the 2nd time in his message to John Baptist. He does not say: "The rulers and magnates follow and believe in us," but: "to the poor the gospel is preached." A good point for us to make.

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Saturday, July 26. (Concord) I trembled for my paper, fearing that it might seem very inadequate, though I had worked at it a good deal, always under difficulties, having with me nothing of Mr. Emerson's but "English Traits" and the 1st vol. of poems. To my surprise, it was much liked. The Sanborns were most kind, and took me off to dine with them. Returned to Boston by 1.45 train. Went to Beacon St., got various items, mostly for Maud. Home in all safety by Steamboat train.

Tuesday, July 29. Received form of agreement between Norman and myself, and have sent it to Hovey for approval, promising to call tomorrow.

Monday, August 4. My throat troubles me much in these days, and writing distresses me. My appetite is not good, and I have a general "miserability".

Tuesday, August 5. Rainy day - head ache, and suffering from my irritated throat. Wrote on my sermon. Got into a better vein of thought concerning it.

Sunday, August 10. Awoke feeling ill. After breakfast sat down to study over my sermon, but found my glasses missing. Spent 2 hours in looking for them, all in vain. Was in extreme anxiety about my service in the p.m. Drove in town early. Went to Mme. Wendt, in whose house I found a Miss Ellery, who went with me to Mr. Pitman's house in Broadway, he being an optician. He was not at home, but she got the key of the shop, and I found a pair of glasses which I could use.

The church was crowded for the vesper service, and J.F.C. was there to help me. Partly through my feverish condition, and partly in consequence of the anxieties of the morning, I did not feel able to leave my mss. as I usually do, and merely read it through, very indifferently. My failure to reach my usual point of freedom made me very wretched afterwards.

Monday, August 11. Mr. Clarke's presence certainly aided in restraining me from using my wings, yesterday. It may be that I am losing my power of extempore speech. I have suffered great distress about this occasion, though I do not know that it was considered a failure.

I knew that I had intended to strike a valorous blow against the Wealth-worship of the time. My text was from Luke 4th 17th, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me. . . to preach the gospel to the poor." I had studied and worked out my sermon much more than usual, and found the subject much larger than it had appeared to me at first. Like the little Christ on the shoulders of St. Christopher, it seemed to weigh me down to the ground, though I had taken it up lightly. Might this be a lesson of hope, and not of discouragement.

Tuesday, August 12. It seemed as if the Lord had not stood by me, when I had tried manfully to stand by him. I give up this thought, which is a little insolent perhaps, and remember that sometimes the effort is to be our success. It shows our goodwill, our power may not correspond to it.

Here ends the matter of my sermon.

Saturday, August 16. Have only today written up last Sunday's record, so great was my distress about it that I could not trust myself before this to make a note of it.

Tuesday, August 19. Worked hard most of the day. Had to go down town to execute a Kansas document. Received a visit from Mrs. Jack Gardner, who has wondrous things to tell of her year and a half of globe-trotting. She carried Maud down to Beverly at 2 p.m. I took boat to Newport, arriving safely.

Sunday, August 24. To town, heard Brooke Herford preach from the text "No other name given under Heaven," which he explained as having had relation to the situation of things in Judaea at the time, instead of being, as has often been held, a sentence of denunciation against all who have not believed in Christ. Having made his critical exegesis, he returned to the leading idea, "on name"- and enlarged upon the unity of truth, material, intellectual, and moral, and the vital importance of becoming possessed of this, instead of considering our own opinion sufficient. Communion afterwards, in which my heart went down to the depths and then was lifted up, not to go down again, I hope.

Monday, August 25. In my morning prayer, which is always short, and made standing, I asked for ~~these~~ things, to wit, the bitter of true repentance, the sharp flavor of a biting and spurring energy, the sweetness of believing that my sins are forgiven, and that I have tried to do something to help my fellow men.

To the Casino, where G. Kiddle read Maud's Golden Meshes very effectively. The story is a powerful one, but for good effect, it should be somewhat abridged, in its most painful scenes.

Dined with the Welds. At 4 p.m. read my paper: "3 aspects of life", to the Women's Aux'l Wnf. at the Channing parlors. Mrs. Herford was present, and helped much in discussion following the paper. I thought this discussion very interesting, though the ladies of the church obviously are not yet accustomed to find exactly what they want to talk about.

Tuesday, August 26. Easterly storm - head ache, good for nothing.

Wednesday, August 27. Simply good for nothing, but to amuse the little children. A strange dead level of indifference. Do not see any difference between one thing and another. This, I should think, must come from a vagary of the liver.

Worst sort of nervous prostration - to prostrate oneself before one's nerves.

To town in p.m., where the dead indifference and lassitude went off somewhat.

To the Channing church fair, where bought a pin ball for \$1. Nothing else.

Thursday, August 28. Have written a letter of congratulation to F. M. Crawford on his engagement to Bessie Burdan

Booths!

Friday, August 29. We dined at the ~~Bruskes~~ today, meeting Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Jefferson, and William Warren. A rare and delightful occasion. Jefferson and Maud talked much about art. He, ~~Booths~~ and Warren all told little anecdotes of forgetful on the stage. Jefferson had told a love story twice, Booth had twice given the advice to the players. Warren, in "Our American Cousin" should have tried to light a match which would not light. He inadvertently turned the ignitable side, which took fire and so disconcerted him that he forgot where he was in the play, and had to ask ~~xxxxxx~~ someone what he has last said, which being told him enabled him to go on. David Hall had been left alone at home, which was dull for him. Somewhat disgruntled at first, he got over it bravely. I went to bed early, feeling ill.

Saturday, August 30. In the p.m. took up my fragment of a beginning of the Romance, and wrote a little on it.

Sunday, September 7, To Tiverton, to preach the very sermon with which I was so little satisfied on Aug. 10th. Now, every thing was in my favor. Though not feeling at my best, I was still not ailing, and was able to look over my sermon carefully, and to study from it something more connected and simple, keeping mostly to the idea of values. The day was clear and not over hot - I enjoyed the service myself, and had some good moments of freedom in my sermon, quite like my best times. The hall was well-filled. Had I failed this time, I had resolved to attempt no more to speak in the pulpit without a mss. I was very thankful for this good coming through, and encourage to try again in the future.

Saturday, September 13. Must write for A. A. W. This was Sammy Hall's birthday. I took him in town, with Harry. Bought cake and bonbons, and invited the Almy and McCalla girls, who came. They played croquet, I having borrowed the Almy set. We had tea, and singing, dancing, and games - all very pleasant.

Friday, September 19. My dear little boys, Sam and Harry Hall, left me by 3 p.m. train for Boston. When dear Flossy was first expected, with her four children, the task of their entertainment appeared to me very formidable. Now, her visit is delightful in remembrance, and how to do without the boys is my question.

Have written to Sister Annie, and by today's post have received a long letter from her, a pretty cap made by Loullie, and a photo of her very pretty little grand-child.

Saturday, September 20. Made a good beginning of my paper for the Congress, a little too philosophising, perhaps. I learn with regret the death, on Sept. 9th, of Miss Hardaker, a Woman distrustful and depreciating her own sex, whom I hoped to have soon converted to its true faith and service.

Thursday, September 25. Finished today my Congress paper, which is as long as it ought to be, 34 pages. I have written this paper, this week, instead of going to the Unit'n Convention, which I wished much to attend, and to which I had two invitations to go as a delegate. I did not go because I thought I ought neither to leave home unnecessarily, to spend so much money, nor to put off

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the writing of my A. A. W. paper.

I shall look a little to see whether circumstances hereafter will not show that it was best for me to follow this course. My Demon clearly did not say: "go", but he sometimes plays me false. I have certainly had the most wonderful ease in writing this paper which, I thought, would occupy a number of weary days, and lo! it has all written itself currently, currente calamo. D.G. May add something more about the concern of women for their own sex.

Sunday, September 28. Dreamed of dear old Arthur Mills, and was moved thereby to write a letter of some length to his son Dudley, with a few lines to A. himself.

Monday, September 29. Wrote my opening address for the Congress, also a letter of condolence to Gen't Cullum. I cannot understand how I have been able to write these Congress matters so rapidly. I almost fear, and yet they seem to me as well done as I could do them.

Wednesday, October 1. A perfect warm Autumn day. Thomas smoked out the wasps with brimstone.

I spent some time in preparation for my journey up to town, where I must remain till the end of the week.

Drove in town with dear Maud and took 5 p.m. Boat, to go to Boston via Wickford and Providence. Met Mrs. Livingston Mason, who was most kind. In the Ladies' Cabin a shivering old gentleman wanted to borrow my supplementary shawl, he having put himself into a violent perspiration by hurrying to the boat. I lent it to him. He said rather piteously: I'll keep in sight - oh! I'll keep in sight. Turned out to be Mr. Bufrum of Newport.

Thursday, October 2. To town early, and to 16 Bromfield St. where found Mrs. Bruce and learned the time of the Conference (of Women Ministers) at Melrose this p.m. Lunched at Maine Depot, and met Mmes Bowles and Bruce and Shaw at the train. Afternoon meeting at 3 p.m. in Univ. Church, I presiding. Miss Norris made a brief address of welcome in behalf of the Woman's Club, to which I still more briefly responded, feeling very dumb and dull. Invocation by Rev. Mr. Pickles - prayer, Mrs. Bruce, scripture, Miss Stone (N.Ch.) Rev. Annie E. Shaw, sermon on the relation of the Sunday School to the Home. Mrs. Bowles, paper, "some reasons in favor of a Woman Ministry". Inspired by these good things, I made a little "spurt". Rev. Mr. Heyward said some lovely things for us. Tea in the vestry, given us by the Women's Club. Evening Meeting, Scripture, Mrs. (name omitted in original) Lorenza Haynes paper, the model woman according to Scripture. My paper, Life under 3 aspects.

Friday, October 3. The Meeting was most refreshing and delightful. I feel that it has lifted me up and carried me on. Staid last night at the Sewalls, who were delightful, and made me very comfortable. Back to Boston by early train, and down to Beverly by 2.15 train, having mean time been to Smiths and had a waist fitted. The Dixeys were in the Cars. Heard from Mr. D. with great regret of Ann Hooker's death - disease a long one, atrophy of the brain. They were going to Mrs. Gardner's for a p.m. call. Mrs. G. met us at the Depot, with two carriages, most cordially. I found

her house, and especially her piazza, most charming and delightful. We had a pleasant cup of tea, and after the departure of the Dixeys', Mrs. G. took me to drive, and showed me some of the fine places. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Coolidge were also Mrs. G's guests. A pleasant 7 o'clock dinner. Later, I recited the Battle Hymn to the two ladies.

Saturday, October 4. Oh! what a busy day! Had a comfortable bath to begin with, before a wood fire. To town by A.M. train with Mrs. G. who took me to Park St. in her carriage. On the platform at Beverly we met many acquaintances, which was pleasant. At Park St., went at once to my Board Meeting, where A. W. M. gave me some very perplexing motions to put. Later, had Congress talk with Mrs. Cheney and Mrs. Wolcott, also talk about the N. O. Exposition, whose Chiefs invite me to become Chief of the Department of Women's Work, all expenses secured to me beforehand. I accept, on this condition. Mmes. Wolcott and Cheney will help me. I am to meet them on Sat. Oct. 11th, at 11 a.m. Got 3.30 p.m. train, a funny country-woman in the cars amused me. Went to S. W. F.'s house, where was a little party in my honor, a very pleasant one. Maud came in from O'G? looking lovely. Banjo playing by S. W. F. and W. Beckwith. S. played a V. reel in which I danced with Mr. Finney.

Sunday, October 5. Much washed out today. Had last evening a pleasant talk with Gen'l Crawford, Mr. Finney, the Wickford Greenes, and Dr. Watson, who has lately been in London, where he saw the Urbino princes and Princesses, through the Montereale family, who are grateful to him for his attendance upon poor Leonard M. who died in this place some years ago.

Have written to Aug. Jones of Friend's School, Prov., accepting invitation for Oct. 24th. wrote to Mrs. Faber, proposing this topic for her Congress paper. Is the law of progress one of harmony or of discord? Do the various kinds of progress, moral, intellectual, political and economic or industrial, agree or disagree? Do they help or hinder each other?

Monday, October 13. To town, and to New Bedford, for the Suffrage Meeting. Trains did not connect at Myricks, where, after some delay and negotiation, I with difficulty persuaded the Conductor of a freight train to take me to New Bedford in his caboose. This saved me time enough to go to the Delano Mansion, restore my strength with food, and put on my cap and ruche. I stopped on my way at the Hall, to let Mr. Potter know of my arrival. The Delanos were very kind. The hall was very full. I read my Congress paper on "Benefits of Suffrage to women". Was well listened to, and well received.

Tuesday, October 14. Weather changed to bitter cold. Left Delano villa with Miss Julia, in her basket, to take 8.55 train for Newport. Forgot to say that I met at this house Miss Weeks, whom we met at Shephard's Hotel, Cairo. Home in good time. House so cold that I could find no place to work in, my sun-god failing me.

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Wednesday, October 15. Last night was so cold that it seemed to me as I should die of it, want of breath and chill from head to foot. Exercise today.

Friday, October 24. Friends' School, Providence, pleasing portrait of Whittier in Hall. Wanted from me, 10 minutes' address.

Went via Bristol, driving against a chill North-wind, in spite of which, arrived comfortably. Took a hack to Friends' School, where was well received by Augustine Jones, and brought to the platform. Had left my bag at home, with cap, cuffs, and mss. The Jones family kindly replaced the needed articles or toilette. The oration by Thos. Chase, Pres. of Haverford Coll. (Penn.) was very good and satisfactory. I dined with the Jones family and Eliz. Chase, herself once a pupil of the School. After dinner, had an hour's quiet, and so prepared a short address which probably pleased those present more than my mss. would have done. Had a very hurried interview with some of the ladies at work for the N. O. Exposition. Home via Fall River, in good time.

Saturday, October 25. The points brought up in my five minutes talk with the ladies were briefly these: Shall we give them some of our money? Will they need to send a lady to N.O. with their exhibit? How are their goods to be subject to our approbation? I replied that we should certainly extend the use of our money, where we found it important to do so, that they will not need to send a lady to N.O. and that we could only advise generally about their Exhibit, until we should see the articles themselves, in N.O.

Mrs. Parker Lawton's funeral. I went to the house, where the relatives and neighbors were assembled. The minister read from Scripture and made a prayer. I could not go to the church, where they have a regular service.

Monday, October 27. Left home by early train. To Bureau for N.O. Expos., where spent much of the day. Evening, recited "The Flag" at the Club Entertainment, which was a very pretty one, on the whole. Took late train for Baltimore, to attend the Women's Congress.

Tuesday, October 28. (Baltimore.) Was met at Station by Mrs. D. L. Bartlett, with her carriage. She was most cordial, and took me to her house, where I had a pleasant luncheon, and a little rest. Ella Lapham went with me to lunch, and to consult afterwards. In the evening to meet officers of A. A. W. at our Committee room. A good business meeting.

Wednesday, October 29. Officers' meeting at 9.30, at which the report of Nom. Com. was received. Mrs. Julia Holmes Smith for Pres. At this, Miss May moved that my name should be substituted for hers, which was answered with applause. I begged to be heard against this, but was so taken by surprise that I could only remind the officers of my age and its increasing burthen, unfitting me more and more for active and complicated duty. They would not hear of "no" from me, and I reluctantly consented to stand as their candidate. First public meeting was at 2.30 p.m. I read a brief address of greeting. Mrs. McRea read a sensible paper on Specialism in Education, which was well discussed.

Sunday, November 9. worked at sermon, which got ready in time. Had freedom in delivering it, and in prayer. Don't know how much or little the Union Congregation cared for it. Returning home, wrote to Mrs. D. L. Bartlett - wrote in the A.M. to Augustine Jones of Prov.

Monday, November 17. To office, where worked at correspondence, etc. At 4 p.m. to hear E. E. Hale on Relations between the Home and the School - good discussion. Club tea, at which I forgot my fatigues, and had a very good time.

Mrs. Cheney thanked me cordially for my Michael Angelo translation.

Tuesday, November 18. To office by 12.30. Before going, wrote to Mrs. B on private business, to Messrs. Burke and Dabney on bus. of N. O. Ex. A little before 4 p.m. came Miss Barrell, to take me to the meeting of the K. K. G., where I became a member, and received a pretty gold key, the badge of the Assoc'n. Evening at Inst. where Julia read with a good deal of fire and expression, Byron's Giaour. J. S. Dwight made us a visit afterwards, and gossiped with us about music, mutual friends, etc.

wednesday, November 19. One good of the unequal distribution of riches is that it makes plain to us the value of honesty, since those who are so fortunate as to possess it will not barter it for the wealth of the world.

Thursday, November 20. Hamilton G. Wild, my old friend and companion in many gay pranks died on this day.

Sunday, November 23. Thought I could not go to church, straightened out papers and wrote one or two letters. Then went to town, and walked down to Louisburg Sq., thinking it likely to be the time of my old friend's funeral. Saw the hearse and carriages before the door, and looking round, saw Fanny and Chas. Perkins, and Ed. Motley - we all went in together, and I was invited to take a seat which was quite in the centre of the funereal group. On my left lay Wild in his coffin. Around and before me were the friends and associates of the golden time in which his delightful humor and bonhomie so often helped me in charades and other high times. It was ghostly - there were Lizzie Homans and Jere Abbott, who took part with him and William Hunt in the wonderful charade in which the two artists rode a tilt with theatre hobbies. The gray heads which I had once seen black, and brown, or blond, heightened the effect of the picture. It was indeed a "sic transit". I said to Chas. Perkins: "For some of us, it is the dressing-bell." Wild looked worn and emaciated, but quite natural. There were, I think, ivy and chrysanthemums on the casket. H. Foote read or recited the service, very feelingly.

Oh! this mystery, so intense, so immense a fact and force as human life, tapering to this little point of a final leave taking and brief remembrance!

Monday, November 24. Club at 3.30. Jas. Freeman Clarke upon "first steps of Women in political duty." Good discussion, the paper itself good, of course. Certain exigencies arise in which Necessity takes precedence of received rules of action. We must not sacrifice principle to expediency, but abstract propositions of a general truth do not always reach particular cases, and cannot infallibly guide practical measures. This doctrine must, of course, be very strictly and carefully held, to avoid Jesuitical abuses.

Tuesday, November 25. To Hartford with Mrs. Wolcott. A good parlor meeting with ladies at the Hotel. Mrs. Hankey very helpful in business and suggestions. A committee formed to canvass for a Connecticut Women's Exhibit, Mrs. Mulkley treasurer. Mrs. Watson Webb, after the meeting, sent me a specimen of the historic cake of the state. Various depts. of industry were brought up and committed to one and another. State Com's Mrs. Pickering and Mrs. Mead. A pleasant Miss Burton helped us as sect. of the meeting. Emma (Gardiner) Ferguson had left a card for me at the hotel. Must telegraph Maud to beat up recruits for a N.Y. Exhibit. Must teleg. New Cen'l Club, Phila, to do something.

Wednesday, November 26. Very busy all the forenoon. Telegraphed and also wrote to Mrs. Chickering in N.Y., asking for a parlor meeting to set on foot a N.Y. exhibit. Mrs. Wolcott did the same to a friend in Phila. To Julia's Club at 3.30, taking barely time to lay my pages in order - read my lecture on "Life under three aspects," which was wonderfully well received, Mr. Chamberlain taking the lead in the discussion, which was excellent. Some one asking what the World is against which Saints discriminate, I answered: "the aggregate of exterior and externalising influences," which was approved.

Received a note from Hilliard, asking for pay't of the 2nd instalment of his money.

Thursday, December 11. Arrived in N.O. soon after 9 A.M. The lands passed through near the city were quasi tropical in aspect. Orange trees in full bearing, magnolias of great size, palmettoes, etc. A long R. R. bridge (three miles) across the Bay St. Louis, astonished Maud. Dr. Dabney and Mr. Nixon met us at the cars, and took us to the Hotel Royal in French town, as they call a part of N. O. Poor Maud soon took to her bed, coughing violently. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith came with Mrs. Cloudman. She found one lung a little congested, advised mustard leaves, and left medicines. Had already sent for Dr. Holcombe, who came and approved of the medicines.

Monday, December 15. The day of the opening. I was ready by 10 A.M., soon after which time Mr. Nixon came in a calriage and took me to the Steamer. Mrs. Erminie A. Smith of N.J. accompanied us. As we approached the Steamer I saw my lady Coms on the upper deck, waving their hdkfs to me. I was soon seated among them, and presently, in another carriage arrived Maud, not looking much like an invalid. This caused me some anxiety, as she has been so ill. A steamer decorated with flags of all nations accompanied us. But I anticipate. Presently, the invited guests and dignitaries arrived in force, with military escort and two bands of music, one of them the Mexican band. The river was gay - boats and banks being decorated with flags (the city streets were much decorated.)

People saluted us from both steamers and banks. Arriving, a procession was formed, in which I and my ladies were assigned a place. We marched, and Maud marched bravely in her place, Mrs. Irday being assigned as her mate. Efforts were made to crowd us out, but the "powers" were in our favor. We entered the Main Building, where the police opened a way for us to the platform, where we were somewhat conspicuous. Maj. Burke greeted us, looking very ill. Exercises opened with prayer by Rev. DeWitt Tallmadge. "The Edenisation of this southern country."

Friday, December 26. Meetings of Coms. at 11 A.M. at Ex.

Mrs. Marston, when Maud asked for the Women's books from all of the Exhibits, said she and the other ladies were not to be coerced. I said it was not a question of coercion. None of us had come to N.O. to do exactly what we please. All had come to sacrifice something of particular preference and pleasure to the public good.

Saturday, December 27. Maud told me, at waking, a wonderful dream. We removed from the Hotel to Mrs. Cobb's boarding house, 22 South Kempt St. I approved the hotel bills, and left them for the Management to pay, as per agreement. Met the colored ladies by appointment. They are very unwilling to have their work put in promiscuously with that of the colored men, wishing very much to be classed as in our Dep't. I promise to make an effort for them. They also wish to appoint attendants from their own number.

Mrs. Montgomery came to my office bringing with her another Texas lady, who claims to have got up the whole Texas exhibit. She was pretty insolent, for which I reproved her.

Had a nice Christmas present from dear Laura.

Sent Mrs. Erminie Smith a cheque for \$73.

Sunday, December 28. To Unit'n Church, where heard a good, cold sermon from Rev. C. C. Allan, and staid to Communion. Thought of a sermon for my women here: Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all. Thought also of a new application of Christ's words: "this is my body." We too should so offer our bodily life to the service of God and humanity as to be able to say: This which I offer is my very body, my very blood, the essence and quintessence of my daily life, which I lived subject to the laws of use and service.

Thursday, Jan. 8, 1885. First entry.

At the exposition; in conversation with Mrs. Muller and Mrs. Anzé. Entertainment for raising funds were spoken of and I volunteered to give a lecture, and suggested two or three subsequent occasions which might be devised to this end. Mrs. Anzé immediately responded with zeal and volunteered to sell tickets, but immediately rushed off to make capital for herself, pretending that the whole plan originated with her, which was flatly untrue.

Thursday, 13.

Preparing for my lecture this evening. Subject: Polite Society. Place: Worleln Hall. I was very anxious. The lecture appeared to me very homely for a Southern audience accustomed to rhetorical productions. My reception was most gratifying. The house was packed and many were sent away.. Judge Gayarre introduced me. Joachim Miller came first, reciting his "Fortunate Isles." I said on opening that even if my voice should not fill the hall, my good will embraced them all. Every point of the lecture was perceived and applauded, and I felt more than usually in sympathy with my audience.

Monday, Feb. 23.

Opening the colored people's department; very interesting. A numerous assemblage of them, showed a wide range of types. Music military, drumming especially good. Spellman seemed to be chief. Saw in their exhibit a portrait of John A. Andrew which looked like a greeting from the old heroic time.

Thursday, Apr. 30.

Louisiana day at the exposition and the Breaux wedding at the Cathedral. Went to this first; then to the reception; then to the exposition where staid until about ten P. M. Col. Vinet of Baton Rouge recognized me and made me come into a side room at the banker's pavillion, where he brought in a number of ladies, poured out champagne and insisted upon my making a speech. I said a few words and stole out.

May 1.

My dear father's birthday. I left the exposition early and walked to beside dear Marion's grave in Jirand Street Cemetery. A lovely place it was. M. is buried above ground in a sort of edifice formed of brick, the rows of coffins being laid on stone floors, each single one divided from those on either side of it by a stone partition. "Francis Marion Ward died September 3, 1847." Erected by William morse (?), dear Marion's friend.

Saturday, May 16.

Gave my talk to the colored people soon after 2 P. M. in their department. A pretty hexagonal platform had been arranged. Behind this was a fine portrait of Abraham Lincoln, with a vase of beautiful flowers, gladiolas and white lillies at its base. I spoke of Dr. Channing, Garrison, Theodore Parker, Charles Sumner, John A. Andrew, Lucretia Mott and Wendell Phillips, occupying about an hour. They gave me a fine basket of flowers and sang my Battle Hymn. Afterwards the Alabama cadets visited us. We gave them iced tea, cakes and biscuits, and I made a little speech to them.

Wednesday, May 27.

My birthday. Had comfort in an earnest prayer. Am to speak to the colored pupils at Leland University this evening, so shall keep quiet today being very warm. Wrote lines in two autograph albums which will record elsewhere.

In a young girl's;

Be wise, brave and true

And the world belongs to you,

And in the other:

I who pass with pilgrim pen

May not cross your path again,

But will wish you peace and good

And ennobled womanhood.

Monday, June 8.

My Peace meeting was lovely. It was at Tulane Hall which Mr. Southmaya decorated with flags at my request. They were the Red Cross flags of several nations. A rainy afternoon made me feel that no one would come. It cleared at sunset and the attendance was good.

Tuesday, 30. Newport.

A rapture of repose. How lovely and very soothing. Still I went into town to beat up recruits for the T. and C. C. Found Julia Goodwin well disposed.

Wednesday, July 8.

Eyes weak, and general languor and debility. Maud made me take two grains of quinine which toned me up. This is the first time I ever took it for a tonic and the second time I have taken it since my childhood, when it was freely given for chills and fever.

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Friday, July 31.

Up to Boston where worked away at the Atheneum; very fine points in my Goethe lecture. To Concord by 4:40 p. m. train. Arriving, found my dear Dudy smiling with the pleasure and praise of a lecture which she had just read to a parlor company of friends. To School of Philosophy in the evening where Davidson read two fine papers on Pantheism, one by Howison, one by McDonald; the first very complete and careful; the second, more brilliant and original.

Saturday, August 1.

Read my lecture which was wonderfully well received, considering how poorly I thought of it. Still on reading it over myself I found it better than I had feared it might be. The translation from "Lili's Park" pleased especially. Very busy in Boston afterwards and down to Newport by boat train, arriving in a violent rain storm; first I have seen here this season.

Tuesday, 11.

Wrote a good bit on my Clothes Romance. In the afternoon to the Breuen-Perkins reception. Saw the aged mother, very frail in body but very animated as usual. Promised to come some day to luncheon.

Friday, August 14.

Very unwell early in the morning. Have taken an off day, lolling in an easy chair and reading for amusement.

Saturday, 15.

All right today; a cool, brisk air. Received a revise of the dreadful proof which have corrected. Ready to send the first installment of my story to Demorest's. Clear about my circular letter to my late colleagues. My man Thomas came back which removes a great inconvenience. Laus deo for the brighter outlook. To crown good luck, dear Flossy's letter accepted by Boston Journal.

Wednesday, 19.

Today, thank Heaven, have taken out and renewed the whole Report, previous to printing, which should begin at once.

Query: New Orleans Exposition.

Sunday, Sept. 6.

Busy in the morning with preparing my sermon on the Gospel of Hope, in contradistinction to the old terrible doctrines. Danger of religious indifference and of want of religious training for our children on the present skeptical basis. Had freedom in my prayer. The service, which was in the hall, not the chapel, was very well attended. An elderly lady, Elizabeth Chase's sister, did not like what I said about the religious nurture of children, and specially about prayer.

Monday, Sept. 28.

Wrote some lines for the unveiling of the Frye bust at Friends School tomorrow.

Tuesday, Sept. 29.

Went to Providence via Bristol. Lounged about too long in the streets and had no time to finish my poem on Elizabeth Frye properly. Read it as well as I could, refusing to give the scrawl to the reporters. Arrived at home; one of them pursued me thereunto and I gave it him by dictation, most unwillingly.

Friday, October 2.

Left home for my long journey. Took 10:30 A. M. train for Boston.

(Note) Be sure to find out where Congress was held.

Wednesday, Oct. 7.

First day of Congress. At the 2:30 afternoon meeting the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, mostly with women, though there were a good many men, too. Many, we heard, went away, unable to get in. Many stood in the aisles.

Saturday, Oct. 10.

Officers meeting in the forenoon. Took afternoon train for Nevada, Iowa; Mrs. Scott going with me. Arrived in good time. Found a pony carriage drawn by two Shetlands in waiting for me. Mrs. Nott very hospitable. Her husband's cousin, an M. D. whom she and her daughter addressed as "Docky", gave "Polite Society"; a good audience.

Sunday, Oct. 11.

Drove with Mrs. Scott in a democrat wagon to the Agricultural College at Ames, where I was the invited guest of Pres. and Mrs. Hunt. Had been invited to read my paper, "Life under three Aspects". This was at the chapel service for the afternoon. The congregation was an attentive one. I was afterwards introduced to every young man and woman of the pupils.

Monday, Oct. 12.

Left Ames for Humboldt, narrowly escaping getting left through misunderstanding of trains.

Tuesday, Oct. 13.

Woman's Suffrage Convention at Minneapolis. I arrived just in time to reply to the Mayor's address of welcome. Had brought my bonnet in my hand. A very full and pleasant meeting.

Wednesday, Oct. 14.

Read the Rhode Island report at business meeting. In the afternoon had a little controversy with Judge Henniss. Went to

St. Paul with Mr. Foulke and read my lecture on Benefits of Suffrage for Women, to a small but pleasant audience at the Jewish Synagogue.

Friday, Oct. 16.

Lecture at Algona: "Polite Society."

Sunday, 18.

Preached for Rev. Mary A. Safford at Sioux City. Text: All things work together for good to them that love God." Topic; The necessity of a central and coordinating principle in thought and in life." Spoke of one (T. G. A.) whose brilliant mind, wanting this, was like a crazy quilt. Told anecdotes of Parker. Had some freedom and was refreshed by the train of thought. Had a hard time in going from Sioux City to Omaha, where arrived by mid-night.

Monday, October 19.

Pleasant day in Omaha. Walked about with Dr. R. Stebbins. Found Mrs. Dinsmore and invited her to come to the hotel in the evening and bring some ladies. Quite a reception; scarcely less than thirty.

Tuesday, 20.

Left by forenoon train for Grinnell, arriving at about 6 P. M. I took tea with the Prof. of Music at the University. Lecture: "Men's Women." Slept at another house.

Wednesday, 21.

Was Mrs. Crowe's guest most of the day. Visited the University. Spoke after prayers, I think and attended one or two recitations. An afternoon reception in the parlor of one of the University Literary Clubs. Much talk of the cyclone which devastated the town two years ago. One lame lady came with a crutch; her injuries received at that time. Left by six o'clock train for Oskaloosa where arrived in time for lecture. Opera House and good attendance.

Thursday, 22.

Mrs. Swalm, my hostess in Oskaloosa, very delightful. Her husband a very bright and pleasant man, wearing his coal black hair long. Went to Penn College to speak at chapel, and made quite an address. Then to psychology class where told about Laura Bridgman. Visited Mr. and Mrs. Bayers who had lately seen my dear sister in Rome, and who had some good pictures and bric-a-brac. Took tea with them and had a most pleasant talk. Mrs. Swalm had a reception for me in the afternoon; very pleasant.

Friday, 23.

Left by forenoon train. I write in Iowa City. Have passed two curious German settlements; religionists wearing a costume, Amanna and Homesteads. Hostess was Miss Susan F. Smith, Prof. of

English literature at the State University -- a bright, cordial woman; a little whopper-jawed. Dr. Hess, a woman, to tea and Mrs. Haddock, a lawyer and her husband's partner; an elegant repast; the best I have seen at the West. A very good attendance at my lecture; between 400 and 500 present.

Saturday, Oct. 24.

Miss Smith gave me a paper weight of fine Iowa marble; I gave her a pretty little collection of photos which I had bought at Omaha. Left by 7:30 A. M. train. She came with me to the cars and we parted with regret. A Mrs. Morse went with me as far as So. Amanna. Miss Smith, Dr. Hess and Mrs. Haddock had all attended the Congress. Left Saturday morning early; arrived in Des Moines by noon. Went to Mrs. Hunting's; lecture: "Men's Women." Evening rainy.

October 25.

Read my paper, "Powers of Religion", et cetera, in Rev. Hunting's church, which was very full. After dinner Mrs. Hunting drove me to Mrs. Callanan's, who gave me again her "apple receipt". Pleasant day and evening. Left for Ann Arbor at 11:45 P. M.

Monday, Oct. 26.

Arrived Chicago by 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Brown's brother met me and took me to the house. I had a pleasant meeting with her and the children, who are much grown and very charming. Took a little ride with Kenneth on his tandem tricycle. Talked with Mrs. Brown on Congress matters, walking beside the beautiful lake. Left at 9:30 P. M. for Ann Arbor.

Tuesday, Oct. 27.

Arrived in Ann Arbor by 6 A. M. Went to Mrs. Sunderland's. She had not expected me before evening and had to get up and let me in. After long waiting I had a room and hot water; a kind welcome and a good breakfast.

Wednesday, Oct. 28.

Left by morning train for Buffalo, where arrived between eight and nine P. M. The Townsends met me at the depot and took me to their comfortable house.

Sunday, November 1. (Back in Boston).

To the dear Church of the Disciples where the beloved pastor preached one of his best sermons on the various kinds of saints. Saintship, he defined as a pursuit of holiness. The old ascetic saints, or saints of piety and those of energy and action, were all well characterized by him. Went to communion in the afternoon.

November 3. Tuesday.

Left Boston by 8:30 A. M. train. Norman was in the cars. We

had some talk. He thinks Dakota the best state to buy in -- rail-road lands --. Dear Maud met me at the depot, looking very well. Found the house cold and feel a sort of blank after the month of breathless excitement just at end. Was, however, very thankful for my safe return, and for all the delightful experiences of my month of travel and of work.

Friday, Nov. 6.

Carefully reviewed my page of Goethe Women; sent a part of it to Sanborn.

Saturday 21.

To Saturday morning Club, where was warmly greeted. After the business of the meeting, which employed about forty minutes, I spoke about New Orleans and the Exposition to N. E. W. C. * *

Sunday, 22.

Here beginneth a week of hard work. Must write to E. Lapham; must find and pay my tax bills; settle all my finances, and get out my books and papers for the winter, besides much else.

Tuesday, 24.

Have written to Mrs. C. M. Brown; proposed to her two questions for A. A. W: "Why can not the United States Government protect the negro ('s vote); the Indian and the Chinaman?" and, "Why has it allowed the plunder of western lands by corporations to go so far unrestrained?"

Thursday, 26.

I give God hearty thanks for undeserved blessings among which I reckon my wonderful health and the continuance of my power of work.

My dear Harry and his wife came down by invitation to spend Thanksgiving. We had Sam Francis and family to dine; it was very pleasant.

Sunday, 29.

Very busy all these days with Maud's story, every word of which I go over carefully. The mocking bird sang today for the first time in our hearing..

Monday, Nov. 30.

To Boston by 10:20 A. M. train. To club where I presided. T. H. Emery read his paper on Goethe elective affinities. His analysis of it was extremely good and we had an interesting discussion. The new thought came to me that we suffer in the romance of our period. The pathology of literature is a thing to consider. In the evening heard Canon Farrar's "Farewell thoughts on America" -- a very sound and noble discourse, both gratifying and warning, holding up the best thing in our past as guidance for our future.

Thes. Dec. 1.

Wrote my letter for Woman's Journal, finished just in time to pack my box and fly over to Park Street, where in the closet of the Journal office I changed my dress and put on my cap to preside at the Club reception in honor of Mme. Graville. It was delightful and she appeared much pleased. She expressed surprise at finding that such a number of us could act together without quarreling, which, thank Heaven, we do. Back to Newport by 3:40 train.

Thursday, Dec. 3.

In the afternoon to Boston to attend dear Julia's reading of her libretto for Strakaner's operetta. The plot is good; the poetry fervent but a little strained in some places. Mrs. Barry sang three of the songs -- two of them very good. It was very well received by a pleasant parlor audience gathered at Charlotte Whipple's.

Sunday, Dec. 5.

A dreadfully busy day. Board meeting of N. E. W. C, at 10 A. M. then a hasty luncheon. Went to hear Henri Graville, Mme. Durand, lecture. Had my head dressed for the Papyrus Club dinner. Salvini took me in and sat beside me.

Sat. Dec. 19.

Woke before daylight with a frightful headache. Have struggled today to pack in spite of severe pain and have done a good deal, with Greeley's excellent help. I have rarely had a worse day out of bed.

Tuesday, Dec. 22.

A breathless day. At bank where deposited money and got a new check book; to Smith's where arranged for repairs to two dresses and the retrimming of a mantilla; to City Hall where received \$100 voted me by City of Boston for poem read at the Grant memorial meeting; to Pear's to have some ornaments repaired; left for New York by 3 P. M. train. Found dear Maud well, with supper ready for me. Rooms small but very convenient and considered in "good form."

(Note) She spent the remainder of this winter in New York.

Sunday, Dec. 27.

To hear Robt. Collyer; delightful sermon. Text from Proverbs: "The rich and the poor meet together", which he said they do not and to his thinking never have done. The Puritans, he said, were democrats in their political theories but aristocrats in feeling; he traced this feeling down to Webster and Charles Sumner. He proposed what I have more than once spoken of: that every well situated person should specially take up someone who needs help, encouragement and advice and try to set them erect on their feet.

1886.

January 1. Friday.

Left New York by 9 A. M. train, arriving in Boston about 3:30 P. M. A baby cried a good deal of the way. At last I went to see what was the matter. Found a mechanic's wife coming to join her husband at Northbridge, Mass. She was very weary, having come from So. Carolina. I held the baby long enough to rest her. Arriving in Boston, her sister did not meet her as expected. I inquired and found that she must go back to Worcester and go to Northbridge from there. Her funds being insufficient, I lent her a dollar and got the woman at the depot to bring her some coffee and bread and butter. X To Brockton by 5:20 train. Kindly received by E. B. Jones and family. Lecture in a large church, well attended. They sang my Battle Hymn; all very pleasant. * * *

Home to New York by 4:30 p. M. train.

Sunday, Jan. 3.

Was severely fatigued but went to All Souls Church in which I most specially remember a Sunday of the dark days after my dear Sammy's death when Bellows preached splendidly, and in the communion service so dwelt upon the consolation of religion as to make me sure that he had seen me weeping through the whole service. Now Bellows is laid away with so many who were living at that time. Young Williams preached a delightful New Year's sermon: "We know not what we shall be." He made this saying to apply to the progress of sincere and saintly lives. We can easily foretell where our evil ways, if perservered in, will lead us, but we cannot foresee the vista of use and of glory which a good life will unfold to us.

Sunday, Jan. 17. (Been ill with a severe cold).

Not well enough to go to church. Went out to walk in the sunshine; dined with S. G. Ward at 7:30 p. m.

My dear Cousin Nancy, Mrs. Anna M. Greene, my father's cousin, died this morning, having attained the age of 102 years in November last.

Monday, Jan. 18.

Picked out lecture for Elmira. Wrote letter for Woman's Journal amid many interruptions. Went to Mrs. Barnard's afternoon reception given in my honor. Got belated in starting, went to the wrong house, took off my wraps and appeared in Mrs. Boardman's drawing-room. Met a Mrs. Sage who knew me and told me where to find Mrs. Barnard's house. I trudged thither very disconsolately, much concerned on arriving so late. Many guests, invited to meet me, had already gone when I reached the house. Mrs. Barnard received me very kindly, nevertheless.

Tuesday, Jan. 19.

Delaware, Lackawana and Western railroad, 9 A. M. * * *

Got off well enough; travelled all day in silence and loneliness. A miserable dinner at Scranton. At Elmira was met by Miss Chapman; lecture (Polite Society) was much liked. Audience good as to numbers and excellent in character.

Friday, Jan. 22.

Sorosis dinner. Had written some verses for it, which I read, preceded by a little speech. The dinner was very numerously attended and on the whole very creditable I thought. Mrs. Croly presided well, and most of the after dinner entertainment was reasonably good.

Thursday, Jan. 28.

Henry E. Kidder died today, a man to be much missed. I went to Brooklyn to attend a suffrage meeting at the Woman's Club. Had studied out a brief argument which seemed to suit the occasion very well, as after the meeting many ladies came up to thank me and subscribed to the Woman's Journal.

Wednesday, Feb. 3.

Was much troubled because I could not combine my trip to Providence and lecture there (suffrage) with going to good Bradford's funeral. The weather made both impossible, at least morally so, for Samuel Ward came in between five and six p. m. and gave such an account of the snow storm that Maud joined him in saying that I must not go. Fearing the danger and expense I yielded very unwillingly. Had to go to Nineteenth Century (Club) to take Flossie Pres. Eliot spoke of "Religion in Colleges" in a very moderate and reasonable manner. Dr. McCosh replying with less of breeding and a narrower understanding of the subject.

Sunday, Feb. 14.

Very well in health. Heard the saintly Furness of Philadelphia. A lovely sermon, almost too refined for the common world. He spoke plainly of the poor views and material expectations which the apostles entertained, during Christ's life time, and of their new spiritualization when those hopes were destroyed by his death. "When our little Kingdom of the Messiah crumbles" he said, characterizing the disappointment and departure of our dearest hopes. Much company in the afternoon.

Tuesday, Feb. 16.

Aaron Powell's meeting. Patriarch's Ball. A day of dreadful drive and hurry. Flew to Miss Varney's studio where I had promised a sitting; postponed this, to meet F. J. Campbell at Chickering's rooms and hear his pupil Holland play. Waited there more than half an hour; then back to the studio where sat an hour; then back to Chickering's where found Campbell and Holland, who had been detained by the various washouts.

Thursday, Feb. 25.

Learned today that my dear Julia shows typhoid symptoms. Determined to leave next day, to go to her.

Friday, Feb. 26.

Mrs. M. A. Stone must go to her. She to send for me at 2:30 P. M. Address: 150 West 59th Street. This meeting was very pleasant. I read my circular and explained something of my correspondence and its objects. Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Stone (my hostess) liked my plan of a woman's industrial council very much. These two ladies desired to have some circulars which I propose to send them. Left New York by 10:30 P. M. for Boston. Weather direful all day; bitter cold and furious wind.

Saturday, Feb. 27.

A very cold journey. Reached Boston by 6:30 A. M. Took carriage to Institution not daring to risk any exposure to the wind and weather. Arriving found my dear child seriously but not dangerously ill. Her joy at my coming was very pathetic. All day long did not go out, the cold and wind was so excessive.

Sunday, Feb. 28.

At home all day, except snatches of air on the inner piazza. Julia doing well. I cannot be sure whether it was on this day that she said to me: "Mamma, don't you remember the dream you had when Flossy and I were little children, and you were in Europe? You dreamed that you saw us in a boat and that the tide was carrying us away from you. Now the dream has come true, and the tide is bearing me away from you."

This saying was very sad to me, but my mind was possessed with the determination that death was not to be thought of.

Monday, March 1st.

To my dear Club where heard Augustus Lowell glorify Korean art and poetry, disparaging those of Europe in comparison. Women are never mentioned in Korea. Only servant women go unveiled. No one would think of looking at them.

Tuesday, Mar. 2.

At home with Julia today. Took the 10:30 train for New York to attend next day's conference in Poughkeepsie; a raging night and unpleasant journey.

Wednesday, Mar. 3. Morgan House, Poughkeepsie, 10 A. M.

Reached New York by 6:25 A. M. Took breakfast and the cars for Poughkeepsie at 7:15 A. M., arriving by 10 A. M. Found my officers all in conclave; thirteen we were in all.

M. M. has aged a good deal. We had a good and harmonious conference; chose Louisville for our Congress. I left Poughkeepsie at 7:21 P. M. took 10:30 P. M. train from New York and indulged in a boudoir car, which was very comfortable.

Thursday, Mar. 4.

Got back early in the morning and found dear Julia doing well. Left for Providence by 2 P. M. train to fulfil an imperative

engagement. Spoke before the Rhode Island W. S. Association. Took 7 P. M. train back; found dear Julia comfortable.

Saturday, March 6.

To Board meeting of N. E. W. C. Home all afternoon. Took 10:30 p. m. train for New York to help Maud close up the Berkley rooms. I hated very much to leave dear Julia but thought she was going on well and would need me more later in her sickness.

Sunday, Mar. 7.

A very busy day packing papers, et cetera. Maud took 10:30 train for Boston to go to Newport to see Sam Francis who was thought to be dying. As it was our last Sunday afternoon here, various people came in.

Monday, Mar. 8.

Worked so hard all day packing that I became greatly fatigued.

Tuesday, Mar. 9.

Sent an early telegram to Michael to ask how dear Julia was. Finished the greater part of my packing, four trunks and a large bale. At 4:30 p. m. as well as I can remember, I chanced to pass by my letter box and saw a telegram. It was from Michael. 'Julia not so well; we have Talbot in consultation.' A pain as of death fell upon me. I at once arranged to leave by 10:30 p. m. train. Mr. Henry Oakley insisted upon going with me to the cars. I passed a most unhappy and anxious night.

Wednesday, Mar. 10.

Saw by Katie's face when she opened the door that things were worse. "Oh, Mrs. Howe," said she, "She is worse." I flew up stairs and found my darling little changed except that her breathing seemed rather worse. She was so glad to see me ! Packard came. A pint bottle of champagne had been given me by Loulie Purdy. Packard said Julia might have some. She enjoyed it very much. About this time I noticed a change come over her sweet face. The rose red in her cheeks faded to a purplish color. I felt but would not believe that it was the beginning of the end. Julia was presently very happy, with Michael on one side of her and myself on the other. Each of us held a hand. She said: "I am very happy now; if one has one's parents and one's husband, what more can one want ?" And presently: "the angels have charge of me now Mamma and Mimy." We sent for Miss Moulton. Michael was out of the room and she said to me: "What does the Lord want to kill me for ?" "I am dying." I said, "No, my darling, you are going to get well." Michael came back; she said: "Remember, if anything happens to me, you two must stay together." Perhaps she said "stand by each other." Miss Moulton came and she cried: "Take me up" and tried to throw herself into her arms. A little later Michael and I were alone with her. She began to wander and talk as if with reference to her club or some such thing. "If this is not the right thing," she said, "call another priestess (lift me up" I think she said); then very emphatically: "truth, truth." These were her last words.

The death struggle now set in. I held her left hand; Michael her right, most of the time. This began about 12 M. I should think. The breathing became more and more labored. I sometimes gave the dear hand to Moulton and walked the room in agony of mind. At three, perhaps, Moulton sank upon her knees beside the bed. I sitting still said: "God will take our dear lamb, our beloved, his beloved also, into his perfect peace." I asked Moulton to say something; she repeated the Twenty-third psalm and Christ's words to Martha: "I am the resurrection," et cetera. At about 4 p. m. the breathing ceased and the eyes filmed over. She was gone. Michael fell convulsed with anguish, on the floor. I kissed the sweet forehead and the dear hands still warm. Soon I had to give her up to the two nurses, who prepared her dear remains for what was to follow.

My darling should have been forty-two years old this day. She is lying dead in her room, covered with a black pall, with exquisite flowers spread upon it and set about the room. Mrs. Spooner, Mrs. Hemenway each sent some; Mrs. Carr brought some very beautiful pink roses; Charlotte Whipple came and talked long with me; Mary Dorr paid a second visit; Mrs. Cains brought an embroidered needle-book, an intended birthday gift, the work and gift of Mrs. Horace Mann.

Saturday, Mar. 13.

My angel's funeral: She lay in a casket covered with white cloth and lined with white satin, in a lovely robe of cream-white stuff with a sort of vest of white silk, showing in front between the folds. Her brow, features and expression unspeakably beautiful. Michael and I went in first to see her, but he broke down and was taken out. I went in presently to see her lying in the hall of the Institution, surrounded by beautiful floral emblems. Her dear father's bust looked down upon her. Her portrait, by Terry, was hung over the key-board of the organ. I knelt beside her and had a moment of agonized prayer; then put on my mourning and went into the parlor to greet the relatives and near friends. Among the latter were Frank Bird and Edward Perkins, who saluted me most tenderly. Presently we went to the hall where Mr. Clark and Mr. Hayward were already waiting for us. The latter made an uplifting prayer. The dear J. F. C. spoke with his usual unction and tenderness. The blind choir sang hymns and a lovely piece: "Their sun shall no more go down" and lastly: "Nearer my God to Thee," in which, with a moment of uplifting I was able to join, Mary Dorr standing beside me and holding my hand.

Maud and I went to Mt. Auburn in the carriage with Michael and Rodocanachi. At the grave a quartette of the blind sang: "Thy will be done." We had a last look at the beautiful face. Ah! God, that was all.

Wednesday, Mar. 24.

My heart agonizes again with the question, could dear Julia have been saved. Oh! the dreadful pain of uncertainty about this. I can bear everything else. God keep me from thinking that all was not done that might have been done. Two weeks this day since my darling breathed her last.

Thursday, Mar. 25.

A telegram today informs me of the death of my dear cousin, Dr. Samuel W. Francis.

Friday, March 26.

My kind old neighbor, Thomas Hazard of Vanclose died this day of pneumonia, at the St. Dennis Hotel in New York. I shall miss him, though we met but rarely. I remember him, a marrying bachelor when I was sixteen years of age. He was now near ninety years old.

Tuesday, Mar. 30.

Wrote long letters to M. H. Graves and Isabelle Greeley. Extract from first letter: "I am not wild, nor melancholy, nor inconsolable but I feel as America might if some great, fair state were blotted from its map, leaving only a void for the salt and bitter sea to overwhelm. I cannot so far get any comfort from other worldly imaginings." If God says anything to me now, he says "thou fool." The truth is that we have no notion of the value and beauty of God's gifts until they are taken from us. Then he may well say: "thou fool" and we can only answer to our name.

Wednesday, Mar. 31.

This is the last day of this sorrowful March which took my dear one from me. I seem to myself only dull, hard and confused under this affliction. I pray God to give me comfort by raising me up that I may be nearer to the higher life into which she and her dear father have passed. And thou? eleison.

Sunday, April 4.

Heard the dear minister with much contentment. It was his birthday, 76 years old. I was present at his 50th and read a poem addressed to him. I asked John A. Andrews if it was better than nothing. He replied: "It is not only that; it is better than something," so I ventured to read it.

Wednesday, April 21.

Arrived in due time (Boston); was busy all day. * * Passed the evening alone and slept in dear Julia's room. This was hard for me and was at first formidable and full of a ghostly tremor. Then I seemed to rise to a spiritual communion with my dear ones, Julia and her father, and so I lay down and slept in quietness.

(All this took place one week ago. I have mistaken my place in the diary).

Sunday, April 25.

A lovely though tearful Easter. Communion service most delightful. Had a visit from W. R. Alger, whose talk was highly metaphysical. He spoke feelingly of my bereavement. In the evening I took Mr. Smith (blind) to the Easter Oritorio. Sat mostly by myself, entirely absorbed in the music with which my Handel and Haydn practice has made me very familiar.

Tuesday, April 27.

Have had an uplifting of soul today. Have written to Mary Graves: "I am at last getting to stand where I can have some spiritual out look." The confusion of "is not" is giving place to the steadfastness of "is". Have embodied my thoughts in a poem to my dear Julia and in some pages which I may read at the meeting intended to commemorate her by the N. E. W. C.

Wednesday, April 28.

Went with Lucy Stone to the funeral of Mrs. Wendell Phillips. Went for his dear sake; never an intimate of mine, he was yet a flaming ideal to me. I found a quiet, small, unpretentious house (37 Common street), a small quiet gathering mostly of the old Anti-Slaverys. Rev. Mr. May conducted the services which were simple, sincere and worthy. One of the Garrisons asked L. S. and me to say something. She did not have quite her usual freedom. I felt so much moved by the occasion, as it told of things which I wished to say, and did say some of them.

to be full

Friday, May 7.

Wrote some verses to my darling, referring to a dream which is mentioned in this diary, February 8th. I had forgotten the dream which I had while in Europe in my visit of 1850-1851. When she spoke of it, I remembered it distinctly, and could see the picture of the two little girls in the boat, floating without anyone to help or guide them, which I saw in my dream, and which I probably told her of on my return.

Sunday, May 9.

Heard the dear minister with even more than common comfort and satisfaction. * * * The sermon so impressed me, and the service, that when the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee" was read to be sung, the "nearer" really appeared to me something definite, not a mere vague desire. The singing of the hymn brought back to me the picture of dear Julia's funeral -- the white form in the white coffin, the whiter soul departed. But the remembrance was tender not terrible.

Thursday, May 13.

With a long list of things to do in town. * * * Wrote first a long answer to a most silly article in the 'Tiser by a Remonstrant; corrected it carefully with Wilde, expunging every asparsity. Mem. The article, mine I mean, was written with great care. Prof. Noa dined and staid forever; entertaining but pedantic. He prodigiously admires Victor Hugo; cannot read Daudet (!).

Saturday, May 15.

Today bringing with it the last performance of Salvini with Edwin Booth, I being unwilling to go to the theatre on account of my recent mourning, wrote each of them a letter which I have copied at the end of this book. The reasons for this were personal. I am one of Mr. Booth's oldest and warmest friends, and I am cer-

tainly Salvini's oldest American admirer, having seen him play with Ristori in Rome in 1850 and 1851, and even in Milan in 1843, where, almost a boy, he played David to Modena's splendid Saul. So I had to write a sort of benediction to these men whom I have so often and so warmly applauded.

Dear Signor Salvini:

I cannot refrain from telling you how much it distresses me not to be able to enjoy the splendid performance which you are about to present with your friend Booth. This privation is due to the affliction which has befallen me in the death of a dearly beloved daughter who was born in Rome, in March of the year 1844, when you, yet a boy, but already distinguished by merit, were making your first appearances with the admirable Modena. Ah, let not this be the last visit to our country! If, however, it may be so, I pray you to remember sometimes the old acquaintance you have in America, who, with so many other faithful friends, and not the least so of them, preserves toward you a profound gratitude and a true and sincere esteem.

Saluting you from my heart, I remain always.

To Mr. Booth:

My dear Mr. Booth:

The desire which I had hoped for in seeing you appear with Signor Salvini, heightened in anticipation by my personal regard for both of you, has debarred me by the deep affliction which has fallen upon me in the death of my dear daughter, Julia, who you probably remember in her sweet, timid youth. I cannot go to the theatre, nor take any part in public occasions, yet I want to tell you how much I am interested in this conjunction of two great artists, and how the perfect success of your joint performance cheers the heart of your old friend in her chimney corner. You are much younger than I am, dear Mr. Booth, but you have seen many things in life brighten and fade. For true art and true friendship there is no decline. As you represent the first, let me claim, so far as you are concerned, to represent the second.

Yours always sincerely.

Sunday, May 16.

Heard the dear minister preach on "Sin, repentance and forgiveness in modern thought." A lovely discourse in which he considered first the true value of the old fashioned religious experience, and then how to preserve its value while entertaining the changed ideas of God, which are made inevitable by the development of modern thought. Copied some of Julia's verses for tomorrow. And dear Sarah (Clark's) letter of condolence.

Monday, May 17.

Spent some time in getting ready for the afternoon meeting of the N. E. W. C. destined for an "Immemorial" of my sweet eldest. Only for an occasion of solemn sympathy and comfort. The flowers were abundant and beautiful. Mrs. Cheney sat with me and helped me delightfully. In a little preface I alluded to the festival

of immortality held by the club at my suggestion, in my early days of widowhood. I read some bits in prose and verse from dear Julia's nachlass. Mrs. Cheney read two passages of poetry (one from Brown-ing) suggested by Anna Parsons. Eva Channing, some lovely paper translated from Dante's Convito; Mrs. Cheney a translated sonnett of Michael Angelo; Mrs. Sewall a lovely original poem; Mr. Dwight spoke delightfully; so did E. P. Peabody. It was really a festi-cal of love, hope and tender sorrow. Mr. Dwight said feelingly that anyone attending it must feel comforted and uplifted. D. G.

Thursday, May 20.

Attended the Hearing upon the changing the age of consent for girls to eighteen years. Morse (rising sun polish) managed the meeting; attendance very large; speaking, mostly excellent. Mrs. Livermore, J. F. Clark, Lillian Clark, W. I. Bowditch. In the afternoon having been urgently requested to say a few words, I went and did so; then to N. E. W. C. where T. W. Higginson was to speak to us critically of the suffrage movement. He seemed unwell and rather depressed; always majisterial. Want of judicial quality of mind on the part of women, too great impulsiveness, too jubilant a tone in our journal and Cora Scott Pond's circular. H. B. B. truckling to politicians, and the probable character for sexual morality especially of women voters and representatives. We lis-tened attentively but did not very much share his fears.

Friday, May 21.

Henry Williams came to talk with me about dear Julia, who was mostly educated at his school. We had a friendly talk about her school days, modern thought of religion, et cetera.

Thursday, May 27.

My birthday. 67 years old.

Mrs. Sunderland came out and we attended the blind exhibition both in the Institution and at the houses. At the latter they sang my "Song of Sixpence". In the evening read dear Julia's paper on the "Kindness of God to the blind people all", and par-took with those of the Inst. of a strawberry treat which I myself had furnished, having given the same also to the girls' houses. A little speechifying at the end; very pleasant.

Harry and Fanny came out to tea. Sister Annie sent me gift from California, my perennial slippers and precious photographs of two portraits, one of Uncle Sam, one of dear mother.

Saturday, May 29.

On foot early. To Light's to ask advice about investment. He said: "Build by all means"; concluded to do so. The anniversary meeting of the Woman's Club which was unusually harmonious and pleasant.

Sunday, May 30.

Staid at home to work with H. W. H. over books, distinguishing between his and mine. In the (f)afternoon to Church of the Disciples

where it was Memorial day in the Sunday School. Told the children about my writing of the Battle Hymn. Told them that the true glory of God which I saw there (or then) was not in the pomp and circumstance of war, not in military glory and victory, but in the rising up of the nation to stand up for the right and to die for it if need be. I told them that whenever they would stand up for the right in any struggle, contest or trial, they would see this glory.

Monday, May 31.

Hosmer took down "Little Boy Blue" and "Flibbertigibbet's Jig." He liked them both and especially praised the jig.

I knelt in my room to thank God for a victory known only to him and to me. May his seal preserve it!

Tuesday, June 1.

Wrote to Thomas T. Morris, Philadelphia, who wished to know whether in my opinion, Hawthorne in Miriam (marble faun) had meant in any degree to portray Margaret Fuller.

Annual exhibit of the blind pupils at Tremont Temple. S. Eliot presided charmingly. The valdicatorian, originally from Tewksbury Almshouse, (girl), made a brief address of great propriety and refinement of expression. Beacon Street could not have done the same thing in the same place better. In the evening had the teachers in. All came except Hosmer.

Wednesday, June 2.

In the afternoon with Greeley to meet Mrs. Gustafson, correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, to hear her version of Mr. Stead's much commented act. It was substantially as I myself had supposed the matter to be. His action, if intended for a corrupt and shameful purpose, would have incurred no censure. The girl on whom his experiment was made, was intended by her mother for prostitution. The examination was made by a woman expert, the girl being chloroformed. She was rescued from a prospective life of infamy and placed respectably. Outside the aristocratic circles, Mrs. G. said that Mr. Stead's course is considered heroic and has been all along. She and her husband are in appearance aesthetes. Her recital was clear and clever. The Bishop of London and Cardinal Manning were not allowed in the trial to testify to Mr. Stead's motives as fully stated to them by him. Imprisoned first as a criminal, he was very soon placed as a misdemeanant in a sort of House of Detention", where he lived in all comfort and conducted his paper.

Friday, June 4.

Had Laura Bridgman and the matron of her house to tea. Laura enjoyed herself very much, though at times mentioning dear Julia with feeling. I was so glad that I had invited her.

Saturday, June 5.

Miss Moulton had heard from a medium who seems to be a spontaneous one, that a spirit calling herself "Romana" sent her many messages. Among others, this one: "I am helping you more now than

I did when I was on earth." Neither Miss Moulton nor I are spiritualists. The message, however, seemed sweet to her, and to me suggested solemn thoughts.

Monday, June 14.

Wrote Mrs. Townsend of New Orleans; also Mrs. King and Mrs. Wolcott, sending her my "Call" for approval or criticism. It occurs to me that I must keep my hold on New Orleans by correspondence. Will presently make a list of the names of persons there who might cooperate with me in this way.

Wednesday, June 16.

Had a fatiguing day, having various points to reach; first, to repair yesterday's disorder occasioned by looking over old papers; second, to try on dress at Smith's; third, to get off for West Bridge-water. After ascertaining about trains yesterday, I suddenly forgot and directed my trunk to West Brookfield, a place nearly half way to New York, on Boston & Albany R. R. Came near losing my train through this mistake; fourth, commencement exercises solid but dull. They took so much time that I felt unwilling to detain the long suffering audience, and therefore somewhat abridged my address, which was well received; home by boat.

Thursday, June 17.

Very tired but managed to do my day's stint. Read book fifth of Plato's Republic, in which he treats of the position of women and children in the ideal state.

Sunday, June 20.

Wrote to Charlotte Whipple on the death of her husband, E. P. W., a man of brilliant gifts and most excellent disposition, obscured latterly by some habit of indulgence, drink or opium. He was always most friendly to me.

Thursday, June 24.

A strange dream of dear Julia. I thought her voice spoke clearly to someone out of the clock in her back parlor, which however appeared to be bright with silver. Hearing this, I came close to it and said: "Dearest Dudy, why can I not feel that you are near me?" "Because you do not care about it," was the reply. "Oh, yes, I do care about it, very much." Touching the clock I seemed to feel an electric shock very slightly.

Friday, June 25.

* * Dreamed that I held my sweet Julia in my arms, looking like herself in a black silk dress. I said to her: "Dear Dudy, I do miss you so much." This was all.

Wednesday, July 7.

Wrote a biographical sketch of Thomas Crawford for Appleton's Biographical Dictionary.

Wednesday, July 14.

I wrote a good deal on my Dante and Beatrice paper.

Thursday, July 15.

Worked at paper. Hosmer finished "The Roses." I asked him about the value of my compositions. He thought it mediocre. I fear, poor fellow, that he over estimates his own musical talent, for his pianoforte playing is of little account. He is, not the less, a man of merit. I know that my songs have little besides an individual interest; this, he a youth of twenty-four years would scarcely appreciate.

Friday, July 16.

Hosmer left. I am glad that Maud likes him. I said to her: "I think he has more sense than talent." "I fear so," said Maud. I said: "Sense is better than talent if we can have only one of the two things."

Saturday, July 17.

Dear Flossy came with nurse and children. I had rather dreaded this visitation, but feel now that I shall greatly enjoy it.

Monday, July 19.

Good little Howe-ty-towty

Finished her Dante jig.

It was a dreadful scramble !

She ran a rapid rig.

May 24.

Wrote letter to Mrs. V. C. Merwin: "When I say that my daughter was too good for even me to understand entirely, you will feel that her merit must have been great. I did indeed feel her great value to myself and others, but familiarity dulls the edge of observation, and I, who had had her from her cradle, scarcely thought of her as a wonder, which I now feel that she was. Such depth and disinterestedness of affection, such intellectual strength and grasp, and such childlike humility and ignorance of evil added to this radiant personal beauty, and on all this I have looked my last."

Tuesday, July 20.

To Concord by 4 P. M. from Fitchburg Depot. Left my glasses but fortunately was able to borrow a pair, which answered pretty well. Was much more nervous than usual about my lecture, which really sounded a great deal better than it had looked to me. It was wonderfully well received. The points I had wished taken up did not receive attention.

Wednesday, July 21.

Was astonished to hear of the report of my lecture which seems to have pleased uncommonly.

Wednesday, 28.

Left home for Concord 10:20 A. M. train. Found Mrs. Sanborn extremely tired. She had been disappointed of a help-woman and had much to do. Shackford's lecture on his Sophists was very good. Davidson paid little attention and then took him up on one or two points. He maintained that he had said substantially what Davidson said he ought to have said. He had indeed, as was shown by the clapping which followed this assertion of his.

Thursday, 29.

My lecture on the Place of Women in Plato's Republic at 9 A. M. I was glad of the work I had put into it, for it was warmly received. Miss Peabody had got it into her head to bring forward what Dr. Jones had formerly said, calling the Republic a myth or rather an allegory in which man stood for intellect, woman for sentiment, et cetera. Alger sustained her view and called her the prophetess of Concord, rather depreciating me in comparison. Harris and Emery stood by me and praised my essay warmly, as did Mrs. Cheney, who came on purpose to hear it, and who held the discussion.

Sunday, August 8.

Went to my service at 2 p. m. Sermon on Matthew, third and first: "Now came John the Baptist preaching, et cetera, repent et cetera." Drift of sermon as follows: John's character; his mission as forerunner of Christ. Repentance not a new idea, but only found in the older religions; Kingdom of Heaven not new either; found in the Jewish prophets and in Plato's Republic; a poet's vision, a philosopher's dream. Christ's repentance invites with a promise instead of driving with a threat; Christ's Kingdom of Heaven a reality.

Monday, August 9.

Answered Mrs. Ella Farnham Pratt's letter, editor of Wide Awake. She wishes me to write two papers for her magazine on "the ideals which exist for girls in standard literature." I wrote proposing papers on Shakespeare's Portia, Queen Katherine, Beatrice, Thackeray's Becky Sharp; as a bad ideal, Dicken's Mrs. Leo Hunter and Veneering.

Sunday, August 22.

Maud insisted upon my sailing today. I had rather have gone to church as I had intended. The sail was, however, very pleasant. Maud is boss of the yacht and we took with us Flossy, David and the four Hall children

August 23.

Started on our yacht voyage betimes. Two carriages held us and our traps. We took our parlor girl Mary, with us. I dreaded the sea going very much expecting to be very sea sick. We had a

fine start, intending to reach New London by nightfall and anchor there. At sunset the wind died down and presently a fog came up. We were almost becalmed in the very region crossed by the Sound steamers. It was very ghostly to sit on deck surrounded by the fog and hear the paddles of a steamer which might over-ride us and bring us death. Went below at 10:30 but did not sleep.

August 24.

The fog made me very wakeful. By and by I heard a voice call loudly "Luff". Supposed we had been passed by the steamer and that the order was given by our captain. At last I heard the rattling of the anchor chains and knew that we were in a place of safety. Found next day that the order to luff was shouted from a sailing ship with which we came near colliding in the fog. Reached New London Harbor today and anchored at a convenient distance from the shore. We visited the Pequot House where we met Dr. Appleton, son and grandson of William. He told us that Amos Lawrence was dead.

August 25.

I passed this day on board the yacht. Have brought my Greek books, the prayer book of my dear church, dear Julia's poems and some other things. Begun to read "Les Travailleurs des la mer" by Victor Hugo, and am reading in Xenophon's Hellenica the account of the thirty tyrants; Thrasybulus, the old fort we visited when in Athens.

Thursday, August 26.

Harry Richards joined us today, with his sweet daughter Alice. He can only go a little way with us; she will finish the voyage and visit us afterwards. At 2:30 p. m. we weigh anchor and started for Greenport, opposite Shelter Island, arriving at about 6:30 p. m. Shelter Island looks very attractive with its hotel surrounded by woods, but we are too late to visit it, and must start very early tomorrow to reach New Haven, where Harry Richards must take the train for Boston.

Friday, Aug. 27.

We sail all day and enjoy it much but our wind is light and variable. We have a second experience of calm and fog, not so bad as the first, but managed to reach New Haven light and anchor there.

* * * *

Tuesday, 31.

Had a fine run from New Haven to New London; a heavy rain set in soon after our arrival and made us very uncomfortable. The cabin was shut up close and dark for fear of injury to its brass and wood work. We all gathered at the foot of the cabin gangway where David read to us from De Long's Journal, about the sinking of the Jeanette in the ice. * * *

Wednesday, Sept. 1.

Had a quick, splendid run from New London to Newport, where we

arrived soon after 11 A. M. * * * * Everything seems a blank since our life on board the Aeolus.

Thursday, Sept. 2.

staring
A little better of my blankness today, but not quite well. Maud ill with severe headache. Found many papers sent me, one from Mrs. S. M. Perkins containing a vulgar letter from Mrs. Harriett Stanton Blatch, ridiculing the Concord School of Philosophy, characterizing Miss Elizabeth Peabody in her age and infirmity, and covertly abusing my lecture on Dante and Beatrice. This young woman is pretty and pretends to be aimable; she is a graduate of Vassar. Her diatribe is silly and shallow as well as insolent. * * *

Saturday, Sept. 4.

To board meeting of N. E. W. C. where I found S. M. Peabody and a faithful few. It was said that the members complained that so few took part in discussions. I suggested that for each discussion some four or five names should be obtained of persons desirous of taking part. This would correspond to the "Volunteers" called for in the Saturday Morning Club, a device which has worked well. Miss Peabody and I had a little private discussion afterwards. She thinks as I do that I ought to tell the inwardness of the New Orleans matter to a chosen few, officers of N. E. W. C. and of the Educational and Industrial Union. Took boat train down; very tired.

* * * *

Tuesday, Sept. 7.

To Newport with Maud. Visited the Bruen-Perkins house. Little Mary received me very sweetly and spoke of her father's death very composedly, saying that her mother is quite reconciled to it, thinking of his painless departure and lovely record and life. Saw the old lady (Mrs. Bruen) who is wonderfully clear and bright in her mind. She spoke mostly of her daughter's death which she called a "translation". She said that Mrs. P. and Mary were still stunned by the shock of Charles' death, and could not realize it.

Wednesday, 8.

* * * Worried a good deal over my paper to find a missing letter and finally my head gave out and I was for the rest of the day a "dead beat."

Monday, Sept. 13.

Lecture at So. Hanson, Mass. Polite Society. Miss Luther, niece of Miss Gurney, came to meet me. Mr. Howland, egg merchant, took me to his house in his carriage, with a frisky horse, which tore along the road like mad. Mrs. Howland received me kindly. We had tea; I smoothed up a little and went to the Baptist Church which had been lent us for the lecture; a very good audience as to numbers; very good as to quality; sweet music and many flowers.

Tuesday, Sept. 14.

Miss Gurney was ill and could not attend my lecture. I went with Mrs. Howland to visit her. Found her in bed, a head of the sweet pure New England type, a weak body broken down prematurely by laborious teaching of music; a strong spirit. She has shown considerable energy in getting me to come here on her terms.

* * *

Wednesday, 15.

very tired from my journey. * * * Got out my parlor Macbeth and read it over, Maud wishing me to read it in the evening. To tea, Mrs. Sandford, Miss Genevieve Ward, Mr. Vernon, Miss Newton. I received them in the green parlor which Maud and Hosmer had arranged with rugs and cushions. Began my reading then and finished it after tea. Mr. Vernon recited: "The Life Boat." * * *

Sunday, Sept. 19.

* * * A Mrs. Collins, Proprietor of the Merrimac Journal, offers in a letter to my dear Laura, to collect individual information in New Hampshire for me. I have answered her letter accepting with thanks, and stating my plan of an industrial circle in each state, a woman's industrial convention hereafter, and three points, viz: To improve the relation between supply and demand; to find out and make evident what work will pay and what will not; third, to find out where the industrial instruction is most needed and how to supply it.

* * *

Wednesday, Sept. 29.

Wrote to ask Mrs. Gifford, a Quaker preacher, about raising money here to have Mrs. Haggart come and speak. Wrote on my address Was out in the grounds seeing that Barney did some work. Saw John Cogshell, ordered my border spaded over, and urged him to get my wall repaired. Maud came. One of her letters was from Daisy Terry announcing her engagement to Winthrop Chanler.

Thursday, Oct. 7.

Woman's Suffrage Convention at Providence. I promised to speak there.

note to
I did go; read a few pages which I had written. Spoke of the divine right, not of kings or people, but of righteousness. Spoke of ~~an~~ article in North American Review. It had been reported that I declined to answer it. I said: "You cannot mend a stocking which is all holes. If you hold it up it will fall to pieces of itself."

In the afternoon spoke about the Marthas, male and female, who see only the trouble and inconvenience of reform; of Marys who rely upon principles.

Sunday. Oct. 10.

A day of dreadful hurry preparing to go West and also to shut

up this house. Had to work tight every minute, having been sorely hindered by my late expedition to Providence and Fall River. Took 10 P. M. boat for New York. Cleveland, Doctor and Annie on board.

Monday, Oct. 11.

Cleveland most kind. He took me and my heavy bag to the Erie Depot where I engaged a sleeping berth. Got a possible breakfast at, I think, 64 Murray Street. Went to David's office and found that Flossy was at home. Went out to spend as much of the day as I could. * * * Had a glimpse of Sam, and arrived just as my train was leaving. He lifted his cap rather elegantly.

Tuesday, Oct. 12.

Dunkirk. Lecture: Reminiscences of Longfellow and Emerson. No one must know that I got off at the wrong station -- Perrysburg, a forlorn hamlet. No train that would bring me to Dunkirk before 6:30 P. M. Ought to have arrived at 1:30. Went to the "hotel", persuaded the landlord to lend his buggy and a kindly old fellow to harness his horses to it, and drove twenty miles or more over the mountains, reaching Dunkirk by 5:10 P. M. When the buggy was brought to the door of the hotel, I said: "How am I to get in?" "Take it slow and learn to peddle," said my old driver. Presently he said: "I guess you ain't so old as I be." I replied: "I am pretty well on towards seventy." "Well, I am five years beyond", said he. He drives an accomodation wagon between Perrysburg and Versailles, a small town where a man once wanted to set up a mill and to buy land and water power, and they wouldn't sell either. Whereupon, he went to Onwanda and made the place. "Guess they'd have done better to gin him the land and water, and to set up his mill for him," said my man Hinds.

Thursday, Oct. 14.

Journey to Cleveland very tiresome. Arrived between one and two, P. M. Mrs. Perkins met me with Mrs. Wade at whose house I was to stay. A fine carriage in waiting. Was kindly welcomed and driven to a fine, spacious house. * * * Was well treated; well paid, and well reported.

Friday, Oct. 15.

Left by 6:45 train for Columbus. Dr. Townsend was waiting for me with a carriage. * * Then Mrs. Rainbow's variety store, her good, kind face, et cetera. Gave my "Polite Society" at the University. It was very well received. An informal reception afterwards in the President's rooms.

Saturday, Oct. 16.

* * * Took train for Louisville about 4 P. M.
Query: Is this the A. A. W. Congress?

Sunday, Oct. 17.

Rather at a loss; Louisville Hotel. They gave me a very bad room, but changed it afterwards for a very good one. Went to see

up this house. Had to work tight every minute, having been sorely hindered by my late expedition to Providence and Fall River. Took 10 P. M. boat for New York. Cleveland, Doctor and Annie on board.

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Mrs. Goddard, a brisk, kindly little woman. * * Very tired. 356.

Monday, Oct. 18.

Went in the morning with Miss Danforth to call on Mrs. Brower and interest her in our Congress. Found her a very pleasant, intelligent woman. Invited her to go with me to see the exposition and take tea with me at the hotel, which she did. The exposition was interesting but not very extensive. * * The feeble minded school made a good exhibit -- a neat little cottage and furniture all made by the pupils. * * * Douglass Shirley bounced in upon us, insisting that I should come to his house tomorrow.

Tuesday, 19.

With Miss Danforth to visit the blind school. A pleasant building, beautifully situated. Musical performance only pretty good. A youth with a sweet imploring face, nearly blind, entered as sixteen years of age and sprouting with a manly beard. They talked of sending him away on account of supposed deception as to his age. I quoted to them a youth in New Orleans similarly precocious. Our ladies arrived in the hotel in the afternoon. I went to D. Shirley's house to dine and stay. Conference in the evening quite harmonious.

Thursday, 21.

Went to visit the colored people's college. Made them a brief address.. A very refined feminine looking Mulatto youth was introduced to me as Greek professor. Busy all day and evening with Congress. The Industrial Symposium was very lively, a number taking part. At evening session of Congress I read my paper on Marriage and Divorce.

Friday, 22.

A lady called to consult me about the education of a blind and deaf child, a girl. I promised to speak to Aganos about the case. Busy all day with Congress. Suffrage Symposium in the afternoon; not quite so good as the symposium of yesterday.

Evening meeting, thanks to the President and people of Louisville. D. Shirley had a reception for me, quite a brilliant affair. The house looked beautifully. The quaint dining-room was hung with clusters of grapes, bunches of bananas, et cetera. He was a delightful host. I gave him my little sapphire pin.

Saturday, 23.

* * * at 12:30 a party of us started to visit the Mammoth Cave. Took train to Cave City and there took an old fashioned stage; scenery mountainous and fine.

Sunday, 24.

It was dark long before we reached the Cave Hotel, and a torch placed beneath the stage threw a weird red light upon our way. Arriving, I had Mrs. Cheney for my room companion. We struggled with an uneatable repast, donned short costumes hired for the occasion, and entered the cave at 8 p. m. We made the short tour

which is seven miles of continuous walking with some rather bad ascents of stair cases. I never could have got through without a stick and the kind help of a merry Bostonian named Patch. As it was, I suffered dreadful fatigue. The cave is wonderful but scarcely enjoyable. The guide Nicholas, colored man, made endless puns, probably prepared for him. Reached Louisville Sunday, perhaps at 8 p. m. Packed.

Monday, 25.

Left the hospitable Shirley mansion in time for the 8 something morning train. Air line. A desolate day's travel through a region newly opened to travel, showing numerous towns of the smallest dimensions, embryo towns; with a drug store and grocery and a hotel, very small. In one place an unpainted weather stained structure of one story had an immense "millinery" sign at which some of us laughed. No pullman. A party of three stood out so from the rest that I kept wondering what "sort" they could be, and at last recognized them as English; the lady, tall, well dressed, haughty in aspect; one of the gentlemen appeared heavy and good natured. He might be an Earl in a slouched hat; the other rather bright-looking. We had a hateful dinner.

Tuesday, 26.

Woman's Suffrage Convention, Topeka, Kansas. In the sleeper at St. Louis Met W. D. Foulke bound for the Convention. He was very helpful and companionable and we reached Topeka at about noon. Went to Fifth Avenue Hotel which I found impossible. Went straight to a lunch prepared for the suffragists by the ladies of the Woman's Suffrage Association here. Felt very unwell. Prepared my reply to the welcome to be given us at the evening meeting by Mr. Hudson, editor of the Daily Capital. * *

Wednesday 27.

Awoke feeling very unwell. Went to Mrs. Hudson's to dine and to stay. A kind sweet woman with a very good head. Went to afternoon meeting and slept a good deal, being weary beyond words. Did not attend evening meeting. Went to bed early and had a much needed rest.

Thursday, 28.

Went as per agreement to Washburn College, the President sending for me. Had a pleasant visit, attended chapel where my Battle Hymn was sung by a quartette and chorus. Music mistress a pupil of Boston Conservatory. Made a little speech in which spoke of my Greek as my diamond necklace. Much pleased the Greek professor, a very young man. The President is a McVickar. Attended all of the suffrage meetings and read at evening meeting so much of my Plato lecture as relates to the Political functions of women. This day I feel myself recovered from my Mammoth Cave expedition.

Friday, 29.

The kind Hudsons took me to the depot where I took the train

for Junction City, a journey of some two hours. Arriving was met by a deputation of clubbists, and conveyed by carriage to the club parlor where tea was given me, and where I gave some account of the N. E. W. C. Miss Davidson gave me a very affectionate welcome and insisted upon entertaining me at the hotel where she resides. Mr. Gill wanted me to stay with her. Finally I went out with Mrs. Gil to her ranch, promising to go to the hotel after my lecture and to pass the night there.

* * * *

Saturday, 30. Returned to Topeka.

Monday, Nov. 1.

Visited the Home for the Friendless with Mrs. Hudson; she its President. Found a nice matron in charge; a poor consumptive among the inmates. Went in and spoke a few words of comfort to her, and thought this might be my last speaking at Topeka after all. I insisted upon passing the night at the hotel so as not to disturb the Hudsons' house with my early departure.

Tuesday, Nov. 2.

Left by 7 A. M. teaching Lawrence. Kansas by 8. Chancellor Lippincott of the University of Lawrence had been introduced to me at the hotel in Topeka, and went up to Lawrence with me. On arriving he took a carriage and took me to find Raymond, husband of Abby Noyes, that was, with whom I appointed to meet his wife at the hotel. Stopped to get Marie Bigelow Marsh and take her to the University where I saw the professors, talked with the Greek Professor Postlethwaite and with Natural History Professor Snow. Saw alive rattle snake and heard it. Snow has a fine collection of animals.

Wednesday, Nov. 3.

Left Lawrence by afternoon train for Kansas City, and thence for Richmond, Indiana. A somewhat tedious journey. Reached my destination at 7:30 of thereabouts. No Foulke to meet me. Went to the hotel where passed the night.

Thursday, Nov. 4.

Mr. Foulke came for me betimes in his carriage and drove me to his lovely mansion. * * His wife, of Quaker extraction, Orthodox, an interesting woman, refined, intelligent and kind. As we drove up he said: "See, there is a baby at each window."

Monday, Nov. 8.

Home from my long and fatiguing journey. God be thanked! So long a tour, without let or hindrance of a serious nature is a thing to be thankful for. All has turned out otherwise than I have expected in the winter's plans. Maud will go to Europe with W. Chanler to attend his marriage with Daisy Terry -- a good deal on account of her health. Could I have foreseen this, I would not have opened my house. May good come of all of it.

Tuesday, Nov. 9.

Change of plans; Maud will not go. I am greatly relieved, for while the prospect seemed dreary for me at home, the fatigue, exposure and risk seemed even much worse for her.

(In these days J. W. H. wrote endless letters, asking for contributions and help for her Bazaar Journal).

Saturday, Nov. 20.

A strange melancholy or rather desultude; cannot settle well to any work, either reading or writing. * * Enjoyed Symphony Concert very much.

Sunday, Nov. 21.

A delightful sermon from the dear minister on the "Impulse of the moment." The importance of knowing how to avail one's self of and follow it when good; importance also of systematic thought and study; our sudden impulses after all come out of our underlying character. If we seek and cultivate the good influence, our impulses will mostly be good; if the evil ones, they will be evil.

Thursday, Nov. 25.

Piano came; so did our old clock repaired. So did Major Hotchkiss, once a Confederate officer; lives in Stanton, Va. * * Walking in Commonwealth Avenue, looked at the statue of William Lloyd Garrison, and wrote some indifferently bad lines about it. Clearly my days of verse are over.

Friday, Nov. 26.

Saw my sweet Julia in a dream last night. She seemed to come into the room with her bonnet on, bright and fresh and joyous as she usually was. I held her in my arms and found that she was really in the body. I said: "Oh, darling, why don't you come oftener?" * * * Had a good moment in prayer this morning. The vision of my darling seemed to help me to think. It really seemed like communion of spiritual things; often it does not.

Thursday, Dec. 2.

Consulted Dr. Williams, oculist. Alas, the spot which I saw with my left eye and which I took for a temporary affection, is a permanent though unimportant injury of the vitreous part of the organ, produced, the Doctor thought, by over exertion in speaking to an audience. He called it a warning not to be too frisky. * *

Sunday, December 5.

Heard the dear minister with joy, despite a very severe snow storm. Wrote some lines inspired by his sermon, on truth. Translated a few lines of chorus from the "Birds" of Aristophanes.

Tuesday, Dec. 7.

Talked to mothers at 74 Boylston Street, The Union. Theme: How to idolize our children without making them idols to themselves.

Saturday, Dec. 11.

To Saturday Morning Club. Discussion: "Is the critical or the uncritical habit of thought best?" On the whole very good. Discrimination was made between criticism and sensoriousness. I, being appealed to, brought up the Greek word from which "criticism" is derived, which means judgment, or the verb, to judge, with several minor meanings. A plea was put in for the passive receipt of doctrine by young people without affecting to them any opinion concerning the matter presented to them. I spoke against this as opposed to the legitimate exercise and development of human intelligence. I also proposed a "critical picnic" which suggestion was liked.

Sunday, Dec. 12.

Heard the dear minister on Faith. Text: "From Faith to Faith," a very spiritual and inspiring sermon. Having long been shabbily dressed, more through inattention than economy, I came out today in my new Hovey over-garment and a brand new bonnet. Wrote some verses on Garrison's statue in Commonwealth Avenue, better than those I wrote on Thanksgiving day. This last began: "I see thee sitting," et cetera.

Monday, Dec. 13.

To Park Street to meet Eva Channing and Miss Molioux. In the evening attended the opening of the Woman's Suffrage Bazaar. Gen. Walker, Mr. Dwight and Mrs. Gardner to play whist.

Wednesday, 15.

A busy day. To the Bazaar in the morning. * * In the evening I went to the Bazaar, having been requested to recite my Garrison poem, which I did, having with some pains committed it to memory. * * * Lucy Stone thanked me warmly for the poem.

Sunday, Dec. 19.

The Lancians to lunch with the Shaws. Went in the forenoon to get some salad oil from Parkers, this having been forgotten. Having procured and despatched it, went to Kings Chapel, where enjoyed a part of the service very much. It was a labral (?) cordial to my weary, fretted heart. The lunch was very cordial and pleasant. In the evening heard the last of Brooke Herford's historical discourses on Ireland. Very interesting and solid.

Monday, Dec. 20.

I had staid in order to attend the Club tea, but a telegram from David alarmed me so much about Flossy that I could not go. Worked all day to get ready to leave home. Took 10:30 p. m. train.

from Boston & Albany.

Tuesday, 21.

Arrived safely after a comfortable night in the sleeper. Breakfast at Grand Union where met H. W. Beecher. He asked what ----- was doing, and I related to him some of his meanesses toward me. I said: "If I were a man I would give him a licking, and I think I could." Beecher laughed heartily at this and said: "There is no mark of age about you." * * *

Friday, Dec. 24.

The nurse came out with David, a pleasant looking, quiet person who seems to understand her business. Great excitement among the children about Christmas presents. David and I sat up, opening all the parcels, he carrying them into the parlor. Many things had been sent. Susan, the cook, vexed us by sitting up very late, making much noise in the kitchen, we fearing that she would disturb poor Flossy.

Saturday, Dec. 25.

The children were up early. The women came back from church late; got breakfast perhaps at 9:30 A. M. The Coles doctors came and visited Flossy. The elder had a long talk with me about various literary and other matters. David and I went out to walk with the children. Flossy sat up in bed to eat her Christmas dinner and had some turkey and cranberry sauce. She really seems much better the new nurse managing her very nicely.

Sunday, 26.

Took the children to morning church. Returning found Flossy in the deck chair. She soon became dreadfully tired and did not seem as well after it. She ate a little roast beef for dinner which perhaps added to her fever. I sat up until nearly 2 A. M. and was up again by 6.

Monday, Dec. 27.

A bad day with Flossy; temperature higher, fever more constant. David brought home the news of Senator Logan's death from rheumatism attacking the brain. This is what we have feared for Flossy. All day was a very distressing one to me. I sat much of the time beside Flossy with a strange feeling that I could keep her alive by some effort of my will. I seemed to contend with God, saying: "I gave up Julia but I cannot give up Flossy; she has children." She had a very disturbed night but took 25 drops of McMunn with ten of wine of colchicum. She had a good sleep after this.

Tuesday, Dec. 28.

Most of the day with dear Flossy who seems a little better. I sat up with her until 1:30 A. M. and made a great effort of will

to put her to sleep. I succeeded. She slept well for more than an hour, and slept again for a good while without any narcotic.

Thursday, Dec. 30.

A good night's sleep refreshed me greatly; the first I have had in some time. Mrs. Peckham took Carrie and Jack to stay with her, very kindly, and to the great quietude of the house.

Friday, Dec. 31.

Flossy slept delightfully last night and so did I. A storm has kept me within doors all day. * *

Last entry for this year. God bless all my dear people, sisters, children, grandchildren and cousins. God grant me also to serve while I live and not to fail in the high and holy life. Amen.

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January 1.

With dear Flossy.

Thursday, Jan. 6.

Date of a pleasant letter asking my autograph from Alice H. Burt, a teacher at the Bryant School, Plainfield, N. J. I make a note of it, thinking I may be able to help her to make some acquaintance there or in Scotchplains.

Thursday, Jan. 13.

Last hours with dear Flossy. * * * Parted from my dearest child and her children with real regret; very thankful, however, for her greatly improved condition. Went to see Richard Derby. He carefully examined both eyes, found the right one astigmatic; found no speck in left eye. Thinks that the eyes suffered a molecular alteration at Topeka, but that it has left no trace. *

Sunday, Jan. 16.

Heard the dear minister with joy. His prayer (for the rest of God's peace) was surpassingly tender and sweet. I feel that his physical strength diminishes, but hope that he may yet live good years.

Wednesday, Jan. 26.

Wrote something to say or read tonight at the Woman's Suffrage Convention. This occupied all the studious portion of the day, in which I visited the Suffrage Convention thrice, the third time to remain and read what I had written. * * *

January 27.

Chose a text for my April Sermon: Psalms 97; second verse.

Friday, Jan. 28.

Woke with a racking headache. Contrived to go out, try on my dress, write one or two letters, and read a lecture in the evening before the young people's club of our church. The headache left me suddenly at about 6:30 p. m. but left a sense of weakness.

Wednesday, Feb. 2.

At waking tried to make some verses for one of the songs to be sung at dear Maud's wedding.

Thursday, Feb. 3.

Finished the verses for the bridal song. Took 3 p. m. train for Manchester, N. H. to deliver my Dante lecture. * * * I had an excellent audience, both as to numbers and character, though the evening was unpleasant.

Monday, Feb. 7.

My dearest Maud's wedding day. She passed most of the day in my room and on my bed. I took a carriage and went with Greeley to Gaut's to buy rolls; to Brigham's for more of them; to Boylston market; to Melvin and Badger's to buy Maud a sponge; then back home where had endless interruptions. Cousin Mary came to tell me of Aunt Maria's death. She was the last of the immediate circle of my father's time. Had known my mother and told me once how my father asked her to come and look at his dear little girl, when the sweet young wife was lying dead and cold in the house.

The day passed like a dream of good and bad, but only a dream. Flowers poured in upon us, costly and beautiful ones; wedding gift up to the last moment. Mary (Charles) Perkins brought a kind note and gift from her mother; J. A. Morris, his wife and Belle sent a very costly coffee service with some beautiful spoons; Monty Ward was very kind and helpful; the company were very punctual. At 8:45, or a little later, Harry, F. Jackson, J. P. Putnam and Willis Blake sang "Integer vitae" with words written for the occasion by J. S. Dwight. After the first strophe, the bamboo veil parted, Rose Richards and Carrie Hall holding it back on each side, and Maud in queenly loveliness stepped forth, taking Eliot's arm and walked toward the bower of palms and laurels arranged by Mrs. Gardner and Jack Eliot, where the dear minister waited for them. Jack responded "I will" very clearly. Maud's face was glorified with a new tenderness and calm of expression. Many said that she had never looked so lovely as at that moment. Congratulations followed; then the Olga waltz in which Harry's voice excelled the others, we thought. Supper was a little late; the quartette sang again and Maud and Jack marched down to supper, while they were singing, the company following. The supper was very gay; Maud cut the cake; the health of bride and groom was drunk. Maud had devised some lovely baskets with ribbons to be given to the ladies, each with a slice of plump cake. We began to distribute these. Presently the bride disappeared and we went into the parlors, but a number staid below to throw rice and the shoe. At last she ran very quickly down the stairs followed by Jack. Then there was some dancing -- there had been some before supper --. After supper Mott Francis, a little wild with fun and champagne, danced and carried on like a boy.

Wednesday, Feb. 9.

Dear Maud first sent me a letter and then came to see us, looking very bright and happy.

Monday, Feb. 14.

A sick day for me. I passed a restless night and rose with an over-powering sense of dizziness and total want of strength. Took a little tonic and a cup of tea and passed the forenoon in bed. I was severely chilled all Sunday.

Sunday, Feb. 20.

Felt that I must stay at home to rest before the work of this very busy week.

Tuesday, Feb. 22.

Have had two ideas of matter for next Congress, one: "Strike as they appear to the wives of working men," and a Report from the Woman's Press Association.

Thursday, Feb. 24.

Dinner with Mrs. Thayer this day instead of yesterday on account of Ash Wednesday. A pleasant occasion at which someone mentioned a sermon on crime lately preached by Phillips Brooks' assistant, Allen, in which he made some extraordinary assertions about the comparative ratio of crime in this country and in England he said that there had never been any associations in aid of discharged convicts in this country, whereas dear S. G. H. was President of one for many years.

Saturday, Feb. 26.

Have written B. Lockwood for law statistics regarding women; M. H. Graves for the same regarding the ministry. Questions for the first: What women practice law in the United States? Where? What branches? Are they graduates of colleges, law schools, or of both?

For the second: What women are engaged in the ministry in the United States? In what denominations? As settled pastors? As missionaries? As evangelists? Where are they at work? Longest and shortest period of their work in that profession. Are most of them graduates of colleges or divinity schools? What colleges afford women facilities for theological studies?

Tuesday, Mar. 1.

Legislative hearing on petition for matrons at a limited number of police stations, those in which women are oftenest brought.

Sunday, Mar. 6.

10 West 10th Street; evening, 148 West 46th Street. Bad supper on the B & A railroad; smelling like an ill-aired stable. A comfortless arrival (in New York); gave my trunk to expressman and took cars to Mrs. Oakley's in a dismal ~~drizzling~~ drizzle, without umbrella. Was sorry I had not taken a carriage for appearance as well as for comfort. My hosts, however, received me as well as if I had come in all state. Wrote somewhat on my article for the Chatauquan. To Mrs. Croly's in the evening, where met the usual Croly circle, quite various and pleasant.

Monday, March 14.

Worked hard to finish my paper on Women in the three professions, law, medicine and theology for the Chatauquan. Mailed the manuscript before 6 p. m. Very tired afterwards.

Thursday, 24.

Spoke for Woman's Suffrage in Providence, R. I. Tea with Miss Eddy. Went down with severe catarrhal headache. Did pretty well in my speech, the excitement conquering the pain. Spoke an

hour.

Friday, Mar. 25.

Spoke at Newport Opera House with Mrs. Livermore who said: "I did not know Mrs. Howe could speak so well." I think that I did better than I often do. The fact was that I made a more persistent effort than usual, knowing that a good deal would be expected of me.

Saturday, 26.

Got home in time to take my children to see "The Rat Catcher."

Thursday, Mar. 31.

The Authors reading in aid of the Longfellow Memorial at Boston Museum. My part in it was to recite "Our Orders" and the Battle Hymn, with my lines to Longfellow recently composed. It was an interesting meeting to all. To me, an encounter with two literary men, Lowell and Norton, against whom I have long felt an unkindness for the disrespect with which they treated or allowed to be treated my "Later Lyrics" in the North American Review. Lowell has never had any opinion of women as poets; he once told me so. I felt before hand, that the mature age of all three of us, and still more the memory of our beloved friend, ought to make this meeting a kind one and so it was. I wore my velvet gown, my mother's lace, Uncle Sam's "saint esprit", and did my best as did all the others, Lowell making, as I thought, the least effort to reach the heart of the public.

Tuesday, Apr. 5.

A busy day. To Providence by 5:10 p. m. train to speak at Low's Opera House for suffrage, before tomorrow's election, in which Woman Suffrage will be submitted to the vote of the people. Hinkley requested me to preside which I did albeit without preparation. I made the following points. Woman Suffrage represents individual right, integral humanity, ideal justice. I spoke of the attitude and action of Minerva in the "Eumenides"; her resistance to the Furies, whom I said personified popular passion fortified by ancient tradition; her firm stand for a just trial and her casting the decisive ballot. I hoped that this would prefigure a great life drama in which this gracious prophecy would be realized. H. B. B. Mrs. Wallace of Indiana, Rev. T. R. Shreve and Col. Wyman all did well in various ways; the house was crowded the meeting a complete success.

Wednesday, Apr. 6.

A good talk with Miss Eddy with whom I devised a correspondence and circulars to obtain information concerning art clubs throughout the country. I am to draft the circular. Home by 10:50 train. Found my dear ones well.

Thursday, April 7.

Cold so bad that went to see William Wesselhoeft and got medicine. To hear Mohini on "Human Brotherhood" at Hale's Church. Hale, his assistant and Mohini made a very interesting tableaux in the pulpit. The discourse was rather subtle in argument, excellent in spirit and quite philosophical. Human Brotherhood, he said, must not insist upon crushing the human race beneath the roller of uniformity; the sentiment must start, not from self but from self sacrifice. This will bring us in view of our true self. A criminal must not be punished in order to take something away from him. We want, on the contrary, to give him something that he has not, the knowledge of his true self.

Monday, April 11.

To Providence; invited to attend supper of Unitarian Club and make an address. The key note to this was given me yesterday by the sight of the people who thronged the popular churches, attracted, in a great measure no doubt, by the Easter decorations and music. I thought: "what a pity that everybody cannot hear Phillips Brooks." I also thought: "they can all hear the lesson of heavenly truth in the great Church of All Souls and of All Saints; there is room enough and to spare."

Arriving at Providence I met young Stopford Brooke with whom I went to Mr. Weeden's where both of us were quartered. The meeting seemed to me very pleasant. * * *

Wednesday, Apr. 13.

In the evening with Greeley to see Riddle, in Edgar Fawcett's play: "The Earle." The audience was evidently an invited one and was of a very ~~mocky~~ character. I went, determined to see how bad the play was; to my surprise I found it very good, and the acting ditto. Determined to do what I could to help it.

Thursday, Apr. 14.

Sat down at 9 A. M. and wrote a praiseful and sincere notice of last night's entertainment; flew with it to the Transcript office and climbed three weary flights of stairs to Clement's office. He read and accepted it, making some small omissions to which I entirely agreed. Dined with Harry and Fanny and took H. to see the beautiful dancing at the Kermess.

Saturday, Apr. 16.

Worked a good deal on poem for the opening of the blind kindergarten.

Sunday, Apr. 17.

Busy all the morning preparing my sermon for the Women's Union this afternoon. Text: Psalms 97; verse, 2nd. Subject: Contradictory aspects of religious thought, diversities of intellectual appreciation, unity of moral sentiment. Was, as usual, at this service, disappointed in the discussion. Mrs. Bucher (?) who spoke first was vehement in expressing her own convictions which were right enough, but did not take up the thread of my reasoning. Still less did Mrs. D. do this. She has spoiled her

voice by straining it. Her mind, however, was receptive. She dogmatized, a good deal, not very clearly. If my discourse could have done any good, the discussion was calculated to undo it. Dr. Anderson, the former missionary, spoke little but more to the purpose, and so did a strange lady who pleaded timidly and want of habit of speaking, but who did not need these excuses.

Tuesday, 19.

Dedication of blind kindergarten. I worked at my poem until the last moment and even changed it from the manuscript as I recited it. The occasion was most interesting. Sam Eliot presided and made a fine opening address in which he spoke beautifully of dear Julia and her service to the blind; also of her father. Michael put me at one end of the hall where I was joined by Drs. Peabody and Bartol, Brooke Herford and Phillips Brooks. They all spoke delightfully and were delightful to be with. I recited my poem as well as I could. I think it was well liked and I was glad of the work I bestowed on it.

Saturday, 23.

The anniversary of my marriage forty-four years ago. May God forgive its short comings on my part,

Sunday, May 1.

Sermon (no text) at Parker Fraternity on the "Ignorant classes

Monday, May 16.

Have been so over-busy and tired latterly as entirely to neglect this useful book. Will now try to note down items likely to be needed. * * * Worked over Harry's manuscript.

Club tea; I was not over-bright. Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes was our guest. She gave us some amusing stories of Dakota life. Literary societies are numerous in the state; meetings in school houses; 4000 school houses in the state; she thinks 3000 literary societies. In a meeting which she described, the theme of discussion was the money loan system in Dakota and the mischief it is causing; greater, perhaps, than those caused by whiskey. I had a flash of two; the state of Karma (Calmar), orchestral conversation and solo speaking.

Thursday, 17.

* * * Left cards for self, Maud and Jack at the Governor's. Went to Jamaica Plain to call upon the dear minister. Found him better than I had hoped, quite himself, only thin and weak. Took him a few flowers; carnations, mignonettes and lillies of the valley, as I told him "the brilliant, the sweet and the humble." All of them he has always appreciated.

Wednesday, 18.

Corrected revise of Beecher poem.

Thursday, May 19.

Heard W. R. Alger's paper on the "Blessed Life"; very spiritual and in a way edifying, but marred by what I should call "mixed metaphysic." One goes beyond his paper to feel a deep sympathy with him, a man of intense intellectual impulse in following which he undergoes a sort of martyrdom, while yet he does not seem to me to hit the plain, practical truth as much as one might wish. He is an estray between Western and Eastern thought, inclining a good deal though not exclusively, to the latter.

Saturday, May 21.

Board meeting of N. E. W. C. specially called to decide finally upon the leasing and disposition of our house, 5 Park Street. Sally Joy White called afterwards and I had a good talk with her. N. E. Woman's Press Association are about to organize a Bureau, to which journalists and others seeking for some special literary or common press work from women, may apply. Such work S. J. W. says is now got and given hap-hazard, at the pleasure of editors. She thinks that the National Woman's Press Association has broken up into local associations, the Illinois, the Southern, et cetera. She promises to attend the Congress and to renew membership in A. A. and will give me some facts for a report on journalism.

Sunday, May 22.

To our dear Church where Mangaserean of Philadelphia preached on the Lord's Prayer, of which he gave a very eloquent and detailed exposition. His tone was a little critical and assuming (?) as he pronounced this the highest effort of the religious genius of Christ, and placed it above all his other utterances. To me it appears to be on the same high level with the rest, but not superior to it. I should say that Christ seems never to have dipped below this level, but was always equal to himself. Mr. M. read no bible lesson but was devout in prayer, omitted the silent prayer after sermon, but gave the benediction.

Monday, May 23.

Suffrage festival in the evening. At 12 M. breakfasted with Mrs. Walker; met the ladies of the Economic and Historical Societies. Some talk with Mrs. Helen Campbell; also with Miss Hersey, a Vassar graduate, who now has a school in Boston. The festival was at the Van Dome and was dreadfully crowded and uncomfortable. Mrs. Livermore seemed disposed to relieve me of the task of presiding, which indeed the general noise and confusion made no easy task. She ordered silence and commented somewhat harshly upon the crowd and inconvenience of the occasion. When she had left us, I told about Sydney Smith and the London routs, and said that our reception was a rout, and as such, a great success. This put the people in good humor and we ended better than we began.

Friday, May 27.

Sixty-eight years old today. At home much of the day; Mary

Graves working for me, sorting the dreadful disorder of my papers * * Michael and William Parks to dinner. In the evening came Hall McAllister, with the lovely genial gift of his grandmother and Uncle Sam and raised us all to a level of hilarity. Ellen Bancroft came in and we played Muggins. Dwight and Harry also coming in. They also played a game called Nig, which was rather amusing. My ice cream was rather thrown away, only Hall staying to have some. A sudden shower hurried the others off. I have no presentiments to reflect upon the great uncertainty of the duration of life, very palpable at this age.

Saturday, May 28.

A splendid annual meeting of N. E. W. C. Report mostly very full, erring rather that way, but mostly interesting. I invited Mrs. Helen Campbell, Mary Graves, Sarah Eddy to luncheon. Mrs. Livermore came in high good humor and spirits. I told the legend of the ass, as I had imagined it. * * * Mrs. Livermore was very friendly to me and said many kind things.

Sunday, 29.

Worked most of the morning at my papers, trying to find the report of last year's ministers meeting which could not find. In afternoon to Church of the Disciples where Mary Graves met me as per appointment. We sat together at communion. The dear minister did come although the day was not pleasant. When he entered, bringing with him the four lovely little children who were to be baptised, the sight was indescribably beautiful and pathetic, and moved me to copious tears, a thing now unusual for me. The dear minister baptized the children and sat at the communion table. Rev. Charles G. Ames of Philadelphia, performing the vocal part of the service. Afterwards we all shook hands with our beloved one. I had prayed in the morning for "a true casting down, a true uplifting and moment of true prayer". I think I have them.

Monday, May 30.

Meeting of Women preachers. * * * Rev. Charles Ames was with us and was delightful. Proposed to omit fee, money not being needed at present, and a dollar standing in the way of our increase of membership. A delightful meeting. Mary Graves helped me very much.

Thursday, June 2.

Women's Peace Meeting, 5 Park Street 10:30 A. M. Rooms charmingly dressed with flowers and green boughs. A pouring rain. Three reporters, one a young woman the same who reported the annual meeting of the N. E. W. C. this year. We opened with a hymn "Love Divine" et cetera; then prayer by Mrs. Bruce; scripture selections read by M. H. Graves. I made a brief address, going back to my first vision of what women can and should do for peace. Mrs. Sewall spoke, Mrs. Hazeltine, Mrs. Claflin, Mr. Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. Woolson; Mrs. Whitonston recited some verses; Miss Peabody spoke of the violent feelings of women as promotive (?) of war. I had a sudden feeling of the wonderful significance to the world of the

virgin mother and child developed by Christianity. X Found a splendid passage in St. Paul to conclude with. Song from Miss Molyneux. All were glad of the meeting. I had been afraid it would be of little moment.

Sunday, June 12.

Conducted evening service at Home for Intemperate Women. Text: "Come to me" et cetera. I think it was a good time.

Thursday, June 16.

Shut up the Beacon Street House and got out to Institute by 6:30 p. m. too tired to sleep. In town again to finish packing. In the evening read to the whole family of the Institute dear Julia essay on "The Love of History." Recited my Longfellow poem and "The Flag" and made a few remarks intended to be appropriate to the day. * *

Saturday, June 18.

A very busy day. Went to house in Beacon Street, whence sent a heavy trunk and also the keg of molasses. Left for Newport by 3:40 train and unfortunately forgot the trunk of silver. Telegraphed for it to no purpose, so telegraphed Horton to get and send it by express. Found that they have suffered much inconvenience from the kitchen stove and have bought a new one. Found too that I am expected to speakⁿ at the Jubilee meeting on Tuesday 21.

Monday, 20.

Found some verses concerning Queen Victoria which I left here last year and which I have been trying to find ever since. Concluded to read them at the Jubilee meeting; worked at address.

Tuesday, June 21.

Rather anxious about address at which worked more or less. Found a train dress (black) in decent order. A carriage was sent for me. In the ante-room (green room) of the Opera House found my committee, Harris, President, Mayor Powell. The coup d'oeil of the house was fine. It was full to overflowing. The decorations were beautiful; music very good; Newport Band and Boston Lotus Glee Club. One of the Glee people spoke to me and asked for my autograph which I wrote on his programme. I recited my poem and read my address. Both were applauded; the latter most. The President did very well; the Mayor attempted but little. G. M. Towle read a lecture nearly one hour in length in the style of a lyceum lecture; nothing original but well put together and delivered.

Wednesday, 22.

In the morning the lodge (Roger Williams) which celebrated last night's Jubilee, sent me a very beautiful shield of flowers and foliage, with the dates of the Queen's Ascession and of the present year, in white daisies.

Monday, June 27.

Wrote a sketch of dear Chey for Appleton's Biographical Dictionary, writing a part of it twice in order to condense it for the required limits.

Wednesday, June 29.

Left by 10:20 A. M. train for Concord, N. H. to attend Woman's Suffrage Convention. Had two and one-half hours in Boston; wrote some reminiscences of Dr. Channing at the Gibbs Place for Maud's letter. * * Reached Concord by 7. Mrs. White received me most kindly and I found all our people at her capacious house, to wit: L. S. Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Claflin, H. B. B. and a lady from Claremont. Attended evening session; empty benches with perhaps twenty-five persons seated on them. Made rather a good little spurt in spite of extreme fatigue. Could not sleep.

Wednesday, June 30.

* * At afternoon meeting read my paper on Benefits of Suffrage to Women, to an attentive audience, numbering I should think fifty or over. * * *

Saturday, July 2.

* * * My present work must be to write invitations for Congress; to send my Divorce lecture to be printed, and to see what I can attempt for Concord School of Philosophy. Must rest this day, my bodily fatigue being very great.

Tuesday, July 5.

My duty, tis of thee
Sweet Christian liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Better than pilgrim pride,
Truth for which Jesus died,
Truth though by all denied,
All conquering !

This little stroph^y was given me today as I sat down at my desk.

Wednesday, July 6.

Very heavy and inert on waking, the weather being foggy. Felt well after bath and breakfast and have written six pages on "Religious Ignorance" which may help my sermon at Weir's.

Sunday, July 16.

Bit into my paper on Aristophanes though with a very aching head.

July 17.

Worked a good deal at my paper, then reflected that I need not

hurry so very much as I am not to give it until the morning of the 27th inst. and in these two days I have written and collated a third of it.

Sunday, July 24.

Had a little reading and prayer with the dear grand-children. Put art circulars in a paper portfolio on my étagère. This is noted lest I should forget where to find them.

Tuesday, 26.

I to read my lecture at Concord, Mass. and to attend Unitarian Grove meeting at Weir's. At Concord found a tea party given by Publisher Lothrop for the School (of Philosophy). I went to this with Mrs. Sanborn, thence to hear Davidson's lecture on "Ontology" which was acute, but not without some contradictory statements, at least to my mind. He insisted that the concept is the thing. Now if a thing exists only in my consciousness it does not really exist anywhere, and the concept of its existence is an illusion. His doctrine was said, by experts (Sanborn and Harris) to be pure Aristotelianism. Bought a bonnet in Boston.

Wednesday, 27.

Gave my Aristophanes lecture. ✓ Before I began, I sent this one word to Davidson, eleison. This because it seemed as if he might resent my assuming to speak at all of the great comedian. He seemed, however, to like what I said, and in the discussion which followed, he took part with me, against Sanborn, who accuses Aristophanes of having always lent his wit to the services of the old aristocratic party. Returned for Boston and took train for Weir's N. H. where arrived more dead than alive.

Thursday, 28.

Read my paper on the "Power of Religion in Life", having added a few pages relating to the value of religious ideas. In afternoon attended Grove meeting at which clergy of various denominations spoke of the influence of Unitarianism in the religious world. A Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian and Trinitarian Congregationalist all recognized the service which Unitarian thought had rendered to general ideas of religion. In this they did not assume to speak denominationally but individually; yet the testimony was very valuable. The Barrows attended en route for their camp. M. H. G. packed my bag and enabled me to take the 5 something train, which did not arrive until 6 p. m. A pleasant journey with Mrs. Fifield and Mrs. Waters. I arrived very tired.

Wednesday, August 3.

In the afternoon a Mr. Oppenschaw asked to see me on business of importance. I thought he had come with a bill, taking him for the plumber. He really came on behalf of Roger Williams Lodge to bring me a beautiful gift in acknowledgement of my part in the festival of the Queen's Jubilee. I had not expected or desired anything from them but was much touched at this graceful recognition of a service which I was glad to render.

Wednesday, Aug. 10.

Town and Country Club at Miss Ellen Mason's. Prof. Marsh gave a wonderfully vivid rendering of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. A large and fashionable attendance.

Thursday, 11.

Suffrage Convention in Newport in which I felt much responsibility, having advised the holding of it here and at this time. It was a good and useful meeting, though a very severe storm of thunder, lightning and rain came on during the afternoon meeting and lasted mostly through the evening. Mrs. Livermore, Dudley Foulke, Susan B. Anthony and H. B. Blackwell were the speakers at the evening session. I read some pages, not expecting to interest the people much, though I had chosen them very carefully. Mr. Foulke was brilliant and eloquent; Miss Anthony good though very awkward; Mrs. Livermore not at her very best but always effective; H. B. B. and L. S. very good. They sang my Battle Hymn at the close, the audience rising.

Hear us and answer us -- would be a good point to make regarding the remonstrance.

Friday, 12.

Dreadfully tired from yesterday's work.

Tuesday, Aug. 16.

Went in town very early with Flossy and her children, having engaged a boat for a sail. Eliza Hall with the Potter children, and Corday and Marion Francis met us by invitation. We sailed quite far out to see the yachts go out. Had a good view of the Puritan, Volunteer, Mayflower, Sachem, and many others. The coup d'oeil was charming; the sailing, [^] little rough at times but very refreshing.

Sunday, Aug. 21.

Made my bed; had reading and prayers with the children. * *

Monday, Aug. 22.

Dreamed this morning of Charles Sumner and dearest Julia. She was talking to me; part of the time reclining on a sort of lounge. I said to someone: "This is our own dear Julia, feel how warm she is." * * I think I said something about our wanting to see her oftener. She said pathetically: "Can't you talk of me?" I said: "We do, darling." "Not very often", I think was her reply. Then she seemed to come very near me and I said to her: "Darling, do they let you come here as often as you want to?" She said: "Not quite." I asked why and she answered almost incoherently: "They are afraid of my ~~my~~ troubling people." I stirred and woke, but the dear vision remains with me, almost calling me across the silent sea.

Friday, Aug. 26.

Left home at 11 A. M. for a sail on the Viking; Colonel -----

commander. A delightful day on the water and a very handsome entertainment. Mrs. Burrows and Mrs. Andrews were among the guests and much of the talk was the gossip of the season which was amusing enough for a change. The ladies were not censorious though critical enough.

Sunday, Aug. 28.

Heard a very thoughtful sermon from Mr. Day. Did no work. Sam Hall went with me to church and to my great pleasure seemed to have been impressed with the sermon. Text: "A man's gift maketh room for him." Proverbs. Theme, the concurrence in all useful lives of character and circumstance of a man's gift, and the room it makes for him. A good thing said was, that instead of insisting upon instituting an artificial equality of fortune, the true thing to aim at is a common high level of moral culture and intention. A pleasant, peaceful Sunday.

Tuesday, Aug. 30.

A most unsatisfactory morning spent in hunting up and copying press notices of my lectures for the Bryant Liberal Union. Still I did what I set down for the morning's task. In the afternoon I sat with Carrie and little Jack in the green parlor. A pleasant time.

Monday, Sept. 5.

Answered a letter received four months ago from Mrs. M. A. C. Calef, Tilton, N. H. She asked for a list of women's books for a free library soon to be started in the town. I recommended F. P. Cobbe's "Duties of Women"; J. S. Mill's "Subjection of Woman"; Mary Woolstoncraft and Mrs. Farnham. Advised her to send to the Woman's Journal office for names of more books for tracts, et cetera. * * * *

Sunday, Sept. 11.

To church where heard a delightful sermon from Mr. Day on the importance of religious instruction in childhood. He spoke very delicately and sensibly of the motives which have lead many parents of this generation to postpone all religious education and influence until children are old enough to think for themselves. He showed, as many of us have felt, the bad results of this mistake. Carrie Hall seemed much pleased with the sermon.

Sunday, Sept. 18.

Had a little service with the children in the green parlor. Jack would not kneel down. Wrote various letters and packed, leaving by boat for New York and Barrytown. On our way (Helen went with me) we stopped at the Fairchilds and saw the wife and stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson. On board the boat a merry crew. Among others a performing company of some sort, calling itself "The Checkered Life Company;" six or seven cow boys belonging to it in full attire.

Monday, Sept. 19.

The boat did not get in until 10 A. M.; I in trouble about

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reaching my train. While waiting for the hackman to get my trunk, a lady came to me and said: "You are Mrs. Howe, are you not?" I assented. "I am Mrs. So and So" (follows her maiden name which L. E. R. omits). "I thought you might be in trouble and that my husband might help you." I did not shake hands with her and declined the offer quite coolly. It gave me pain to do this, but I felt that I could on no account renew the acquaintance, which was always very slight. This on account of her attitude to Cousin Mary. Sydney de Kay helped me to get my trunk and I reached my train easily. Daisy met me at the depot. * * We drove to Rokeby which I visited with my sisters forty-four years ago.

Thursday, 22.

Wrote two short poems suggested by the memories which this place brings to mind.

Friday, 30.

Occupied with Daisy all day. Her husband most sympathetic and helpful. She suffered a good deal, very patiently and bravely. * * The little woman * * is to be named Laura for Mrs. Delano who has been a great friend to Daisy. * * I sat for some time with dear Bro.' Sam's great grandchild in my arms, waiting until the nurse could be spared to wash and dress her.

Monday, October 3.

Answered Dr. Bedell's letter. Wrote her among other things that "the bane of all representative action is that the spur of personal ambition will carry people further than larger and more generous considerations of good are apt to do. So the mean hearted and ambitious are always forward in politics, while those who believe in great principles are perhaps too much inclined to let the principles do all the work." * * *

Wednesday, Oct. 5.

This morning while at my very short and poor morning prayer, I thought of high life as a topic to write upon for the Congress. Began at once to write on this subject, but have not found a propitious vein.

Sunday, Oct. 9.

Three weeks ago tonight I left home to make this visit to Daisy. They have passed most pleasantly. She is a girl of much sense and character, besides her many talents. She will bring up her children with great care, I am sure.

Wednesday, October 19.

Got into a better vein in writing my address. Went with Maud and the Harlands to lunch with Mrs. Robeson and Mrs. Thayer. A most pleasant and refreshing visit. In the evening a little tea-sprees. Lloyd Mayer, Maud's old beau, and little Mrs. Norman, a pretty and dainty creature, with the Harlands made a pleasant company. They made me sing all my comic and Mother Goose songs.

Thursday, Oct. 20.

Finished my address for the opening of this year's Congress. I think that I have hit upon certain points which will appeal to all classes of my hearers, and thank God for this good issue of a task for which I felt at first no special fitness of mind.

Monday, Oct. 24.

Natick Woman's Suffrage League. Had a very pleasant meeting here. Quite a number of the best people were present. I was treated with great kindness and attention. Did not accept my fee of \$5; gave it to the Natick table for the Bazaar. I left Newport for Boston by early train; had to go in open wagon on account of my trunk. Maud felt great alarm about the violent wind which blew almost a hurricane. Fortunately it was a warm South wind. As it was, I felt a certain exhaustion in the bronchial region after my tussle with it, but this passed off. At Albany Depot met Mrs. C. M. Brown and Mary Graves. Mary was very helpful to me. I had a fatiguing day, confused with the variety of things to do. Called, by appointment, upon Abby May, who was strenuous in urging me to allow myself to be voted for as President. She said that she should send to New York a letter to that effect, which she did.

Monday, November 7.

Left for Boston by 10:20 A. M. train to attend the celebration of Michael's fiftieth birthday at the Institute, and the opening meeting of the N. E. W. C. * * Arriving in Boston, I ran about somewhat fatiguing myself dreadfully. Reached the Institute by 4:30 P. M., when, throwing myself on the bed for necessary rest, the desired rhymes for Anagnos' birthday flashed upon me "all of a sudden", and instead of napping, I called for pen and ink and wrote them. The meeting was very good; I presided. Dwight and Rodocanachi made speeches, the latter presenting the beautiful chain given to Michael by the teachers of the Institute. Michael was much moved and could not but be much gratified. I proposed three cheers at the end.

Saturday, Nov. 19.

Michael was very ill this morning. * * I had to leave him to give my Plato lecture at the Saturday Morning Club, by which it was well received. I then stole half an hour to attend a meeting in memory of Hannah Stevenson of whom much good was said that I did not know of. I reproached myself for having always been repelled by her ugliness of countenance and tart manner, and having thus failed to come within the sphere of her really noble influence. The occasion recalled a whole vision of the early and painful struggle in Boston; of the martyrdom of feeling endured by the friends of the slave — of Parker's heroic house and pulpit. It seemed as it often does, great to have known these things, little to have done so little in consequence.

Sunday, Nov. 27.

Finished my lecture on "Woman in the Greek Drama." It was

high time as my head and eyes are tired with the persistent strain. X
As I lay in bed this morning thought of something for my Chautauqua article. Daudet's Evangeliste, Feuillet's novels of religious women - all the past week has been hard work. No pleasure reading except a very little in the evening.

Tuesday, 29.

Bit well into my Chautauqua Article.

Thursday, Dec. 1.

* * Took 2:30 train for Melrose where was met by Miss Heseltine who drove me to her mother's pleasant house. Y I read my new lecture, "Woman as shown by the Greek Dramatists," of whom I quoted from Aeschylus, Sophocles and Aristophanes. A Club tea followed; a pleasant one. I asked the mothers present whether they educated their daughters in hygiene and housekeeping. The response was not enthusiastic and people were more disposed to talk of the outer world, careers of women, business of profession, than to speak of the home business. One young girl, however, told us that she was a housekeeping girl; a very pleasant lady, Mrs. Burr, had been trained by her mother to her own great advantage.

Sunday, Dec. 4.

Can't make any Sunday in such a busy time. * * * Maud had a strange dream last night in which being at dear old Green Peace with various friends, she heard a step and saw sweet Julia, beautiful but very white. Julia touched Maud's two eyes with a cold, wooden touch which Maud felt after waking up. Maud said: "So soon dear! must I go so soon?" Julia bowed her head in assent. The dream affected Maud very painfully. I told her the story of "After Three."

Monday, Dec. 12.

Up to Boston for the opening of the Woman's Suffrage Bazaar. Had a fatiguing day, having to go back and forth and to change my dress twice. Made quite a little "speak" in the evening. Mrs. Livermore opened the ball and announced the programme. I followed; then L. S. The tables from Kansas, Michigan and Pennsylvania were specially beautiful. Some hearty Vermonters were there, women with products of their state, butter, et cetera.

Tuesday, 13.

Began the day by writing for the Christian Register a brief statement concerning what appears to me almost individual features of the dear Christ's ministry. Then ran about over much. Carried this manuscript to the Christian Register office, 141 Franklin Street; got Maud's cashmere, \$2; gave order for Fanny Howe's pin (Christmas present) visited fair and bought too many things — mostly for Christmas gifts for children and grandchildren; dined with Michael; took 3:40 train for Newport where found all well.

Sunday, Dec. 18.

For the Fraternity a text occurs to me. "Upon this rock

will I find my church." Will speak of the simple religious element in human nature, the loss of which no critical skill or insight could replace. Will quote some of the acts and expressions of the true religious zeal of other days, and ask why this means nothing for us of today.

1888.

Sunday, Jan. 1.

My first act this year was to preach before the Parker Fraternity. My text was Christ's saying to Peter: "Upon this rock I will build my church." The text came to me almost as soon as I received the invitation and I wrote the sermon under great difficulties of interruption, removal to Boston, et cetera. My theme was the religious element in human nature, and its normal manifestations in worship, sacrifice and revelation, or the vision of divine things. It seemed to interest those present a good deal, as it did me. * * *

Sunday, Jan. 15.

To church with joy. Heard Frank Peabody on "Shallowness in literary, religious and social relations." "Launch out in the deep now and lay down your nets for a draught," was the text. An excellent discourse.

Tuesday, 17.

Mrs. Sherwood's reading largely attended and voted very successful. I introduced her in a "neat little speech" and listened to her with pleasure. But somehow the laudation given her, excessive praise in which she appeared to acquiesce, gave me a cross little turn against her, then against myself, and I thought what a fool I had been to try and give the public my best thought and study when fiddle-dee-dee comes so much more easily to their heart and purse. This was mere spleen. We had every reason to desire this success of the lecture and to be gratified with it, and when I said my prayers, the foolish little spasm was no where.

Friday, Jan. 20.

I have no superstition about opening on passages of the bible, yet will record that as I opened our service book for reading this morning, my eye rested on the following passage: "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me for I have redeemed thee."

Have writ to Mrs. Peckham on T and P Committee, enclosing Mrs. O'Connor's letter and proposing two topics out of it: "Is the work of women equal, superior or inferior to that of men in departments in which they compete?" And, "Has cooperation been fairly tried and where has it succeeded?"

Saturday, Jan. 21.

A young woman called today and sent up her name as Miss Le Roy. She turned out to be a crank of the first order. Has a key to the interpretation of scripture regarding woman, which no one has. Says she is one of the most powerful persons in the world; one of the two women mentioned by the Prophet Zacharias. She wishes to give readings here to make her views known; wishes a paying audience. Her name is not Le Roy she told me, begging me not to tell this. Spoke of the intellectual power of her family. Did not give

me her real name. She certainly made my head ache for a time.

Thursday Jan. 26.

Brought my paper for the Liberal Union Club to end. Cannot say that I finished it because I have not even begun to write it as I meant to do.

Saturday, Jan. 28.

Attended the dinner of the Liberal Union Club and read the paper I had written for the occasion, which was very well received. Some of the ladies thanked me for the paper and were glad of it. A good many of those present were probably not of my way of thinking. Mr. Wiggin, President, and a Mr. Stevens, once an Unitarian clergyman, dissented from my views. He spoke of the failure of Christianity in Europe. When he said this I looked at a portrait of John Brown on the wall opposite and it really seemed to me to shake its head in dissent from the proposition. Of course, I knew that it did not, yet in my rejoinder, which was very brief, I mentioned this. The occasion was really very pleasant.

Thursday, Feb. 2.

Concert in aid of the blind kindergarten at my house. Very delightful; quite a choice company, Perabo, et cetera.

In the evening presided at the Woman's Suffrage Socible which was unusually good. Mr. Pellow read quite a high class paper on school suffrage and the duty of women regarding it. Mrs. Bowles had quite a good poem on the late hearing and Col. T. W. H. whose writings so largely furnished forth the equipment of the enemy.

Tuesday, Feb. 7.

The anniversary of dear Maud's wedding day. A party of intimates in the evening. Very pleasant though the ice cream ordered from Fera failed to arrive. I read the greater part of my lecture on "Greece Revisited", which was well received.

Friday, Feb. 10.

Saw Sargent's picture at the St. Botolph; an interesting exhibit. Mrs. Jack's portrait has great artistic merits and great faults of taste. The treatment of the face, hair and eyes especially is glorious; the attitude is inexplicable and strikes many people as objectionable. In all of the female portraits except those of Mrs. Marquand and Mrs. Fairchild, there is an absence of feminine grace for which I must think the conception of the artist is to blame.

Monday, Feb. 13.

A reading at Revere House for the benefit of Wellsley College, T. W. H., E. E. Hale, Charles F. Adams (not the son of C. F. A.), Mrs. Moulton and Arlo Bates took part in the performance. Miss Langley read a poem by Miss Guiney. Mrs. Moulton's poems have to me a very second-hand appearance. I find nothing real in them.

Miss Guiney seems to have a true poetic gift but her sympathies seem to be very remote from the present. Her poem was "Tarpeia."

Wednesday, 15.

To the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union to hear Davidson's lecture on the "Laocoon". It was exhaustive, impressive, rather preachy.

Wednesday, Feb. 22.

A busy day. In the forenoon to Mr. Clement's matinee. Was announced to speak at a meeting in the evening; felt unable to prepare for it, my head being very tired; yet I felt as if I ought to go. I did not, however. Coffin had mentioned this meeting to me and I had said I would go, but was vexed to find myself advertised with Ben. Butler, Mayor O'Brien and Father McGlyn. At Mrs. Winthrop's reception had pleasant talk with Judge Lowell.

Wednesday, Feb. 29.

To Skowhegan where I gave my lecture "Greece Revisited" before an audience composed of Women's clubs, three in number. A very pleasant occasion.

Thursday, Mar. 1.

To Gardiner to visit my dearest Laura and give lecture to help her "Ten times One" society. All went well.

Monday, March 5.

In afternoon to club to preside at Mr. Rhys's lecture on the New Poetry; very interesting and excellent in spirit save that he over-praised Walt Whitman, as some of us thought. Heard of A. Bronson Alcott's death and that Louisa is thought to be dying.

Wednesday, Mar. 7.

I took up St. Simon for a few minutes and was struck to find how the autocracy of Louis XIV prepared the way for the Democratic out-break of the French Revolution. His jealousy of the nobles and of every leading mind and character not absolutely secondary to his own inattitude, lead him to fill the offices of the state and army with people of inferior birth, station and education. This was fatal for the monarchy but providential for France. Lunched with Mrs. Fairchild; to meet the mother of A. L. Stevenson. Dined with the Wheelwrights, a dinner given in my honor and very pleasant; the host and hostess really very cordial; very nice people.

Friday, Mar. 16.

A "boot and saddle" day. Wrote some letters early; went to the general Post Office to mail and register my article on "Men, Women and Money" for "The Forum". Went to Fair for Temperate Women and lunched there; then to try on my dress at Hovey's where I bought the stuff to repair an old one; then back to the

Fair; then to meeting about the American School in Athens; then to dine with my son; then back to the Fair; then home. Oh, so tired !

Sunday, Mar. 18.

Thought I ought to stay at home and work. Struck a good vein and scratched awhile, then rushed for my dear church where I heard a good deal of the good minister's prayer and a sermon from him which I can only call surpassing in its beauty and pathos. "As we forgive those who trespass against us", was the text, and never did divine words receive a more divine interpretation. It will surely be published and my head is too tired to repeat any of it here. Suffice it to say that it moved me to real heart-tears of joy and comfort. The hymn was "Nearer my God to Thee". I should like to write a poem about it. A woman composed it and I heard it again and again at Theodore Parker's. Heard it most at my sweet Julia's funeral service. Felt it much today.

Wednesday, Mar. 21.

A day of frightful hurry and fatigue. I had been preparing for this departure for some time passed, yet when the time came it seemed as if I could hardly get off. I did, however. Maud worked hard to help me. She insisted upon arranging matters for me; went to the bank; got my ticket. We parted cheerfully, yet I felt the wrench. God knows whether she will ever be in my house again, as my partner in care and responsibility. Reached New York safely and went to the Brunswick where I rested very well.

Friday, Mar. 23.

All day very busy with my mid-year conference. How people change ! Mrs. S. is now one of my most helpful members; Mrs. T. has become hard-headed and hindering. She is deaf, poor woman, but is also uplifted, I think, in her own opinion. Our conference was at Dr. Nellie V. Marks' house. The Helping Hand Society gave us an excellent luncheon.

Saturday, Mar. 24.

Reached Washington by 9:45 A. M. train from Baltimore. Took cars to Daisy's where very kindly received. Musical visitors. I was ordered to take the second bass in an eight-handed piece. Read it better than I should have thought possible, after such long dis-use of all musical faculties. In the afternoon to Riggs House where presented my credentials. Miss Anthony presided. The meeting rather caotic, Mrs. ----- bouncing up every other minute. Some delightful women present; some very distasteful to me. Things looked out and dried and all arranged * * * .

Friday, Mar. 30.

Social Purity Day at the Council. On the whole, decent and well intentioned in its tone, though I did not like all of the speakers equally well. * * *

(Follow two days of council briefly noted; nothing important).

Tuesday, Apr. 3.

Dined with my old friend Sam G. Ward; a choice and lovely entertainment. Sam very Sam-like.

Wednesday, Apr. 4.

"I. O. Bacche !" It just occurs to me whether this classic refrain may not be of Hibernian origin. The Celt of the period returning from Donny Brook or any other Fair might very properly exclaim: "I owe for Baccy", as no doubt he would.

Monday, Apr. 9.

(Apparently Chicago, whither M. H. E. had moved).
Very busy and not quite well. Divided the day between Maud and some necessary business. At 3:15 p. m. the dreadful wrench took place. Maud was very brave, but I know that she felt it as I did. Jack went with me to the cars and was most patient and helpful; the matter of getting the tickets right being very troublesome. Left for Spokane at 4:30 P. M.

Friday, Apr. 13.

Arrived in Spokane Falls this morning at about four o'clock. Rev. Mr. Wheelock was waiting for me with Mr. Davis' carriage and pair. Came to the house, a pleasant cottage. Lay down for a couple of hours, very sore in body from much shaking. Enjoyed a warm sponge bath. Was kindly welcomed by the master and mistress of the house. After breakfast enjoyed a drive in this lovely region.

Saturday, Apr. 14.

A bronchial attack; very hoarse and sore in my throat and chest. Went over my lecture carefully, leaving out some pages. Felt absolute need of tea stimulant, and went down town, finding some in a grocer's shop. The good servant Dora made me a hot cup which refreshed me greatly. Very hoarse at my lecture. Opera House a good one enough; for a desk, a box mounted on a barrel all covered with a colored paper; decent enough. Lecture: Polite Society; well received.

Sunday, Apr. 15.

Awoke feeling ill; throat and chest much oppressed. Before church time felt much relieved. Mrs. Davis said to me: "I don't know whether it has done you any good, but I have done my utmost this morning to give you a mind cure treatment." I have been utterly incredulous about this mode of cure, but something certainly did relieve my encumbered vocal organs. Read my sermon on, "Thou Art Peter"; spoke to the Sunday School afterwards, telling the children about the holy land. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Ross at Ross Park.

Monday, Apr. 16.

A hurried departure. False alarm of the train which was due at 3:30 A. M. Found it was the freight; left the house soon after

three and went to the depot. Seeing a window opposite lighted, with hot coffee advertised, went over with Mr. Davis and had some. * * Took train at 9 p. m. for Walla Walla. Mrs. Isaacs' two daughters came down to Wallula to escort me. Arrived at about 10:30 p. m.

Tuesday, Apr. 17.

Was very kindly received last night by Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs, people of education and refinement. Slept heavily and awoke greatly refreshed. Wrote to L. S., H. B. B., and H. D. Foulke to hold this year's convention in W. T. Drove about in an open carriage with two horses. Looked carefully over my lecture "Polite Society" which I gave at a small Opera House over a stable, and smelling of the same. An amateur quartette sang Pinsuti's adaptation of "The Sea Hath its pearls." The audience was fair as to numbers; much smaller than at Spokane, and also harder to interest. I was told that it comprised the best people in the town. A "Prohibition Revival" interfered somewhat with the attendance.

Wednesday, Apr. 18.

Have rested today. * * * Received many visits in the afternoon. Among others, Miss Cushman, a teacher here, came and urged me very much to speak again in Walla Walla. She promised to get me one of the churches for my lecture. I at last decided to stay. Ladies from the United States Army Post asked us to come tomorrow to "Guard Mount." * * *

Friday, Apr. 20.

Must leave this pleasant resting place this afternoon. I did leave Walla Walla at about 5 p. m., arrived in Walula in time for supper. Left at 9 p. m. reached Paser Junction by 10:30 I should think. Found a tavern with many claimants for beds. Mrs. Isaacs who came with me from Walla Walla for a little change of air, could not have a separate room, and we were glad to share not only a small room but also a three-quarters bed. I was cramped and slept miserably. She was very quiet and aimable. At Paser I parted from my kind entertainer in Spokane, Mr. A. L. Davis.

Saturday, Apr. 21.

A poor breakfast at Paser (of Paseo) in distasteful surroundings. Railroad employees at a near table; talked over a hop given the night before where something went wrong. "No chance for a man to swing his girl" and talk of that sort. The train for Tacoma came along perhaps at 10:30 A. M. and the Pullman seemed a return to high society. We had many detentions, no supper except my biscuits, et cetera, and did not start over the switch-board until 9 p. m. This is indeed a wonderful feat of engineering; the ascent is exceedingly steep and after a certain point the trains drag back and forth through certain zig-zags, having a very powerful engine at either end of the train. This is what the motion seemed like: (a drawing follows). The mountain side was illuminated here and there by electric lights; nothing more weird could be imagined. I saw it from the window of my berth, having gone to bed very weary. Arrived at Tacoma at 2 A. M.. A kind gentleman of

the Unitarian Society met me and brought me to a carriage which took me and Mrs. Isaacs also to the Tacoma Hotel.

Sunday, Apr. 22.

Felt as if my life hung by a thread while crossing the Notch back. Only one room at the hotel so Mrs. Isaacs and I occupied it very peacefully. * * * Preached at the Unitarian Church. My sermon was from text: "Thou art Peter". A very full attendance and many shake hands. * * *

Monday, Apr. 23.

On returning home last evening we heard singing in one of the parlors and went in quest of it. In the great parlor of the hotel where hops take place, we found an assemblage of men and women, mostly young, singing gospel hymns, with an accompaniment of grand piano. The Bishop of New Zealand stood in the middle of the apartment singing with gusto. Presently he took his place at the instrument, his wife joining him as if she thought his situation dangerous for a "lone hand". A little later, someone who appeared to act as master of ceremonies asked me to come over and be introduced to the Bishop, to which I consented. His first question was: "Are you going to New Zealand immediately?" He is a Londoner. "Ah, come; with all your states you can show nothing like London." Being asked for a brief address, he spoke very readily, with a frank, honest face, and in a genial, off-hand manner. A good specimen of his sort, not fine brained, nor over-brained, but believing in religion and glad to devote his life to it. The Bishop has blue eyes and a shaggy head of grizzled hair.

Tuesday, Apr. 24.

Gave my lecture on Longfellow and Emerson last evening to a good audience. * * * Early departure this morning by Sound steamer; voyage scarcely pleasant.

(She comes apparently to Seattle where she lectures the next day; is most cordially received).

Wednesday, Apr. 25.

In the evening attended a meeting of the Seattle Emerson Club. * * * Thirty people, I should think, present; or perhaps not more than twenty. The Over Soul essay was read and discussed. The reader said "beautitude; pronounced facade, fakade, and made other mistakes. I tried to help the discussion by explaining various features of the ordinary thought of New England which probably stimulated Mr. Emerson's critical consideration.

Thursday, Apr. 26.

Left hospitable Seattle by small Sound steamer to visit Olympia and pass one night there; rather a dull, profitless day. Saw the shores well but not the mountains. A queer old bachelor on board hearing me say that I should like to live in Washington Territory, said he would give me a handsome house and lot if I would live in Olympia, at which several Olympians present laughed.

Dinner on board uneatable. I took a cup of tolerable coffee and two boiled potatoes. Arrived at Olympia at 6:30 -- a lovely site for a town. Mrs. Stork (?) met me with a carriage into which I climbed with difficulty.

Friday, 27.

Left Olympia by 7:30 A. M. train on a little narrow-gauge road. Two Jew drummers rode with me to the station and did not offer to help me descend from the high wagon. One of these was a most pig-eyed wretch. The conductor, Brown, by name, saw my name on my valise and claimed acquaintance as remembering me when I lived in Boylston Place. * * We passed a lovely little mill stream, with a few houses near it, Tumwater by name. I asked him about buying land there. He said that good bottom land could be purchased there for \$10 per acre, and that the place had first class water power. * * Arrived at Portland at 2 p. m. * * * Lecture: Reminiscences of Longfellow and Emerson.

Saturday, Apr. 28.

Went out early to look for the mountains; alas, they were invisible even to their foot hills. Lazed away some hours, the air making me very dull. * * * In the evening joined the people in the common parlor, played for them to dance, and also some accompaniments.

Sunday, April 29.

Was much hurried in preparing for this morning's service. Was so indolent yesterday as to leave various small essentials unattended to. Fortunately the sermon was one very familiar to me. * * *

Monday, Apr. 30.

My second lecture in Portland; audience better than on the first evening. Good Mr. Eliot had arranged for my going down the Columbia River as far as the Cascades.

May, 1. Tuesday.

Took boat at 6 A. M. to go on the river; arose at 4:30. Weather reasonably good; a part of the scenery very fine, grand and severe. Made slight acquaintance with various people, among them with a family, parents and two daughters, with wagon, tents, beds and stock on board, going to the Dalles in the boat and then in their wagon to Washington Territory, camping out at night. A man of eighty-one, nearly blind, fastened upon me and told me his story, which was not without interest. * * * In the evening a small reception for me at the Eliots; very friendly and pleasant. After it, we all went to a ball at the Arsenal; very pleasant.

Wednesday, May 2.

A dreadfully crowded day. Went with dear kind T. L. Eliot to visit the High School. Spoke to the primary class and then to the Seniors. At 2 p. m. to visit Mrs. Dunlap by appointment. An after-

noon chat with a dozen friends, followed by a pretty repast, which I should have enjoyed more but for an engagement to dine with Mrs. Trevett (?) at 6 p. m. I kept this but could not eat. Was a little late at my lecture; was well attended.

Thurs. May 3.

Left at 4 P. M. for 'Frisco. * * *

Friday, May 4.

Woke with a frightful headache which lasted nearly all day. Mt. Shasta in sight, snow crowned. * * *

Saturday, May 5.

Reached 'Frisco this morning. At Oakland John Mailliard came into the Pullman. I had not seen him in twenty years; knew him from his likeness to his mother. She met us in 'Frisco. We went to John's pretty little house where later on we saw his pleasant wife, who was very kind. Took afternoon train for the ranch. Mailliard met us and drove us from the station. Situation very beautiful; a cup in the mountains. Byrne was on the piazza with Loullie and Cora; a happy meeting.

Sunday May 6.

Sister Annie wanted a sermon for her little service, so I read mine on "The Power of Religion in the (true) Life." Afterwards, a long walk. I was cold in the house; a happy day inspite of divers~~e~~ shivers. Everyone spoke of dear Maud; her favorite walk, her green parlor, the eschscholtzias which she loved, and which were blooming in great masses on the lawn.

Monday, May 7.

Left early with sister Annie for 'Frisco; then for Oakland where I was to have a reception given me at Mrs. Sayter's. * * * Reception from 2 to 5 and from 7 to 9. House very cold; I chilled to the heart. Very tired.

Tuesday, May 8.

Breakfast served for me in a cozy sunny room with a fire. A restful day. In the evening, my first lecture in California. I had employed part of the morning in writing a few pages of prelude. Lecture in Wendte Church; well attended and well received.

Wednesday, May 9.

Back to Frisco. Byrne dined with us at John's and took us all to see Chinatown and go to Chinese theatre. All was most weird and curious. Their Palace Hotel, a large building divided into cubby-holes in which six men will sleep as closely packed as sailors in a forecastle without the redeeming sea air; a place where a Chinese reclining on a sofa smoked an opium pipe; rooms for social meetings, chairs of carved ebony or teak with marble seats; the

Joss house, three idols in a row and one behind them; Joss sticks for sale for the devout to burn in the house or elsewhere; ancient bell which the priest will beat for fifty cents, to call the attention of the god to the worshipper; the ghost Joss (?) in a corner, cups of tea before each Joss. The theatre: curious music; orchestra on the stage behind the actors; high pitched voices; girl and lover run away and hide; old father finds them. All scream in sixths. Finally an individual mounts upon a small platform behind them. He stands and lets fall a crimson paper. He is a Diety. The paper makes everything right; a Deus ex machina. The actors, several hundred, live under the theatre. Gallery with many women; one or two pretty ones.

Thursday, May 10.

First lecture in San Francisco: Longfellow and Emerson with a brief prelude. A good audience and a delightful introduction by Dr. Stebbins. Flowers. A pretty aquarelle of the harbor from Mrs. Kate V. Boyd, a member of A. A. W.

Monday, May 14.

Second lecture in San Francisco: "Woman as a Social Power". I very unhappy about this lecture which appeared to me very ill suited to a chance audience. Worked over it as much as I could. To my utter surprise it was better liked than my first on Longfellow and Emerson.

Tuesday, May 15.

Second lecture in Oakland. Staid with the Henshaw Wards. Loullie went with me. A delightful visit. * * To leave next morning for Santa Barbara.

Thursday, May 17.

Was attracted this morning by the sight of a pleasant elderly lady in the Pullman. At a dreadful breakfasting place she passed me various table articles and we became acquainted. A young woman in the car recognized my face and told the lady that I was Mrs. Howe. * * We arrived late at Santa Barbara. Rev. Mr. Jackson met me and took me in a 'bus to the house of Mrs. White, widow of a judge; old Newporters and Unitarians.

Friday, May 18.

Went out with Mrs. White; drove to the Montecito with Rev. Mr. Jackson. Lecture in the evening, "Polite Society". Mr. Jackson is a very interesting man, entered Harvard during the war and immediately left it to join T. W. Higginson's regiment. A shell or bullet passing near him is thought to have caused his deafness. A good audience at my lecture; pretty floral decorations. A cranky sort of man spoke to me after the lecture and gave me flowers.

Saturday, May 19.

Second lecture "Longfellow and Emerson"; again a good audience. In the morning sauntered with Mrs. Anderson; visited Kendrick's

Japanese collection and spent a little money. Bought elsewhere some imperfect pearls which will look well when set. Wanted a handsome brooch which I saw; thought I had best conquer my desire for it, and did so. In the afternoon drove to visit the Olivers, she a Fayal Dabney, he, brother of Susan Oliver Dabney, in their mountain cottage, as pretty as possible. She gave me a drink flavored with passion flower syrup.

Sunday, May 20.

Preached in the morning for Mr. Jackson. His prayer impressed me very much. Gave my sermon on "Thou art Peter." Attended the W. C. T. U. meeting in the afternoon. Had promised to say a few words but found a crowded house and myself announced as the speaker for the occasion, so did the best I could with no preparation. * *

Monday, May 21.

Parted from Mrs. White with regret. She said she had dreaded my visit, I being a stranger, and she in the hurry of packing for an Eastern tour. She had, however, enjoyed it and bade me come to her when I should come to Santa Barbara again. Travelled all day, reaching Los Angeles before 6 p. m. The clerk of the hotel (Nedean House) came to my room and introduced himself as formerly of the Parker House, and offered to do all in his power for my comfort. The people at the hotel table showed me no smallest courtesy. In the hotel parlor a tall, well made woman attracted me. She was the wife of a wharf builder who is employed sixteen miles from this place. Mrs. Kingsbury came in and paid me a visit, and this woman, finding out who I was, begged to assist me next day in dressing for my lecture. She had been a milliner; was from St. John's, N. B. Sibley Severance and wife called at the hotel as soon as I had taken off my travelling wraps. They said I must come to lunch next day. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont had dressed my room with flowers and had left a kind note for me.

Tuesday, May 22.

A day of great hurry and haste. Walked out to see the streets which are much disordered with improvements. S. S. came and drove me about the environs a little, and out to his mother's place, where I had a pleasant visit and luncheon; heard mocking birds in the trees; saw a hum-bird's nest with two infinitesimal young birds in it on an orange branch. Got back late for my reception but changed my dress in great haste and stood to receive my numerous guests, who were very well dressed and behaved. Almost dead with fatigue after this. Bathed my head with cologne. The kind ex-milliner (Mrs. Fowles) did come in and helped my simple dressing very much. Lecture: "Polite Society." Audience good.

Wednesday, May 23.

Hurried departure (for Ventura). * * Got so tired that could hardly dress for my lecture. In my walk, visited the free library where I found to my surprise dear Maud's "Sam Rosario" and "Atalanta" and Flossy's "Social Customs."

Thursday, May 24.

Wrote dear Maud from Ventura. Had this day quiet in the little town. One Mr. Johnson came with an open carriage and pair and took Mrs. Shepard and myself for a long drive, to the intended floral park and elsewhere. An informal reception at Mrs. Shepard's had been arranged for me and announced the evening before after the lecture. This was from 2 to 4 P. M. A number of ladies came, first of all a Mrs. Comstock, an enthusiastic lady who brought me as a gift a wonderful growth of lilies, 132 or more, forming a flat festoon or crown, the stems very slender and grown together in a sort of spathe. This was presented with a verse which I shall preserve, and with also a suffrage poem to the meter of my Battle Hymn. I proposed to Mrs. S. at dinner (1 P. M.) to invite some young people for the evening, promising to play for them to dance. She ordered a buggy and drove about the village. Her son stretched a burlap on the straw matting and waxed (?) it. About thirty came. We had some sweet music, singers with good voices, and among others a pupil of Perabo, who was really interesting and remarkable.

Friday, May 25.

Train left for San Francisco at 11:58 A. M. * * * Went with Mrs. Comstock to her house. Saw the garden where the wonder-lilies grew. She seemed to think that Heaven had sent them for me, at least she said so more than once. Her father, eighty-seven years old, was working in her garden, deaf as a post. Her garden gate opened upon a low bank just above the sea. I had barely time to see this and fly back to the house where the 'bus was already waiting. I got off very comfortably and found the Harringtons in the Pullman. They were going to Los Angeles, and we parted company after a couple of hours. He agreed to sell me a lot at Santa Barbara for \$135, which he said was his cost but not his asking price. I was glad of this opportunity to make a small investment.

(She seems to have decided not to buy this.)

Sunday, May 27.

My sixty-ninth birthday. Very restful and delightful. Everyone kissed me and wished me joy. My birthday gifts were all arranged on a chair, near the breakfast table. Sister Annie gave me a beautiful round china dish; Cora had made me some night caps and gave me a Japanese tray; Louisa a sideboard scarf.

Mr. Bates, an ^{very} explained Englishman, who has a school for boys at San Rafael, came over to spend the day. We had some delightful talk with him. He is surely a very genuine and earnest man, and is probably an enthusiast in regard to some special point of theory concerning education. He will arrange a lecture for me at San Rafael.

Monday, May 28.

Sister Annie and I fled to the city by 9:30 train. Mr. Murdock met us with a carriage and took us to a city school for girls in which he is much interested. Miss Parker, the principal, seems to be very superior woman. Six girls, ranging from twelve to fourteen years in age, presented me with a birthday gift, an envelope containing six cards painted with California wild flowers, each bearing also a line or phrase from my poems, and on the reverse the name of the giver. This touched me very much. The children in this school paint pictures from the flowers with no words on

system other than that of correct, careful observation. Their work is very interesting. It seems as if they escaped some artificial ignorances into which students of drawing are apt to fall. Mr. Murdock then went with me to Mills Seminary, where we were very kindly received and where I delivered my lecture on "Greece Revisited".

Tuesday, May 29.

To Oakland with Sister Annie. A grand reception to be given me by the Elbell Association. * * * The reception * * * The house was finely decorated with flowers and verdure, I had a very long hand shaking to undergo. The assemblage was very pleasant, well dressed, cordial and polite * * every possible honor was shown me. I, in return, recited the "Flag" and "Battle Hymn". * * In the morning I went to the girls' High School where six hundred girls were assembled. They sang my Battle Hymn. * * * In my speech I spoke of Horace Mann, what he did for the education of girls in Massachusetts. Spoke of the two institutions, slavery in the South founded upon ignorance; freedom in the North, founded upon education, and how the latter defeated the former. * * *

Wednesday, May 30.

In the morning Mrs. Ginn's breakfast for me; really an elegant and delightful occasion. Returned to San Francisco in time to dress for the meeting of the G. A. R. at the Opera House. An immense assemblage. Here I was the guest of honor, placed in a velvet arm-chair in the fore-front of the stage. There was some enjoyable music and recitations, especially by Mrs. Glynn, whose voice is of great power and of very good tone. Twice they gave three cheers for me; the first time I rose and bowed. The second time they gave me a floral tribute. I had to attempt a brief speech; then the Battle Hymn was sung, the audience rising and joining in the chorus, and the lady cornetist coming in with a good blast. It was a splendid tribute.

Thursday, May 31.

I was very much fatigued at waking; we were up betimes, however. * * Sent my flowers of last evening to the flower mission. * * * Arrived at San Rafael where found the McAllister's carriage waiting for us, and drove to Miramonte where Cousin Louisa and charming Marion Wise gave us a cordial reception. * * We had a very pleasant visit. Marion's voice is very fine and her école very good, I should think. Her mother also sang with much musical reserve and expression.

Friday, June 1.

At one of Coleridge's lectures a man hissed and afterwards said to C.: "Why, if you have so much public spirit, do you take money at the door?" C. said, "for a reason which in the present instance has not been quite successful, to keep out blackguards."

Tuesday, June 5.

Lecture at Berkley University; a most pleasant occasion.

Wednesday, June 6.

* * * To Blind and Deaf School where I made a brief speech and recited my Battle Hymn, all of which Mr. Wilkinson rendered in sign language. He is not an articulationist.

Friday, June 8.

Adolph had proposed a drive and picnic for this day. We started at 11:30 A. M. in an open wagon with a brisk pair of horses. Drove a good way on the ranch, picnicked under the shade of some tall redwood trees; the flowers were most lovely. We went afterwards to the school at Nicasio and found the school room very prettily decorated with flowers. One of the little girls made me a little speech and presented a basket of flowers; a little boy presented another. The children sang my Battle Hymn, and I heard readings and recitations. Sister Annie had had some cake made for the children. It was a very enjoyable family day and I was glad of it.

Sunday, June 10.

My Sunday service at the Unitarian Church in Oakland. Preached the one sermon which I have felt like preaching in these parts:

"Thou art Peter; upon this rock" et cetera. The house was well filled. * * * After service as I leaned over to speak to those who stopped to greet me, I saw one of our old church members, who told me with eyes full of tears, that our dear James Freeman Clarke is no more. This was like an ice bolt; I could not realize it at first.

"A very tender history
Did in your passing fall."

Years of sweet converse, of following and dependence, end with this event.

Tuesday, June 12.

Petaluma for a lecture: "Woman as a Social Power." The hall was beautifully decorated, a lyre of marigolds, golden in its effect, a horse-shoe and a pretty heart of purple flowers hung in the middle of some design, were particularly pretty. * *

Wednesday, June 13.

To Fulton; thence to Carriger's to visit my nephew, Joseph Mailliard and his wife. * * * Little Rena, four years old daughter, had said: "Mama, I shall say to Grandma, 'I bless you Grandma' and then Grandma will have 'sterics.'" It befell as she had said. * * *

Saturday, June 16.

My lecture in San Rafael; my last on the Pacific coast; at least for this time.

Tuesday, June 19.
my last day at the ranch. Dear sister Annie told me much of

things that have befallen her in the long stretch of time, now much regretted by me, in which I knew but little of her life here.

A day of dreadful bodily fatigue, the packing seeming almost to break me in two.

Wednesday, June 20.

Parted from the dear ones at the ranch. Sister Annie was brave and would not go to town with me. Louisa did go. Faithful Murdock met us. We went to lunch with Mrs. William Norris (Starr King's widow). Her cook asked to see me and we had a polite little interview. She had seen mention of me in the newspapers. * * Two officers of the Woman's Club came, bringing me a beautiful sheath of La France roses, bound with a white ribbon with gilded inscriptions at either end.

Thursday, June 21.

Mr. Bonney gave me figs and strawberries. A party of girls from Bishop Whittaker's school at Reno came into the cars at that place. They were a little effervescent, but on the whole very pleasant. X Three of them were sisters from Nevada; one from Piache, Nevada. She went with me to Salt Lake City. V A pretty one, Lida Russell consulted with me about joining the Episcopal communion which she did not wish to do. I promised to send her some Unitarian literature.

Friday, June 22.

Arriving at Ogden lost all the girl companions but the one from Piache. At Salt Lake Mrs. Froisette met me with another lady and was taken to the Continental Hotel in a fine carriage and pair. Here I became the guest of the Ladies Relief Corps. * * A drive in the afternoon; in the evening a fine reception at the rooms of the G. A. R. A number of old soldiers in attendance; battle hymn sung; addresses of welcome, many presentations; fatigued beyond words. * *

Saturday, June 24.

In the afternoon to the Tabernacle, an enormous building with a roof like the back of a turtle; many tourists present. The Mormons mostly an ill-looking and ill-smelling crowd. Bishop Whitney, a young man, preached quite a cosmopolite sermon, quoting Milton and Emerson. He spoke of the Christian church with patronizing indulgence, insisted upon the doctrine of immediate and personal revelation and censured Mormons for sometimes considering their families before their church. Communion, bread in silver baskets and water in silver cups, handed to every one, children partaking with the rest; no solemnity.

Tuesday, June 26.

With Mrs. Froisette and others to visit the penitentiary where thirty Mormon bishops are imprisoned at this time for polygamy. Spoke with one, Bishop of Provo, a rather canny looking man, who we found in the prison library, reading. The librarian ** four

year's term for forgery, told me it was the result of liquor and bad company. I said a few motherly words to him and presently proposed to speak to the prisoners, to which the jailer gladly assented. I began by saying "I feel to speak to you, my brothers." Said that all of us make mistakes and many of us do very wrongly at times. Exhorted them to give in future, obedience to the laws upon which the existence of society depends. The convict Montrose sent to me a little chain and ornaments of his own making. I promised to send one or two books for the library. On my way home visited the former wife of Orson Pratt. She came out of Mormonism and brought her children with her. Her second son was born in a wagon while she was crossing the plains. My lecture in the evening: "Polite Society" et cetera for the Industrial Home; fee \$50 of which I returned \$20.

Wednesday, June 27.

Left Salt Lake City. * * A loud, talking Southern woman took up several seats with her children and bundles, disputing about them. It turned out that she was claiming more than her share. A rather pretty officer's wife was travelling; opposite her a woman from Los Angeles chattered to turn one's brain; a young man who had met me at D. Shirley's party, recognized me and offered any attention in his power. A young mother with a baby was a terror to those who fear night disturbance. Another mother had a little girl with her whose hair she combed in public as well as her own. A quiet lady with one eye had seen me at Los Angeles and we rather made common cause. A quiet, middle-aged gentleman was very kind to the baby which the mother managed very nicely.

Thursday, June 28.

Arose before 5 A. M. to see the Black Canyon through which this road passes. Did not try the observation car which is entirely open and under great exposure. Sat at the open door of the Pullman. Enjoyed the wonderful scenery but got chilled and felt rather ill. The young man already spoken of, devoted himself to the officer's wife, and the Chatterer fastened first on one, then on another, talking always of herself, her money, her business exploits, et cetera. * * *

Friday, June 29.

Travelling this day through bowery and breezy Nebraska; such a relief to eyes and nerves.

Saturday, June 30.

Reached Chicago by 8 A. M. To Palmer House. * * Dearest Maud came from Lake Forest, having had a premonition of her own that I should arrive this day. At Jack's office she found my telegram of the day before, appointing the Palmer House for our rendezvous. She took me out to Lake Forest; had been quite ill and was piteous about having missed me. A happy time with her.

Sunday, June 31.

Happy with dear Maud, and at rest all these days until the

afternoon of July 5th, when I parted from her again.

Saturday, July 7.

Reached Boston at 11:30 A. M. nearly starving.

Sunday, July 15. (Newport).

Went to Channing Church; hungry for spiritual food. Enjoyed W. R. Alger's sermon on the "Variety of Aspects in a truly religious life." The prayer appeared to me perfunctory and tarrying in the approaches, not an entering in. Those of dear J. F. C. did enter in. Was glad to hear Alger and to profit by his extensive acquaintance with religious ideas and their history.

Tuesday, July 24.

My cow of which I was fond was found dead this morning. She had been left tied during the night, carelessly, and had slipped and fallen, the rope tightening about her throat. This, at least, seems probable, though no one knows exactly how it happened. My neighbor Almy was very kind. He came and helped dig a place to bury the poor animal. The Thurstons also brought their oxen to drag her to the spot. I feel this a good deal, but complaining will not help matters.

Sunday, August 5.

A golden Sunday; a very fine sermon from Mr. Alger; communion service afterwards. I went over and sat near Abby and Dr. Hedge. Dined with the Tweedys, meeting George William Curtis with all his old charm. Mr. Bancroft (George), Historian, brought Dr. Hedge to call after dinner. Mr. B. kissed me on both cheeks for the first time in his life. We had a very pleasant and rather brilliant talk, as might have been expected where such men meet.

Monday, August 6.

Have finished my biographical material for Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography. Have writ to Frank Huntington who seems to have the work in immediate charge.

Thursday, August 9.

* * * Extracts of a letter of mine to dear Maud: "Mr. _____ siezed upon my left ear metaphorically and emptied into it all the five syllable words that he knew, and the result was a mingling of active and passive lunacy, for I almost went mad and he had not far to go in that direction."

Same letter appropos of G.: "How the great world does use up a man. It is not merely the growing older, for that is a natural and simple process, but it is the coating of worldliness which seems to varnish the life out of a man; dead eyes, dead smile, and (worst of all) dead breath."

Friday, Aug. 10.

Club at Mrs. Bigelow's. T. W. Higginson gave a suggestive

talk on "The place of literature in a republic." Discursive with pleasant, humorous illustrations. He spoke well of the wide range of social and intellectual vision in a republic. The attendance was large.

Thursday, Aug. 16.

To George Riddle's reading at the Casino; very pleasant and very well attended.

Friday, August 17.

Busy all day. Porter came by appointment in the afternoon. In the morning arrived Mrs. Tyler to tell me that in her efforts to see various ladies in Newport, she had found herself obliged to use my name in order to obtain an interview. This I had not authorized her to do. Then she said that the meeting arranged for this evening was to take place at the Ocean House in a small parlor and that my presence would be indispensable. Weather suddenly became very threatening, still I went and the storm kept off and finally disappeared.

Tuesday, 21.

Began a sort of meditation upon matters connected with religion. Wrote several pages.

Friday, Sept. 24.

Sent my Call and programme to Mrs. Easby; wrote several letters. Attended meeting of Newport Woman's Suffrage League at Miss Elery's. Went afterwards to meeting of T. & C. C. at Edward Potter's. Morse, the lecturer, told us a good deal about Japan. He has the craze about Japanese art which strangers commonly get after visiting the country. The Japs seem certainly to have a great gift of aesthesis, perception of the beautiful and sense of measure, and of things suitable to each other. In their directories it seems are published notices of the time and place in which to find and enjoy the various fruit blossoms and other natural products and beauties, among which sweet singing insects are included. The Chinese music, I remember, is something like the music of insects. Morse showed us specimens of free-hand painting by Japanese youths from ten to sixteen years of age. He spoke of the beautiful designs such boys would make in snow after a snowfall.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

My Sammy left today; almost a man in size; very simple in character; also very sensible. I shall miss him much. He has been the "man in the house" this ~~passed~~ summer.

Sunday, Sept. 23.

To church in town. A suggestive sermon from Mr. Alger on "Watching", i. e. upon all the agencies that watch us, children, foes, friends, critics, authorities, spirits, God himself.

As we drove into town I had one of those momentary glimpses

which in things spiritual are so infinitely precious. The idea became clear and present to my mind that God, an actual presence, takes note of our actions and intentions. I thought how helpful it would be to us to pass our lives in a sense of this divine supervision. After this inward experience I was almost startled by the theme of Alger's sermon. I spoke to him of the coincidence and he said it must have been a thought wave. The thought is one to which I have need to cling. I have at this moment, mental troubles, obsessions of imagination, from which I pray to be delivered. While this idea of the divine presence was clear to me, I felt myself lifted above these things. May this lifting continue.

Thursday, Sept. 27.

* * Dear Maud arrived looking wan and with a cough. * * I had a nice broiled chicken for tea which she enjoyed. Gradually the drawn expression relaxed in her face, and by bed time began to look like herself.

S. J. L.
Fri. Feb. 28.

* * In my prayer this morning I had again a glimpse of the transcendent things. The presence of God appeared to me on Sunday last as a constant point of reverence and judgment for conduct; today it appeared to me as a perpetual nearness of help and loving comfort.

My party this afternoon was numerously attended, and I should say quite successful. I rarely give so general a reception here in Newport, but intended this time to invite all who have invited me and pretty much all my visiting acquaintance. Some of my visitors I enjoyed. * * * Mary Perkins came with her fiancée; both looking very happy. Porter came later, as did the Francis cousins who brought Marion McAllister, the parson, a very excellent man. * *

Saturday, Sept. 29.

The Francis party staid until 7:30, I should think. We sat around the table and had various refreshments. After this departure, we had a little dancing. I danced the reel with the Reverend.

Sunday, Sept. 30.

To Trinity Church to hear my cousin Marion McAllister preach. Since my very young days I had only visited this church on wedding and funeral occasions. I saw good Lizzie Wormely married there, and also Harriett and Sam Francis. I was there last, I think, at the funeral of dear Auntie Francis. Marion's sermon was sensible and good, and showed much study and good sense. The subject was Faith "and he could do no great works there because of their unbelief." Marion's reading of the service was characterized by what I should call a "sensible sincerity". His thorough good faith has led him to make the most of such talents as he has.

Monday, Oct. 1.

Very busy all day. Wrote quite a screed on my paper for A. A. W. At 6 p. m. went with Laura and her girls to dine with

the Edward Potters, and thence to the Mason sisters where Gen. Armstrong gave some very interesting and encouraging statements regarding the present condition of some Indian tribes. He invited questions and I asked whether any of the Hampden pupils had gone into professional life. He gave me the names of two who have studied medicine * * . He spoke of a very devoted missionary clergyman who is a full blooded Indian, Walker by name; also of the fine oratory of some of the chiefs; their logical ability shown in statement; the excellence of their voice and manner.

Saturday, Oct. 20.

Letter writing has nibbled much of my writing time lately. Now I must buckle to, on several long papers, one for the coming Congress of A. A. W. and another promised to a magazine called "Money." The Forum would like something from me. Lest I should forget letters to be written, I will here make a list of most of them. (Follows a long list).

Tuesday, Oct. 23.

* * * Heard of the death of Carrie Sturgis Tappan. Almost the last of my girls, at least of the set whom Susan Bigelow used to call "the girls" -- Sarah Shaw Russell, Mary Parkman, Carrie Tappan and some others.

Monday, Oct. 29.

Took up my A. A. W. paper and had just bitten into my work when, lo! Apolloni drove up to the door and spent the day. He was charming. The Pumpellys came in the late afternoon, so no work was done, but we had delightful conversations with all our guests. I begged Apolloni to write something for the papers, giving some idea of the present Italy from the liberal point of view.

Saturday, Nov. 3.

Heaven help me through the number of things to be done between this and Monday when I must flit to Boston.

Sunday, Nov. 4.

In my prayer this morning I thanked God that I have come to grieve more over my moral disappointments, than over my intellectual ones. With my natural talents, I had nothing to do with my use of abuse of them, everything.

I have thought too lately of a reason why we should not neglect our duty for others for our real or supposed duty to ourselves. It is this: ourselves we have always with us; our fellows flit from our company, or pass away and we must help them when and while we can.

Monday, Nov. 5.

My last day here this season. I go, thanking God for the lovely summer of work and rest, family affection and social enjoyment. It is all delightful to look back upon and another such

season is lovely to look forward to, though my age more than anything else makes this doubtful. However it may chance, I feel as if I should be reconciled, trusting in the infinite goodness and wisdom. X

Reached Boston just in time to dine and dress for the Club reception. It was dreadfully crowded but very pleasant. Mrs. Batchelder and another lady gave me beautiful roses. I was very tired but enjoyed the evening very much, nevertheless.

Tues. Nov. 6.

My room here (241 Beacon Street) is in dreadful disorder, I having requested H. and F. not to have anything done to it before my return.

Sunday, Nov. 11.

Busy all day with preparing for departure. Got off comfortably with dear Maud at 3 p. m.

Monday, Nov. 12. (A. A. W. Convention).

Arrived at Detroit between one and two P. M. Parted from dearest Maud who went on to Chicago. * *

(The next two days are merely details of the Congress; not important).

Thursday, Nov. 15.

I am re-elected by acclamation and am much touched at the evident change in the feeling of A. A. W. about my presidency.

Tuesday, Nov. 20.

(Woman's Suffrage Convention ?)

Reached Cincinnati after time. Went to 119 West 8th Street where Mrs. Thayer (or Mayer) received me very hospitably and induced me into a delightful upper room, where I was able to spread out my effects and prepare for the convention. * * * Evening meeting a Mrs. ———, a sweet faced woman, utterly tasteless and tactless, made us an absurd address of welcome which lasted, I thought, nearly an hour. I responded with caustic brevity which our people rather enjoyed.

Wednesday, 21.

Attended the three meetings.

Friday, 23.

Am to lecture at Washington, Pa.

A delightful experience.

(The convention seems not to have been an eventful one, the details seeming brief; no special interest).

Wednesday, Dec. 5.

I hear today the bitter news of Abby May's death. Alas and

alas for the community, for her many friends and for the Club and the Congress in which she did such great, silent service. God rest her in his sweet peace.

Monday, Dec. 10.

Homeward journey very comfortable (from visit to Scotch Plains).
* * * Then met Sydney Woollett in the cars; a remarkable looking man, wrapped in a rather Oscar-ish light garment, turned out to be Henry Renwick of New York with whom I had danced, he says, in our youth. He spoke of my dear brother Henry as "Hen". Made some acquaintance with a kindly Philadelphian, Mr. John E. Graff. He and his wife heard my paper on "Paternity" delivered in 1876 at the Woman's Congress in Philadelphia, and he said that she had blessed my name ever since.

Friday, Dec. 14.

* * * Telegram informs me that the reading in New York is postponed until January 17. Telegram also tells me that Allen Thorndike Rice wants me to take part in a symposium regarding Robert Ellsmere's religious difficulties and Mr. Gladstone's review of tje work. I hesitated at first but accepted the invitation and sent for Miss McAlvin to read me what I shall not have eye sight to read myself.

Saturday, Dec. 15.

To Saturday morning Club where the discussion was "Whether R. L. Stevenson will live in literature as a writer of fiction or as an essayist." Some good papers on both sides, but I missed the old spontaneity and think it a mistake to make the discussion a debate in which it is obligatory to take one side or the other.

McAlvin came and read me Gladstone's Review of Mrs. Ward's book. His theology belongs to the year I.

Saturday, Dec. 22.

Received a letter from Frank J. Garrison asking me to be one of the women pall bearers at dear Judge Sewall's funeral, appointed for one p. m. tomorrow at our dear church. I accepted the invitation; saw Mrs. Sewall who is calm and brave but in great loneliness of spirit. Ordered a bonnet for myself and a wreath of ivy and white roses for the funeral.

Sunday, Dec. 23.

Heard a really fine sermon from Rev. Charles Allen of New Orleans on the progressive elements in Christianity. At one p. m. came the funeral of dear Samuel E. Sewall at which I officiated as a pall bearer, walking with John Ropes. The other five ladies were Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Southwick, Lucy Stone and Mrs. Livermore. My beautiful wreath of ivy with a bunch of white roses was hung at the pulpit during the service, and was afterwards laid upon the casket. Rev. Mr. Hayward of Melrose conducted the service and Mrs. Cheney sat beside him and spoke with fine sense and feeling.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.

To Trinity Church where enjoyed Phillips Brooks sermon. Felt much drawn to go to communion with the rest, but thought it might occasion surprise and annoyance. Going into a remote upper gallery I was present at the scene and felt that I had my communion without partaking of the "elements." These lines also suggested themselves as I walked home:

"The Universal bread,
The sacrificial wine,
The glory of the thorn-crowned head,
Humanity divine."

Wednesday, Dec. 26.

Last evening after hearing Dresel play various things I said to him: "Play the Polonaise of my youth," which he does delightfully. In the afternoon to Mrs. Hemenway's to hear Zuni Cushing talk of his extraordinary discoveries in Arizona; Mrs. Hemenway very enthusiastic about him. Asks me to assist her in creating a general interest in the study and exploration of Arizona antiquities. I suggested that I might offer some programmes with questions for Mr. Cushing to answer. He might give one or two talks on the Zuni myths.

Sunday, Dec. 30.

Looked over some old manuscripts; found a "take off" on dear Chey and Charles Sumner, dating from the anti-slavery agitation in 1847.

I have been thinking today that Religion founds itself on feeling, not on fact, which is only the historical aspect of truth and that in no very, verifiable degree. This fact more important to preserve the Christ-ideal than to establish with critical exactitude the nearest probabilities concerning actual Christianity. The ideal Christ is justified by the love and worship of humanity. With our imperfect knowledge of facts concerning him and our equally imperfect capacity of interpreting them, it is better as well as happier to hold on to this vision of the divine man, than to dogmatize either way about his nature.

Monday, Dec. 31.

The last day of the year dawned upon me, bringing solemn thoughts of the uncertainty of life, and sorrow for such misuse of its great gifts and opportunities as I am well conscious of. This has been a good year to me. It carried me to the pacific slope and showed me indeed a land of promise. It gave me an unexpected joy in the harmonious feeling towards me and the members of A. A. W at the Detroit Congress. It has alas, taken from me my dear pastor, most precious to me for help and instruction, and other dear and valued friends, notably Sarah Shaw Russell, Abby W, May and Carrie Tappan. I desire to set my house in order and be ready for my departure, thankful to live, or willing to cease from my mortal life when God so wills. Began a screed for next Sunday's afternoon service at the Union. Subject: The Eleventh Hour.

1889.

Tuesday, Jan. 1.

Bought this diary this day. Made various purchases, wrote on my "Eleventh Hour" paper, went to Mrs. Herbert Cushing's reception. Prof. Watson told me that the Psychical Research Association has nearly killed spiritualism in England and has much discredited Theosophy, through Hodgson's exposure of Mme. Blavatsky. We agreed that these negative results have a great positive value.

In my prayer this night I asked for "weight and earnestness of purpose." I am too frivolous and frisky. * * *

Thursday, Jan. 3.

* * * Went to State House to the inauguration, late. Squeezed my way into the gallery just in time to hear the Governor (Ames) recommend the extension of the suffrage to women, where at we women clapped and the men laughed. Could not hear very much after this, so came away. Reception all the afternoon. Dined with the R. C. Winthrops at 7 p. m. A very pleasant, informal dinner and game of whist.

Friday, Jan. 24.

In the evening went with Thomas Cushing to the installation of our new pastor, Charles G. Ames. Of those present, a young Baptist, Mr. Gilford, made the most apposite and telling speech. Hale, Herford, Horton, all made addresses and gave the right-hand of fellowship, and so did George William Bond and Mr. McCreary. Bond was one of the original starters of the church of whom only seven remain alive today. Good Phillips Brooks attended the service but did not stay to the reception. I thought we had a glimpse of true Christendom.

Saturday, Jan. 5.

Woke with a head breaking ache, weak also with a disturbance of nerve centers. Thought at first that I could do nothing but after a dash of water, was able to dress. Attended Board meeting, then to lunch with Mrs. Spooner; then for a few minutes to the reading in aid of the West End Nursery; then to Mrs. Coolidge's afternoon reception, all the time my head aching sorely.

Sunday, Jan. 6.

Writing on my paper for this afternoon, it occurs to me that I should like to sermonize on the parable of the talents, in the sense that we must make the value of the past bear interest in the future; to the ten given by past generation, our own should add other ten, by investing faith and energy in new enterprises.

Monday, Jan. 7.

Spent part of the morning in writing a brief paper for the Club memorial service in the afternoon. It was my part to preside

at this and to introduce the exercises by speaking of the three departed friends, Mrs. Harriet Pitman, Abby May and Mr. Sewall. The meeting at the Club was, on the whole, very good. Mrs. Cheney's personal reminiscences were interesting, her tone penetrated with feeling. * * * Although dreadfully tired, I presided at the Suffrage League in the evening, and passed a wretched night afterwards, gasping and toiling for breath.

Thursday, Jan. 10.

Weary days spent in sorting papers; M. H. G. helping me; but the confusion and fatigue great. She broke down today and had to lie on my bed all the afternoon.

Saturday, Jan. 12.

* * * Lunched with Michael at the Inst. Brought over, in my arms, my sweet Julia's bridal dress which Flossy wants to borrow. It seemed like having something of her, and I carefully put it away, rather hoping that Maud, to whom it belongs by Michael's gift, will lend Flossy some other dress for the ball.

Thursday, Jan. 24.

* * * Attended a hearing in the Blue Room, State House, on the promised house of detention for women. Lelia Robinson, as our law woman, does us good service. She spoke of the legal aspects of the case. Miss Tobey was the manager and chief speaker. Father Osborne made a high toned and excellent plea. I only asked this question: "Does the Massachusetts Legislature go back from its word? This case was argued and decided two years ago; why has not the decision been acted upon? Time and money have not been wanting." Hearing adjourned to Wednesday, January 30.

Saturday, 26.

* * * To Symphony concert. * * * Liszt's Ideale was given of which I said I feared that every movement would not be the last. A Brahms's symphony was forcible and interesting, not highly musical.

Sunday, Jan. 27.

Have two sermons in my mind, one on the text: "I am come that they should have life." Theme: What is this life of which Christ speaks? The other, "Seeing that we are encompassed with so great a cloud of witnesses." Subject: What is the witness of faith?

Tuesday, Jan. 29.

My word for the Danvers (Suffrage) Meeting was Christ's two sayings about his bringing a sword and also giving peace. The sword was the weapon of discriminating thought, bringing in a better interpretation of the old faith and doctrine. The peace was what would follow the adoption of the better doctrine. Suffrage divided society now and calls for a new study in the doctrines of freedom and justice. Peace will come when this study shall have been made and its results practically applied.